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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 688.—VOL. XXVII.

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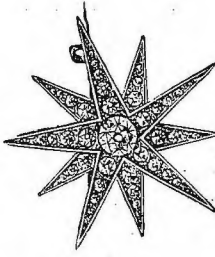
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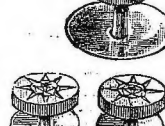
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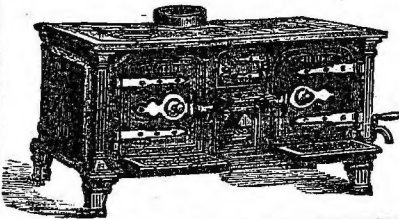
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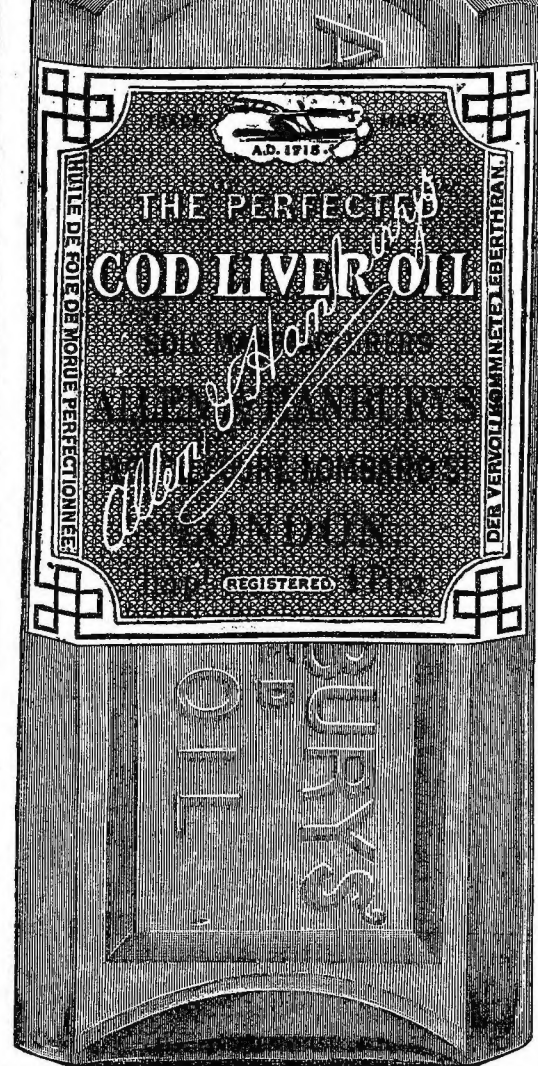
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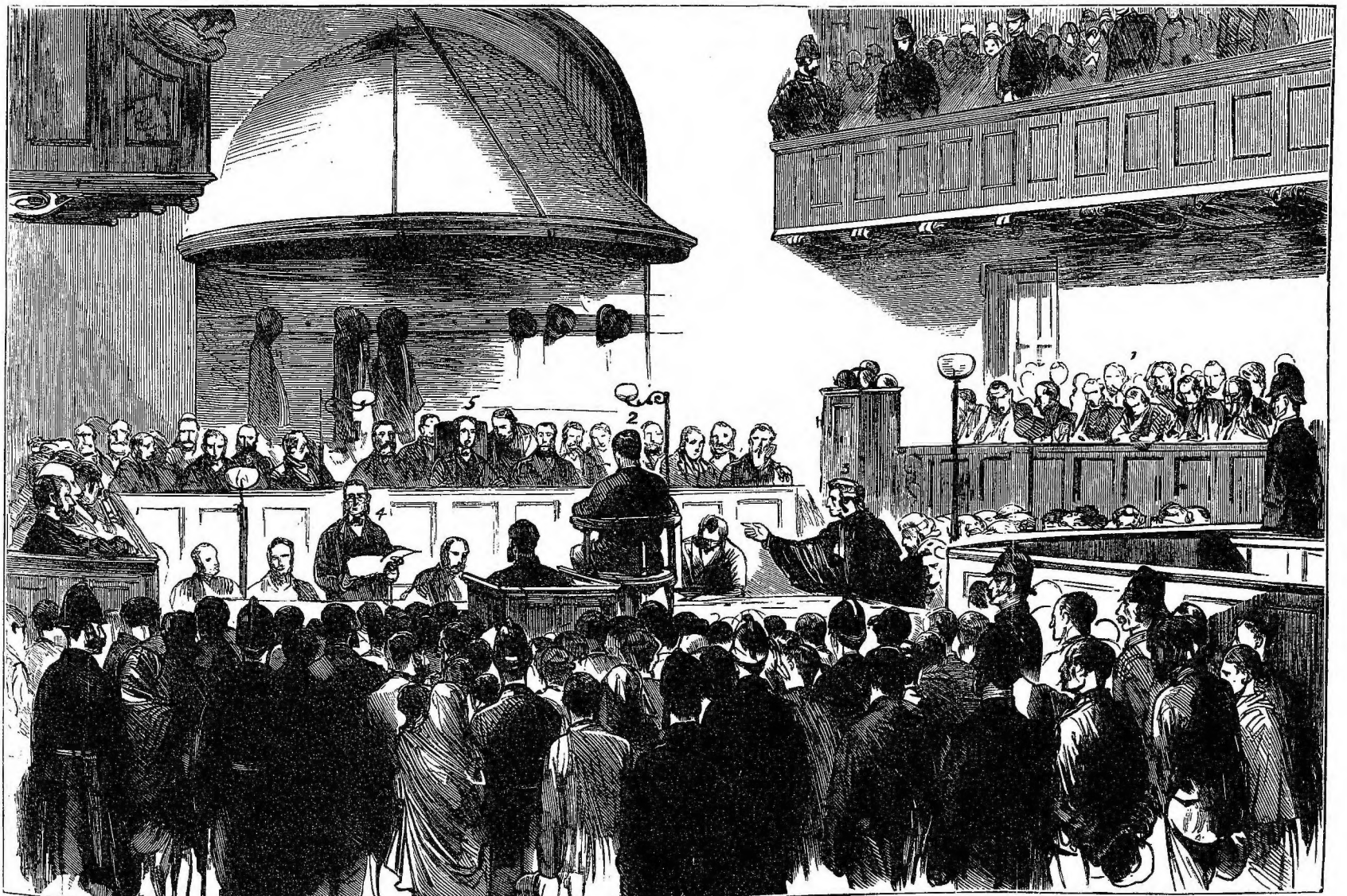
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 688.—VOL. XXVII.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1883

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Topics of the Week

THE APPROACHING SESSION.—It seems only the other day since members of Parliament dispersed, yet Liberals have been reminded by the circulars of their leaders that the time for the resumption of their labours is very near. Some politicians express dismal forebodings that the coming Session will, like its immediate predecessors, be given up almost exclusively to Irish affairs. Mr. Parnell and his friends will do their utmost, no doubt, to secure this result; but if Mr. Gladstone is really determined, as he appears to be, to accomplish something for England (which, after all, has some claim on the attention of Parliament), he ought not to have much difficulty in thwarting the intentions of the Home Rulers. The leading measures which the Government propose to introduce are perfectly well known; and, as all of them relate to matters which have been discussed for many years, there will be no excuse for a Session of mere talk. It is said that the City authorities are disposed to approach the consideration of the London Municipality Bill in a conciliatory spirit, and everybody must hope that this is true; for if the Corporation itself is willing to merge its rights in those of a larger body, few of the difficulties by which the subject has been hitherto beset would prove to be very formidable. Members of all parties admit that some change in the methods by which London is governed has become inevitable; and probably those who prophesy that a Council for the whole capital would, or might, be a dangerous power in the State, do not expect to be taken quite seriously. Of the measures dealing with the Criminal Code, Bankruptcy, and the Patent Laws it may be assumed that Parliament will be pleased to have an opportunity of at last disposing of them; but the County Government Bill will not make way so easily. It must be allowed that the present system of Local Government has, with all its faults, worked fairly well; and among county members on the Conservative side it will find many enthusiastic champions. In a democratic age, however, the representative principle affords the only effective guarantee for administration that shall promote equally the interests of all classes; and county magnates must resign themselves in the best way they can to the loss of privileges which are only survivals of a past social order.

OUR NAVY.—Sir Edward Reed knows his subject, and therefore his letter in Tuesday's *Times* would create some uneasiness were it not that from time immemorial naval administration has been the happy hunting-ground of successive generations of croakers. The typical first lieutenant in Marryat's novels (grey-headed and still only a subordinate) usually opined that "the service was going to the devil." And modern Lords of the Admiralty have had to face a difficulty which was in those days non-existent. The man of science appeared, inventing and transmogrifying. Nobody can feel certain that a ship fitted with the newest appliances may not in half-a-dozen years' time become obsolete and useless. Then there is the rivalry of foreign countries. France is building so fast that she is almost, if not quite, abreast of us. Italy, in proportion to her resources, has a really formidable navy. The German fleet is by no means the invisible entity it was once jocosely said to be. America plans an entire re-construction of her naval force. Now if, as some enthusiasts seem to desire, we are to have a bigger fleet than all other Powers put together, we may as well make up our minds for such a load of taxation as even Pitt never imposed. As it is, the Navy costs some ten millions a year, but, if the money is on the whole honestly and intelligently spent, we ought not to grudge it, any more than in our private capacity we grudge paying a fire or life-assurance policy. One main fact concerning naval administration deserves especial note. We ourselves and other nations also are all working in the dark. At the best it is guess-work and experiment. The true test, a great naval war, has never been applied since science transformed our ships. May Heaven long defer this terrible test! But it may come, and if it does, it will be found that the nation which has the most numerous fleet, and the most powerful and scientifically-fitted ships, may very possibly be beaten by the nation which has the best breed of sailors. It is very important to have the ships and the money, but unless we also have the men, true descendants of those who fought under Benbow and Rodney and Nelson, we may quake for our naval supremacy.

COTTERS.—There is a great deal of distress among the cotters in Lewis; in Skye the cotters are in a kind of rebellion, "the people in Donegal are subsisting on food only fit for brute beasts." Clearly times are hard with cotters, nor is it easy to foresee how times can mend. Take a cotter with a rent of four pounds, with a hovel for a house, a hole in the roof for chimney, and a cow (if he is lucky), to share his one room with his family. How did he come into that plight? It is a thousand to one that he is a Celt. Whether a Celt of Scotland or Ireland we may take it that his ancestors lived in some feudal relations with a chief. "Spend me and defend me," said the Irish ancestors of the cotters. They paid no regular rent, but generally abetted the lord, and contributed to his maintenance, while he prevented them from being robbed by his neighbours. Chiefs came into contact with civilisation, turned tribal

wastes into deer forests or grouse moors, kept the salmon fishing in their own hands, and in place of coshering, exacted a yearly rent, when they could get it. The clansmen multiplied enormously when the King's peace took the place of small tribal wars. They clung to their little holdings, and there, in case of a failure of potatoes and corn such as has occurred in the Lewis, they starved. However such as has occurred in the Lewis, they starved. However fine fellows they may be, good men and good peaceful subjects like the Lewis men, in any strait of this sort they are left face to face with famine. The Radical remedy of restoring to them the old tribal lands is not only difficult of execution, but would merely postpone the evil. Peasant proprietorship might, or might not, bring with it the results in population which we do not wholly admire in France. Emigration is distasteful. And thus the land question in the Scotch islands has remained for a century and a half.

TROUBLES IN FRANCE.—French Republicans cannot be congratulated on the temper in which they have dealt with recent difficulties. All of them assert that the Republic is not in any danger; and this is not only their sincere belief, but it is almost universally admitted to be true. Yet they clamoured in the first instance for the expulsion of the Orleans Princes, and afterwards, as a "compromise," insisted that these unfortunate persons should be deprived of the right to serve their country. The only probable explanation of this inconsistency is that some politicians were determined to get rid of M. Duclerc as Prime Minister, and that the easiest way to accomplish their end was to raise a cry about possible intrigues against Republican institutions. M. Duclerc may have been right in proposing that the Government should have power to expel the members of all families which have reigned in France, but he had too much fairness to consent to punish even princes for imaginary offences. The Comte de Paris and his relatives have been as quiet and unobtrusive as any other citizens, and there is no reason to suppose that they ever thought of trying to re-establish a Monarchy, unless France herself altered her convictions, and gave expression to her change of opinion in a lawful manner. If they had been let alone, the chances are that they would have become less and less important; but now they have been thrust into prominence by their opponents. Many Frenchmen who had practically forgotten the existence of the Comte de Paris have been forcibly reminded of his claims, and it is not improbable that some may be reflecting that, after all, if the Republic fails, there is a moderate and sensible Prince who would be a very good King. The Republic might be made, and perhaps it is, absolutely impregnable, but any dangers to which it may be exposed have been rendered more formidable by the rashness and intolerance of the Republicans themselves.

THE BRADLAUGHITE INVASION.—Thus far few of the persons who have been mixed up in the Bradlaugh imbroglio have done themselves much credit. The Tories, having ceased to enforce the religious tests against Dissenters, Roman Catholics, and Jews, were very ill-advised to try and shut out of the House of Commons a man whose writings and speeches had made him notorious, but whose opinions were not a whit more anti-Christian than those of several honourable members who swallow the Oath without making a wry face. Mr. Gladstone has never been distinguished for moral courage: he has always tried to swim with the stream, and as concerning this topic there were two streams of about equal strength, he and his colleagues floundered about in a rather contemptible fashion. Lastly, the great Apostle of Secularism himself, by his "first he wouldn't, and then he would" conduct about the Oath, conveyed the impression that he was rather aiming at personal notoriety than seeking the establishment of a principle. The result of all this is that the Bradlaugh question is still unsettled, and now we are threatened with a monster Bradlaugh demonstration on the day of the opening of Parliament. Thousands of Bradlaughites are expected to pour into London on that day; and, as Mr. Bradlaugh plaintively says, these thousands would be multiplied into tens of thousands only that the railway companies (no doubt under Government pressure) have declined to run excursion trains on that day. It is a question, by the way, whether railway directors should meddle with politics. Their main consideration should be the interests of their shareholders: they carry wethers to race meetings, why not Bradlaughites? But, people will argue, such an invasion as this means intimidation. Of course it does, and, as such, the expedient has been recommended before now by Mr. Bright and other prominent Radicals. Even supposing, however, that this proposed incursion is politically defensible, we venture to hint to Mr. Bradlaugh that just now it is rather inexpedient. The quieter part of the people of this country, who are without doubt the larger and more influential part, are at present utterly sick of demonstrations. Brass bands and banners and processions are an abomination to them. What with the Salvationists, and the Skeletons, and the Blue Ribboners, life in many districts is hardly worth living. If the influx of these Northern hordes on the 15th inst. should add a fresh element of rowdiness, the popularity of the "out-door" member for Northampton will not be enhanced with those who are lovers of quiet.

WINTER IN THE SOUTH.—The untutored Hindoo believes that Small-pox is a tall and hideous female spectre, which may now and then be seen stalking through the land.

Any one "with a smell for ghosts" of this sort might now become aware of dire Influenza, a ghostly apparition, stalking through our country. It has been a peculiarly "open" winter, as people say when they mean that Nature has been under water for months. But we need not envy exiles in the so-called Sunny South. They are having a hard winter on the shores of the Mediterranean. The invalid and exile, looking down the Promenade at Mentone from his windows, compares that once sunny shore to Princes Street, Edinburgh, on a sleety January day. A more awful picture of chilly desolation can be conceived by none who know Edinburgh and Princes Street. Snow two inches deep was a recent weather bulletin from Mentone, and the tops of the mountains seem always to be deeply wrapped in mist. Even at Cannes Mr. Gladstone has been welcomed by sleet,—not that he cares for these vicissitudes of temperature. But for invalids who are invalids indeed, this cruel winter, in their foreign houses far from coal fires, seems much more annoying and dangerous than the honest violence of frost and rain at home, where we know how to encounter and defy these enemies. Perhaps there is no such thing as a really good winter climate outside the tropics. Even in Palestine David was well acquainted with ice "like morsels," and hail, and snow. Some people say "try Jamaica," but it is a far cry to Jamaica, or to the American paradise, Florida.

CONSERVATIVE DEPRESSION.—A good many prominent Conservatives have spoken and written lately about the prospects of their party, and it is remarkable that few of them have adopted a sanguine and confident tone. The majority are inclined to take a very dark view indeed of their present position; and some of them do not hesitate to attribute their misfortune to the lassitude of their official chiefs. To most men who care little about party disputes, this seems very unfair. If Sir Stafford Northcote were to fight in the wild fashion which commends itself to the Fourth Party, he might succeed in irritating his opponents; but he is too sensible not to see that he would do far more harm than good to the cause he represents. The English people like political conflict; but they also like to see it carried on fairly, and with some degree of dignity. The real explanation of the weakness of the Conservatives is that they do not seem to have much to say that is worth listening to. The sum of all their recent utterances is that the Government is very wicked, that it has gone from blunder to blunder, and that it threatens the stability of all our most ancient institutions. Now, what is the use of vague declamation of this kind? Everybody can see that, whether the Government be as bad as it is said to be or not, it is at any rate very popular, and that it has a list of positive schemes which it intends to submit to Parliament. The only way in which the Conservatives can hope to triumph over the Government is to show either that its schemes are unnecessary, or that they can suggest better plans for the settlement of the difficulties which these schemes are designed to overcome. Nothing of this sort is attempted by the Conservatives. For a time Mr. W. H. Smith had a plan for the final solution of the problems connected with the tenure of land in Ireland; and it was understood to be supported by no less an authority than Lord Salisbury. The proposal may have been expedient or inexpedient; but at any rate it was not a mere negation of the ideas of somebody else. It was a serious contribution to the political thought of the day; and if it had been maintained, the Government would have been very much at a loss to know how to deal with it. Mr. Smith and Lord Salisbury had not, however, the courage of their opinions; and so the Conservative party were left once more without a policy. Until they have evolved a policy—and a policy appealing to popular sympathy—they are not likely to recover very speedily the ground which, as they themselves acknowledge, they have recently lost.

"A HOME IN AUSTRALIA."—For a few years after the gold discoveries, a large tide of emigrants flowed into South-Eastern Australia, but since then that continent has been much neglected, and the preference has been given, by English and Scotch as well as Irish, to America. This preference is partly due to the cheapness of the fare to America; for it costs more than twice as much to go to the Antipodes. But it is also due to the fact that in America, whatever a man's business, he is more certain of getting remunerative employment. Fifty millions of people scattered over a country as big and as fertile as the United States (to say nothing of the Canadian Dominion) can easily absorb a large annual supply of emigrants. Now, the Australian population is under three millions, and a disproportionate number of these three millions are gathered together in two big cities. The inhabitants, of the upper classes especially, would welcome some dozen shiploads of men accustomed to hard work, and of tidy cooks and housemaids, but Australia could not at present take in, without much social suffering and discomfort, such a host of emigrants as poured into America in 1882. And it is foolish to overrate the resources of the country. The following, from a letter in Tuesday's *Times*, rather partakes of what the French call *blague*. "Here (in Australia) there are hundreds and thousands of miles where the foot of white man never trod, rich fertile tracts of country that never saw a sheep or animal save kangaroos." Now, in sober fact, the grazier has extended his flocks and herds over an amazingly large part of the continent—in fact, wherever water for his stock is attainable;

but much of this land is in an agricultural sense poor and barren, and only fit for pastoral occupation. The "rich fertile tracts," where such tracts do occur, have mostly been selected and purchased long since. For several substantial reasons and emigration field. The colonist is still under British laws; the climate is healthier, the winter is a mere nothing, while the summer is less continuously oppressive; and, owing to the geniality of the climate, life is more easy-going and enjoyable than among the highly-strung nervous Americans. But it is scarcely likely that Australia, with its frequently-recurring droughts, its absence of navigable rivers, and its vast extent of desert land, will for a long time to come support a population equal to that of the United States.

OUR OPPORTUNITY IN EGYPT.—It was reported for some days that our policy in Egypt was about to encounter unforeseen difficulties. Turkey, we were told, was about to condemn Lord Granville's Circular; and it was asserted that France had begun to intrigue in Berlin against England. There appears to be no element of truth in these rumours. France does not profess to approve of what England is doing; but Germany is certainly not the Power to which she would look for aid in resisting us. As for Turkey, her protests are important only when they can be of service as a masque for the designs of more formidable States; and it is not known that France or any other country wishes for the present to make use of her in this way. England has really a brilliant chance of settling the Egyptian Question in the manner which seems to her most advantageous to herself, to Egypt, and to mankind. Frenchmen are too much occupied with their own affairs to give much attention to foreign complications; and the rest of the civilised world has shown that it has perfect confidence in our intentions. If, in such circumstances, Great Britain fails in the task she has undertaken, the fault will be her own; but we do not believe that she will fail; for the ends to be secured are definite and unmistakable, and there is very little dispute as to the best means of attaining them. England could scarcely have hoped to obtain so good an opportunity; and she is not likely to forget to how large an extent she owes it to a statesman who was not always supposed to be friendly towards her. Had Prince Bismarck gone against us, all Germany would have upheld him; and the opposition of Germany, in the present condition of Europe, would have made independent action on our part almost impossible.

THE UNKNOWN PUBLIC.—Who are the Unknown Public? Who are the readers of the penny numbers in which are published the tales called "penny dreadfuls" by the contemptuous? Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. James Payn have asked the question; Mr. Thomas Wright, in the *Nineteenth Century*, tries to answer it. Mr. Wright says that the people who read the "penny dreadfuls" do not read these and nothing else. The Unknown Public does not consist of domestic servants only, some of whom occasionally, in fact, read Mr. Browning's poems, and other works of genius. Mr. Wright says the Unknown Public is largely recruited from the ranks of dressmakers and milliners, and young women of the middle class who are "too genteel to work." Having few luxuries, they "waller" in penny fictions, as Tom Sawyer, in a moment of danger and remorse, proposed to "waller in Sunday Schools." The wives of shopkeepers, artisans, and clerks also swell the ranks of the great unknown. They cannot afford to buy books, they perhaps cannot afford to subscribe to circulating libraries, and they get penny fiction cheap by a system of exchanges. The men of the household get information and jests out of the padding and the answers to correspondents, and very often laugh at the latter exhibitions of omniscience. Mr. Wright says he once belonged to the Unknown Public, when pennies were not very common. And why not? A penny novel may not be as good as a novel by Mr. Payn or Mr. George Meredith, but it is better than nothing, and cannot be worse than much of the twaddle which is published in three volumes. Some of the cleverest men in the world prefer Navier de Montépin and Fortuné du Boisgobey to any other light literature, and both Fortuné and Xavier write glorified three franc "dreadfuls." Macaulay could probably have read penny novels with ease, as he read everything, even tales in which the heroine fainted seventeen times in the course of the narrative. Mr. Wright says the Unknown Public is now addicted to the novels of Mr. Payn, Messrs. Besant and Rice, and Miss Braddon. What better can they do, and how do we know that they would not buy up many sixpenny editions of George Eliot? But, of all things, the unknown public like a good plot, and probably nothing but the difficulty they feel in reading about unfamiliar manners prevents them from preferring Gaboriau "in cribs" to all others without. Probably the author of the "New Arabian Nights," if he would try, might prove a great success with the Unknown Public.

DRAMATIC MONOPOLY.—The whole system of stage-licensing requires to be put on a more common-sense basis. Forty years ago it took some time and trouble to break down the monopoly then solely enjoyed by the two "patent" theatres. And now there are dramatic monopolies existing which are quite as indefensible. A case has recently been heard at the Marylebone Police Court, the result of which was that the proprietors of the Metropolitan, Marylebone, and Bedford

Music Halls were severally fined. What for? Because they permitted riot and disorder in their establishments? Because their entertainments were of an immoral character? Not a bit of it. Their offence was that they performed something on their respective stages which came under the definition of a stage play, and, as they had not the Lord Chamberlain's license for stage plays, they were punished. It should be clearly understood that such prosecutions as these are not instituted in the interests of the public, but simply in the interest of some theatrical manager, who resents the rivalry of the music-hall; and the effect of the existing system is to reduce music-hall performances to the lowest level of inanity. What with the pipe and pot on one hand, and the Lord Chamberlain's restricting influence on the other, the music-hall is neither intellectually stimulating nor morally elevating. Indeed, we would go further, and say that it is from the slangy, vulgar, gin-and-smoke-sodden atmosphere of the music-hall that those modern phenomena, 'Arry and 'Arriet, have been developed. Much of this is due to our blundering legislators, who allowed in the music-hall everything which was objectionable, and just tied the proprietor's hands in the one essential point by forbidding him to produce a rational and intellectual entertainment. In Germany and Austria, where no such restrictions exist, the theatrical entertainments at the open air theatres and beer-gardens are on a far higher level than our music-hall performances. By all means let us have, and what is more, let us enforce, stringent rules for the safety of the public, but do not let us intentionally vulgarise a whole class of entertainments for the purpose of placing in the hands of a few people a monopoly to which they have not the faintest shadow of a right.

A GIGANTIC LAND-GRABBER.—The storms and floods which this winter have plagued Great Britain and the European Continent have not spared Ireland either, where also a phenomenon peculiar to that island has recently shown itself. In the County Roscommon a bog began to move, and presently, with a want of consideration worthy of the most stony-hearted landlord, proceeded to swallow up 120 acres of fine pasture land. The inhabitants attribute the cause to defective drainage, and this statement leads one to reflect whether, if peasant proprietorship were the rule in Ireland, such calamities would become rarer or more frequent. Individually, peasant proprietors have neither the capital, nor the enterprise, nor the leisure to undertake drainage works on a systematic scale. Yet there is no country where such works are more needed than in Ireland. The productiveness of the soil would be much increased if the superfluous moisture could be drawn off. We observe that the *Freeman's Journal* enthusiastically recommends the formation of a ship-canal from Dublin to Galway. As an arterial drain for the bogs it might be most valuable, but would it pay commercially? Would not vessels prefer to go round the island as at present rather than pay heavy tolls for the privilege of steaming slowly through the canal? We are strongly in favour of ship-canal, but there are canals which are more urgently needed than this, and which therefore had better be made first.

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THE MURDER LEAGUE IN DUBLIN

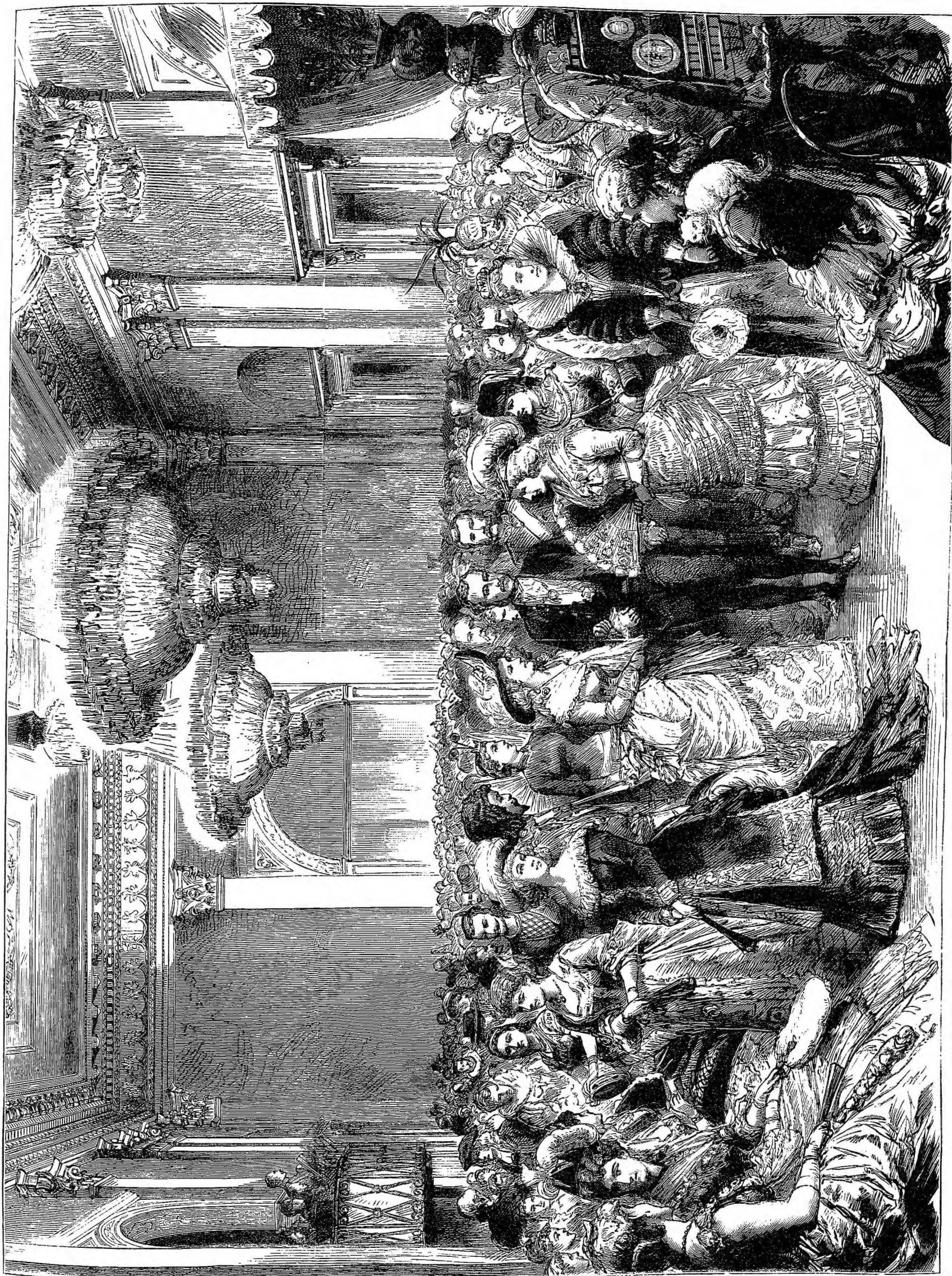
THE examination of the Fenian conspirators was resumed last Saturday before Messrs. Keys, Q.C., and Woodlock, in the Court House of the County Prison at Kilmainham, an arrangement by which the authorities avoid the risk of conveying the prisoners at each hearing two miles through the city to the police-court. Mr. O'Donel, the chief police magistrate, sat as a spectator on the benches behind his colleagues, where were also Mr. Jenkinson, Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department; Colonel Bruce, Inspector-General of Constabulary; and Mr. Harrel, the new Chief of the Metropolitan Police. To the right were seated the Counsel for the Crown, Mr. Murphy, Q.C., and Mr. P. O'Brien, Q.C., and the Crown Solicitor, Mr. Bolton; and at a table to the left the counsel for the defence, Dr. Webb, Q.C., and Messrs. Adams, O'Byrne, and Killen. The gallery to the left above the jury-box was crowded with the friends and female relations of the prisoners. Five only, among whom was the carman Kavanagh, appeared in the dock at the opening of the proceedings, the charge in their case, as explained by Mr. Murphy, being no longer one of conspiracy to murder, but of actual attempt to murder Mr. Field. The first witness called was Alice Carroll, a good-looking, saucy girl of seventeen, who bandied retorts with the counsel with perfect self-possession, and unhesitatingly identified Brady and Kelly as two of Mr. Field's assailants, together with a third man not in the dock, and Kavanagh as the man who drove the car. "Joe Brady," whom she knew from having seen him at Mullett's shop in Dorset Street, where her people dealt, had been the first, she said, to stab Mr. Field, and when he was down he was stabbed again, but whether by Brady or Kelly she could not say. Michael Farrell, a lad, identified Kavanagh as the car-driver he had seen that evening in Hardwick Street waiting outside a public-house with Kelly and Brady; and Connolly, a solicitor's clerk, whom the cries of "Murder!" and "Police!" had attracted to the spot, deposed that he saw Kelly make his way through the crowd, and spring upon a car on which a stouter man was already seated, handing at the same time some weapon to the latter, who instantly covered it with his coat. As Kelly sprang he slipped and lost his hat; and a hat which no one in the crowd would claim was picked up, and identified in the Court by another witness, P. Egan, a provision dealer. When



GUSTAVE DORÉ
BORN JANUARY 6, 1833; DIED JANUARY 23, 1883



THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO THE LATE ARCHBISHOP TAIT—THE DUKE OF ALBANY ADDRESSING THE MEETING
AT THE MANSION HOUSE, JANUARY 26



FANCY DRESS BALL GIVEN BY THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL IN THE TOWN HALL

running after the car, Connolly had been stopped by a man who came before him, and inquired "What's up?" At this stage of the examination the other fifteen prisoners were marched into the dock, and evidence as to the nature of the organisation was given by an approver named W. Lamie, a brother-in-law of Joseph Poole, who had himself been appointed a centre when Poole was arrested on suspicion for the murder of Kenny in Seville Place. Joe Mullett, according to Lamie, was chairman of the Directory, and there was a "Vigilance Committee" composed of nine centres, each of whom named two men from the rank and file. The men thus nominated were sworn in before the chairman, and had thenceforth only to obey his orders. What they had to do "was understood." The members paid "civil money" for the general expenses and a penny a week "arms money." A further remand was granted till Saturday (this day), a wish at the same time being expressed both by the Bench and by the prisoners' counsel that the prosecution would soon be able to shorten the period of the remands; and bail was refused for one or two of the prisoners who were said to be simply members of the Fenian Brotherhood.

GUSTAVE DORÉ

PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ, one of the most original and weirdly imaginative artists that the world has ever known, died last week at the early age of fifty-one. His name and works are probably more widely known than those of any modern artist, for while his paintings have been chiefly confined to France and England, his illustrations to the Bible and numerous standard French and English authors are to be found in every civilised country. Like all natural geniuses Gustave Doré took to the brush from his earliest childhood, publishing, when only eleven years old, some cleverly-drawn lithographs of the French campaign in Africa. At sixteen we find him in Paris working with M. Bertall on the *Journal pour Rire*, and exhibiting pen-and-ink sketches in the Salon; and from that time he speedily gained a noteworthy position in Art circles. His contributions to the Salon yearly attracted more attention, until in 1857 he gained an honourable mention with his "Battle of Inkerman." Meanwhile his book-illustrations made him highly popular with the multitude, and the singular originality of his woodcuts to "Don Quixote," "The Wandering Jew," to Rabelais' works, and above all to Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," evinced a fund of grim unearthly humour altogether unprecedented. Not, however, that he confined himself to the grotesque, as his designs to Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and the Bible will manifest, but his great forte undoubtedly lay in depicting the "uncanny" and ghostly side of human life, a propensity which is said to have caused Mr. Ruskin to describe his works as "grimy exhalations from the waters of the Styx." There was manifestly something in common between that remarkable eccentricity of genius the Belgian painter, Wiertz, and Gustave Doré, and the former's "Un Grand de la Terre" might well have passed for a cut from the "Contes Drolatiques." There was something, too, of Blake and of Kaulbach in his style—indeed he has been called the most German of French painters. Of his paintings we need say little, as most of our readers will probably have visited the collection in his Gallery in New Bond Street, and gazed wonderingly at the huge canvasses of "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," the "Dream of Pilate's Wife," and others of his masterpieces. Latterly he had turned his attention to sculpture, and visitors to the 1878 Exhibition will doubtless remember his gigantic vase representing the "Triumph of Bacchus," while his statuary contributions to recent Salons have been greatly admired. M. Doré had undoubtedly a taste for the gigantesque. This is seen in his pictures, and thus it is not surprising that his studio in Paris was probably the largest in the world. He lived in an old-fashioned mansion in the Rue St. Dominique, and his studio was in the Rue Bayard. There he was wont to work in the midst of his friends, utterly unconscious of their presence, running from one picture to another, and putting touches here or a figure there, as the fancy took him. "Don't wake him, he's dreaming," his intimates were wont to say, and frequently a visitor would go away after waiting two hours without exchanging a word with the artist. He was a singularly moderate liver, and, as a couple of glasses of wine told on him, he rarely drank anything stronger than *cau rouge*, while his eating was as frugal. In personal character he has been likened to Charles Dickens, both from his love of humble life and out-of-the-way places, and from his buoyant spirits, though, unlike the novelist, he was subject to occasional deep fits of gloom. He affords a curious example of an absolutely successful career from first to last, and of an artist who worked not from necessity, as his means were always good, his father being a well-to-do engineer, but from sheer love of his art. At the time of his death he was building—on that Titanic scale in which he delighted to do everything—a huge house in the Parc Monceaux which for luxury and comfort was to rival the famed Monte Cristo of Dumas the elder. He died on Tuesday week suddenly from the effects of a chill caught on coming away from a party on the previous Friday. His funeral took place on the following Thursday, and was attended by two thousand persons, M. Alexander Dumas pronouncing the funeral oration.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fairless and Beethorn, Doré Gallery, 35, New Bond Street, W.

THE TAIT MEMORIAL MEETING

This meeting, which took place at the Mansion House on the 26th ult., under the presidency of the Duke of Albany, was a complete success, and proved the high esteem felt for the late Archbishop both by Churchmen and Nonconformists. The Chairman dwelt on the catholicity of the late Primate, and on the healing influence which he exerted on party dissensions. It was this grand moderation of views and sympathies which made him a great Archbishop; and hence his popularity with the Nonconformists, one of whom, the Rev. Baldwin Brown, wrote thus in a letter which was read at the meeting: "The Nonconformists generally do full justice to his great qualities, especially his freedom from prejudice and bigotry, his far-sighted wisdom, and his statesmanlike power of dealing with the great questions of the day." The Archbishop of York said: "He gave his whole mind and soul to his duties, and discharged them in a spirit of charity towards those who came under his wise discretion, and those who acted with him." Lord Granville, whose illness prevented from attending, wrote concerning the Archbishop's speeches in the House of Lords, all of which he had heard. "He possessed in a special degree," said Lord Granville, "the gift of persuasiveness—after all the chief merit of public oratory. It was difficult for the hearer not to want to agree with the speaker. This feeling was produced by a sense of his strength, earnestness, gentleness, and charity." Mr. Goschen, as an old Kugbeian, recalled memories of Dr. Tait when he presided over that ancient foundation. "Boys," he said, "were not bad judges of character, and they respected their head-master for his wisdom, his justice, and because he was a perfect gentleman."

The practical object of the meeting was to decide on the form of the Memorial to the Archbishop, and it was agreed that some effigy in recollection of the departed prelate should be erected at Canterbury, in St. Paul's, and also at Westminster Abbey. Added to this, it is proposed to complete the restoration of Lambeth Palace Chapel, which the Archbishop had begun. Further still, as the Archbishop had strikingly shown his deep concern for the spiritual welfare of the masses by the initiation both of the Bishop of London's Fund and the London Diocesan Home Mission Fund, it was proposed to raise a "Tait Memorial Fund," to be placed in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury for the time being, and to be used at his discretion for the furtherance of Home Mission work in London and elsewhere.

THE MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL'S FANCY DRESS BALL

THE Mayor of Liverpool (Mr. William Radcliffe), on the evening of the 26th ult., gave a fancy dress ball at the Town Hall on a scale of remarkable magnificence. Some fifteen hundred invitations were issued. "In some respects," says the *Liverpool Daily Post*, "this gathering eclipsed its most notable predecessors held within the same walls, especially in the happy consummation of design which was produced in costume, simplicity of tint and gracefulness of contour being combined with magnificence of style. The costumes, taken generally, were a happy culmination of deep thought and remarkable ingenuity."

The crypt, which was partitioned off from the east and west corridors, was metamorphosed into a luxurious resting-place, provided with lounges, which were artistically arranged amid palms, ferns, and tropical plants. The walls of the building were draped with crimson cloth, which was plentifully studded with national flags, shields, and crests. The ground was covered with crimson cloth and rich Persian carpets.

The ball began at 9 P.M., supper was served at 11.30 P.M., and at 2 P.M. the guests began to depart.

Among the *costumiers* represented on this occasion, and to whom our artist was indebted for assistance, were Madame Paschali, of 35, Rodney Street, Liverpool; Messrs. L. and H. Nathan, of Tichborne Street, London; and Messrs. Simmons, of 8, King Street, Covent Garden, London.

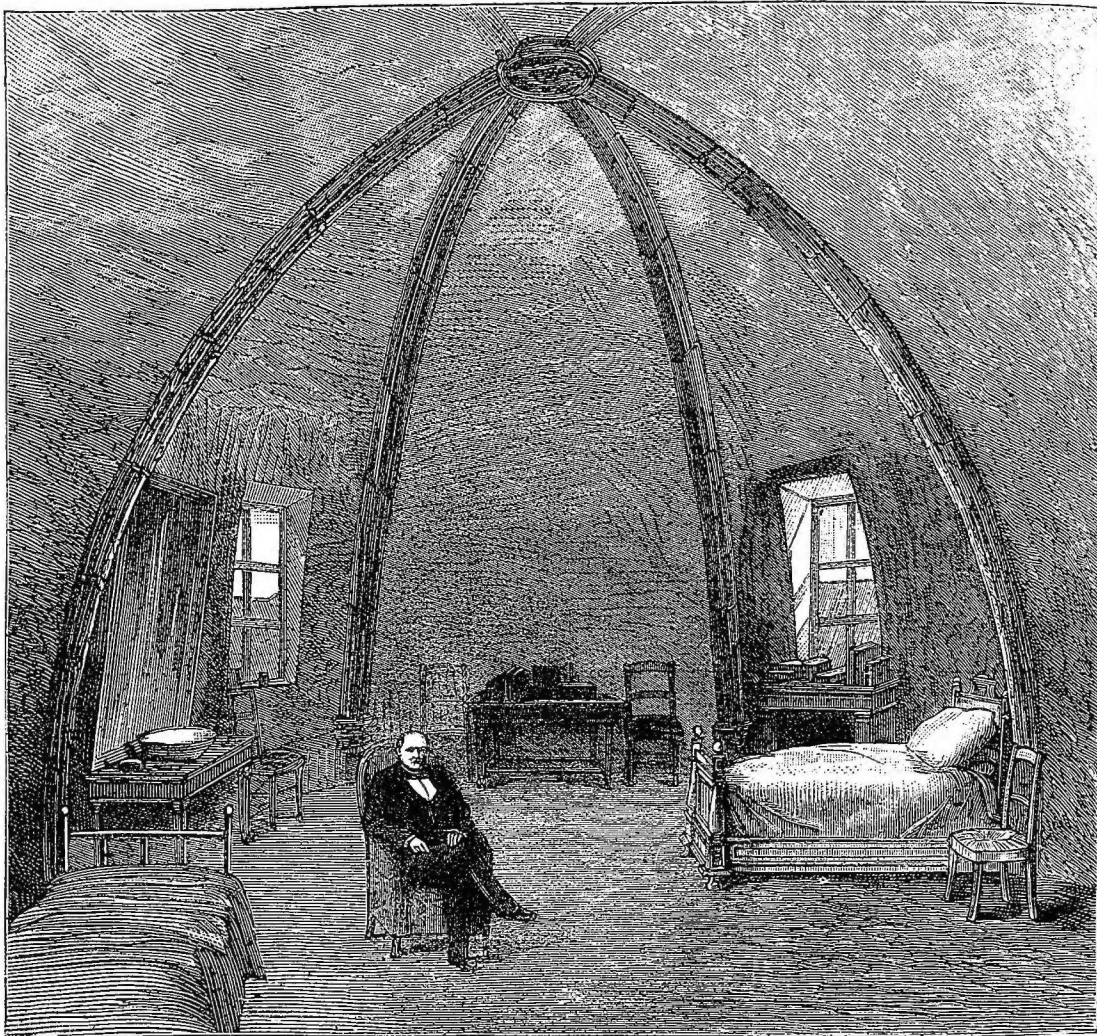
A SHOOTING TRIP ON THE SHORES OF THE MARMORA

A SHOOTING excursion in Turkey is not the comfortable cut-and-dried lounge that it is in British well-stocked covers, nor yet the pleasant ramble over the heather which is afforded by the Scotch moors, but there is a variety of excitement, to say nothing of game,

surrounded by a whole army of yelping pariahs, after which he meets with an accident not wholly unprecedented in England; for in aiming at a bird he brings down his friend. Finally he is rewarded by bagging a magnificent specimen of ornithology—and though somewhat doubtful of the exact species he declares he will have it stuffed as a souvenir of the day's adventures.

THE CONCIERGERIE, PARIS

THIS prison, where Prince Napoléon is now confined, is one of the most historical buildings in Paris. Its walls have seen some of the most distinguished personages of all ages, from the beginning of the eleventh century, when the Comte d'Armagnac and a number of his adherents were massacred by the emissaries of the Duc de Bourgogne, to 1846, when Napoléon III. spent some time there previous to his being transferred to the fortress of Ham. It was during the Revolution, however, that the Conciergerie played the most prominent part in French history. There Marie Antoinette passed the last hours of her life, and her cell is still shown to visitors, with the hanging lamp, which served to enable the guards to watch over their august prisoner; while, the Queen having boasted that they could compel her to do everything except bow her head, her gaolers affixed a plank of wood to the top of the doorway, so as to subject her to this last humiliation. This cell was transformed in 1816 into an Expiatory Chapel, while the next cell—curiously enough that of Robespierre—was made into the Sacristy. Other distinguished prisoners have been Madame Roland, Camille Desmoulins, Danton, and later Béranger and Proudhon. The latest prisoner of note was Prince Pierre Bonaparte, previous to his trial for killing Victor Noir. Prince Napoléon, when first arrested, was lodged in one of the rooms belonging to the Governor's suite, but he now resides, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* states, in a round chamber of goodly dimensions, situated in the north tower of



which fully atones for any little discomforts the sportsman may have to endure. Firstly, unless he is accompanied by a zaptieh, or the ever-useful cavass, it is a matter of some danger, as the aborigines in the out-of-the-way parts are apt to heave, not merely "arf a brick," but an ounce of lead at a stranger, should the latter offend their prejudices; or, as the case of poor Captain Selby plainly showed, attack him in force with the ugly-looking sticks with which the gentle shepherds of Anatolia are wont to tend their flocks. These sticks are commonly carried by natives and in the distance, as may be seen in our illustration, look like the long Albanian gun. The game, as we have said, is varied—rabbits, hares, woodcock, quail, snipe, and such small fry, but the chief object of the Levantine sportsman is pig—we beg pardon—lilliputian wild boar. Indeed, slung in a swing to the bough of a tree he will wait for hours with only a flask of whisky or *mastika*—a native spirit distilled from grape skins—until he becomes drowsy, and mayhap dreams of a gigantic wild boar springing over him. Wildly he fires, and losing his balance, comes suddenly to the ground to find that he has slaughtered, not a grim tusker of the forest, but a poor tame little porker which has strayed from the neighbouring village in search of peanuts. His sin speedily finds him out, for no sooner does he set foot in the village than he is at once accosted by an urbane interpreter, followed by a fierce-looking personage with a most alarming array of weapons in his sash, and who proves to be the owner of the murdered piggy. This pig, he declares, was the only thing he ever loved—the Frank might now kill him, for no money could replace the lost one. At the same time the man is poor, and—but by this time the step of a zaptieh is heard approaching, and a sarcastic laugh from a native behind is heard, so that the alarmed sportsman closely buttons up his pockets, and declines to pay more than the minimum compensation. In another sketch the sportsman and his companion, while awaiting the steamer on the village pier, are the cynosure of all eyes, and as the guide has disappeared for "half a moment," the crowd take the opportunity to press round the Giaours, make uncomplimentary remarks on their relations, and offer to examine their weapons—a request refused by forcible gestures and still more forcible words. However, the friendly zaptieh once more intervenes, and is duly rewarded with backshish in the form of a packet of cigarettes. Next our friends, reaching another village, are warned against the wild dogs of the neighbourhood. These, however, out of respect to Mussulman prejudices, they must on no account shoot, but only ward off by means of the bayonet exercise. In No. 10 they meet a somewhat unprofitable customer—an Eastern Dick Turpin in petticoats—and who scowls and mutters, "Dogs and sons of dogs" as they pass by. The next sketch shows the hero of the party standing firm to his gun while

the prison. His apartment is lofty, and its paneled walls are decorated with Gothic flutings. Two windows, looking out on the Quai du Palais de Justice, gives light to the chamber: but, since the Prince's arrival, the lower part has been covered with wooden boarding. The room, as may be imagined, is somewhat severely furnished. The bedstead is of simple white wood, and is devoid of curtains. There are three cane-bottomed chairs, an arm-chair, and two tables, one for toilette purposes and the other for meals. The latter are sent in every day from his own house, but are carefully examined by the police before they are served to him, lest a letter should be smuggled to him. The Prince is allowed a certain amount of exercise in the precincts of the prison, but is closely guarded night and day with special precautions. His valet is now allowed to be with him, and sleeps in the second bed shown in our illustration.

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE EAST LONDON HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, SHADWELL

ON the 15th ult., a treat was provided for the little inmates of this Hospital, for those who had previously been inmates during the last twelve months, and for some of its present numerous outpatients.

Those children who were too ill to be at the treat were regaled with such delicacies in the wards as the faculty allowed. To these little sufferers we paid a visit, and were much struck with the extreme quietude and patience with which they bore their griefs and woes. But what we more particularly noticed was the kind relation which existed between these children and their doctors and nurses, for although there were many of them far too young to express this in words, the mutual kindly understanding was too real to escape observation.

As to the treat itself, the children, having been satisfied with tea and cake in the waiting-room of the out-patient department, were placed in rows to prepare for the event of the evening, viz., the Punch and Judy Show. At this point some children were brought in from the wards in the tender embraces of their nurses, and as this was being done it was truly touching to see the little guests recognise by shouts and caresses their former nurses. After this part of the entertainment, which elicited much applause from the youthful spectators, each guest was passed in turn into a gaily decorated bazaar to receive a gift of toys and useful clothing, with which they departed to their homes.

This Hospital was founded fifteen years ago for the sick children in the densely-populated and poor neighbourhood of Shadwell. It is almost entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. We feel sure that this Institution, which had its origin in an old sail-loft in the Ratcliff Cross, and which is now doing such good work in an unpretending and quiet way, needs only to be more widely known in

order to command the liberal support which it at present needs as much as it deserves.

"LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by Sydney Hall is continued on page 121.

DURHAM AND SUNDERLAND ILLUSTRATED

See pp. 125 et seqq.



A WEEK OF STORMS, commencing on the evening of the 25th, and accompanied by a heavy rainfall, has brought about a renewal of the floods in various parts of the country, and caused much destruction of property both by land and sea, not unattended with disastrous loss of life. At Bradford great alarm was caused on Friday morning by the fall, during the height of the gale, of a portion of another factory chimney, though on this occasion no one fortunately was hurt. In Yorkshire, in the Midland Counties, and in the valley of the Severn the rivers generally have overflowed their banks, though the injury done so far is not so great as had been at one time feared; and even the Thames and Kennet further south, where the storm on the whole has been less severely felt, have again begun to cover the low-lying land. Injuries from falling stacks and chimneys are reported in all directions, and in London a cottage near Clapham Junction was destroyed through the fall upon its roof of the gable of a newly-constructed house hard by, seriously injuring several of the inmates, who had met together to hear a letter read from a son who had just arrived from India. The water in the Thames, through the fierceness of Friday's gale, was lower at ebb-tide than had been known for years; and such fears were entertained for the stability of the clock at the New Law Courts, that policemen were stationed to warn passers-by of the danger of going underneath. The worst calamities, however, occurred by sea. The New Brighton lifeboat lost its captain, washed overboard on Friday morning while on the look-out for vessels in distress. In the attempt to rescue a German barque which had gone ashore upon the rocks near Swansea, eight of the crew of the Mumbles lifeboat were drowned on Saturday, and others so hurt they are not expected to recover. One of the sinking men was saved by the brave action of a second Grace Darling, Jessie Ace, the lighthouse keeper's daughter, who, failing to reach him with an improvised rope of shawls, sprang boldly into the waves and dragged him to the rock. Almost at the same time the steamer *Agnes Jack* went down with all hands off Porthcawl; the ten survivors were seen from the shore to drop one by one into the sea before the rocket apparatus could arrive. At Thurles, in Tipperary, the theatre, a wooden structure, was blown down just as the performance was about to commence; and the same fate befel a building in West Calder, which had been run up to hold 4,000 people in anticipation of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Mid-Lothian. In the Highlands there has been a heavy fall of snow, and the temperature has become suddenly much colder.

Snow and sleet too have visited, though without inconveniencing (unless thin attendance at a "garden party" be an inconvenience) the Premier in his retreat at Cannes. His health is reported to improve each day, and with the improvement there has also come a desire to be once more at work. The Prince of Wales, who has also found his way to Cannes, paid a visit to the illustrious invalid on Saturday, and on Sunday was a guest to dinner at the Chateau Scott, and again, unless the telegrams have confused dates, on Tuesday, before appearing *incognito* at the grand ball of the Cercle Nautique. On Monday Mr. Gladstone took a run to Nice, and on Thursday was to witness there the Corso Carnavalesque from the balcony of the Prefecture. He has addressed from Cannes a circular to his supporters informing them that Parliament will open on the 15th, and that "the House of Commons will at the earliest moment be invited to address itself to business of importance, much of which has suffered delay through the special circumstances of recent Sessions." His return to England is announced for the 10th inst.—Mr. Childers, quite strong again after his five weeks' holiday, returns to the Treasury for business on Thursday.—Mr. Fawcett, M.P., has quitted Aldeburgh to spend a short time in Devonshire.

SPEECHES OUT OF PARLIAMENT during the week have been as numerous as they have been uninteresting. Even on lighter matters of Art and Education, Mr. Forster and Lord Carlingford have found little more to say than the old platitudes about being left behind by foreign countries, or the difficulty of getting rustic parents to take an interest in their children's attendance at Board Schools. Sir R. Peel, in a vigorous, hard-hitting speech at Lewes, loudly proclaimed that there was a "revolution going on" in the country, and that "tremendous forces" were at work, in dealing with which "chicken-hearted, pigeon-breasted politicians were no good."—Mr. Lowther has again reminded us that Government would have known long ago the depth of Irish disaffection if they had paid the least attention to the information he left behind him when quitting office. Lord Carnarvon has dwelt with almost querulous vehemence on the modern Liberal's disregard of economy; and Sir W. Lawson gives us his views once more on Ireland and Egypt, with the old vivacious irresponsibility. One meeting only in the course of the week has been, in the nature of things, a little novel,—the dinner given by the Liberals of Bucks to celebrate the jubilee year of Sir Harry Verney's entrance into Parliament. Among the many letters of congratulation was one from Mr. Gladstone calling to mind Sir Harry's "personal kindness to me" in 1833, and another by Mr. Bright to a "Reformer of Forty Years Ago."—Mr. Mr. Bradlaugh, M.P., appears to be meditating mischief. "It would be interesting," he writes, "to know how the police intend to stop thousands of people quietly wending their way by twos and threes" towards Westminster. "It is not very likely that a Liberal Government will try to provoke a serious riot. If they do, the right of public meeting, as well as the rights of constituencies, will be threatened." Mrs. Besant has declared at Portsmouth that the force this time will not be all on one side, and that, while her friends do not intend to appeal to force, they will not allow Mr. Bradlaugh to be ill-used as he was before by fourteen policemen. The railway companies have unanimously refused to run cheap trains of "Parliamentary excursionists," and will thus deprive Mr. Bradlaugh, as he calculates, of a contingent of some 16,000 men. As, however, he expects to gather 150,000 or so in London, this trifling loss will not be seriously felt.—The American Minister in London has written to the Speaker of the House of Representatives on the subject of "the New Rules of Procedure." Hindrance to legislation, Mr. Lowell writes, is more often due to multiplicity of business than to wilful obstruction, and a safer cure will probably be found in enlarging the functions of local government; though this, too (Mr. Lowell adds), cannot be done without a certain loss.

EARL SPENCER held his first Levée for the season on Tuesday, when the honour of Knighthood was bestowed on Mr. D. V. Sullivan, ex-Mayor of Cork. The levée was very well attended.—A serious riot occurred on Saturday among the convicts in Haulbowline Dockyard, where some 400 of them were at work, under the superintendence of thirty warders. The outbreak, which began in a sudden attack upon an unpopular warder, named Tynan, was quelled by Constable Thompson and seven policemen, who attacked the rioters so resolutely with clubbed rifles that the inter-

vention of the sailors from the guard-ship and 100 marines who had been called out at the first alarm was not required. Constable Thompson and Warder Tynan were severely injured. The guard at Spike Island has since been reinforced by sixty men of the 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment. Another slighter outbreak took place on Wednesday.—Messrs. Davitt, Healy, and Quinn have all determined to go to prison rather than give bail for their good behaviour, Mr. Davitt declaring, in a valedictory address to the Michael Davitt branch of the Irish National League, that "the Castle" had made another blunder, and that six months imprisonment would not take "a feather's weight out of him." Offers to be their sureties from Mr. Cowen, M.P., and Mr. Robinson, of Nottingham, were politely declined.—Some excitement is felt at Castlereagh, in consequence of the approach of a large moving bog, which has already submerged some thousands of acres, and destroyed one or two farmers' houses. Neglect to release the imprisoned waters by proper drainage is believed to have been the cause of the unwelcome phenomenon.—Mr. Clifford Lloyd has been summoned suddenly to Dublin to confer with Earl Spencer on the state of his district, which includes the counties of Clare, Limerick, and Galway. An Assassination Club is said to have been discovered at Limerick.—A meeting has been held at Ballingrane to protest against the cowardly poisoning of the Limerick fox-hounds when drawing the covers there on Wednesday week. Captain Gubbins, the master, intends, it is said, to sell the rest of the pack, and give up the country, as well as to discontinue the extensive improvements which had given constant work to over a hundred labourers.—The 250 branches of the Land and Labour League of Great Britain are to form a division of the Irish National League, having Dublin for its head-quarters. The English and Scotch bodies will henceforth be bound, like those in Ireland, to forward specified proportions of their receipts to the central treasury.

SOME ALARM has been caused in the last few days at Inverness by tidings that the men of the Isle of Barra intended to follow the example of those of Skye, and had already seized some grazings which did not belong to them. In Skye itself the tide of opinion seems setting once more in favour of arbitration, the crofters pleading, among other extenuating circumstances, their losses through the fall in the price of wool from Australian competition. A meeting was to be held on Thursday in the rooms of the Highland Society in London, to consider how a settlement might best be brought about. Meanwhile, the Lord Mayor has appealed for help for the people of Lewis, who have been plunged by the failure of their autumn crops in a state bordering on destitution. The population is now in round numbers 26,100, and at least 6,000 will be required to tide them over the next three months, and 2,000 more to enable them to buy seed potatoes.

AT A MEETING of the Provisional Committee of the Manchester Ship Canal last week, it was resolved to appeal to the Standing Orders Committee to proceed with the Bill without delay. Many well-informed people, however, fear that the objections taken will be fatal to the measure in its present shape, and think the projectors can scarcely have been aware of the interference which their plan involved with existing interests at Liverpool and elsewhere.

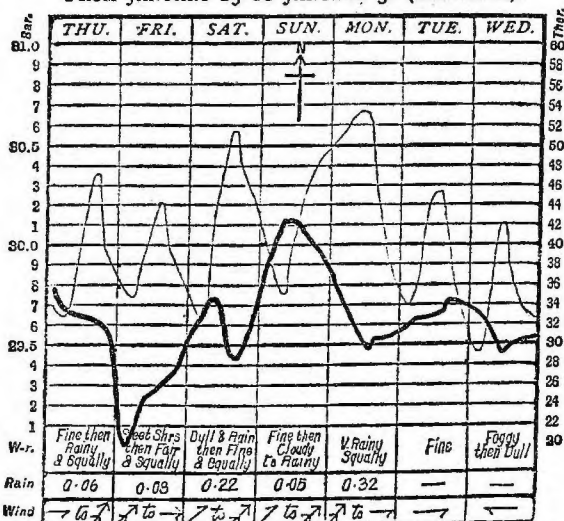
RESOLUTIONS APPEALING FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS for the relief of Irish distress, and calling on the Government to start reproductive works, were unanimously adopted at a meeting held on Tuesday in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, under the presidency of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., and a deputation of Irish M.P.'s and others nominated to wait on the Lord Mayor to solicit his assistance. The real pinch, it was stated, would not be felt until February or March.—An exhibition of Irish lace as an encouragement for native industry will be opened in the Mansion House towards the end of June.

THE OFFICIAL RETURNS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS for 1882 give the total number of Quakers in Great Britain and Ireland as 17,977, besides 5,790 regular attendants at their meetings who are not, however, in full membership. Though so small a body, the Quaker Church numbers ten M.P.'s among its members.

THE NEW "CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB," which is to be the Conservative rival of the National Liberal Club, is to consist of 5,000 members, with an entrance fee of 5*l.*, and a yearly subscription of the same amount. Members of existing Conservative Clubs in London, and members of other recognised Clubs who hold Conservative principles, will be eligible without entrance fee, as will all presidents, vice-presidents, and officers of Constitutional associations. The buildings of the new Club will be in a central position, and will include a large hall for public meetings.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JANUARY 25 TO JANUARY 31 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The late tranquil weather has been supplanted during this period by gales and very unsettled conditions. This has been caused by the advance to our shores of several important barometrical disturbances, which followed each other in quick succession. The quick fall of the barometer of the following day was temporarily arrested on Thursday morning (25th inst.), when previous day was temporarily arrested on Thursday morning (25th inst.), when Ireland caused the mercury to descend again very rapidly, and by night a strong gale blew from the south-westward. Friday (26th inst.) found this depression over the north-east of England, the barometer rising quickly, with strong winds from the westward. The next day another disturbance made its appearance in the north-west, and, crossing the south of Scotland, occasioned distinct changes in pressure, and strong south-westerly gales. Sunday (28th inst.) broke with fair weather, but a subsidiary depression of some depth forming in the extreme south-west during the night, a whole gale blew from that quarter. The wind gradually subsided on Monday (29th inst.), and pressure became more uniform by Tuesday (30th inst.), moderate westerly winds and fine weather being experienced. Wednesday morning (31st inst.) found a depression forming over the Bay of Biscay, easterly winds and a cloudy sky prevailing. Temperature has been above the average. The barometer was highest (29.62 inches) on Sunday (28th inst.); lowest (29.00 inches) on Friday (26th inst.); range, 0.62 inches. Temperature was highest (53°) on Monday (29th inst.); lowest (29°) on Wednesday (31st inst.); range, 24°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.63 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.32 inches, on Monday (29th inst.).



THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS has elected two new Associates.—Messrs. R. W. Macbeth and E. J. Gregory—painters.

THE SUNDAY SOCIETY held their Thirty-Second Art Exhibition last Sunday, when the Suffolk Street Galleries were open to the public for two hours, and were visited by 2,026 persons.

THE CABDRIVERS' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.—General Lord Wolseley will preside at a Festival Dinner to be held at Willis's Rooms on the 26th of May, in aid of the Annuity Fund of this institution.

THE LATE CECIL LAWSON'S PICTURE OF THE "MINISTER'S GARDEN," now in the Grosvenor Gallery, has been bought by the Manchester Corporation for the Public Art Gallery, shortly to be established in that city.

THE LATE M. GUSTAVE DORÉ'S statue of Alexandre Dumas the Elder will be exhibited in the coming Paris Salon, as the artist had completely finished the monument, and had even invited his friends to witness the casting.

ONE OF THE INDIAN ELEPHANTS presented by the Prince of Wales to the Berlin Zoological Gardens has killed its keeper in a sudden fit of rage. Last year also a similar attack was made by another elephant in the Gardens, but happily without any fatal results.

A COSTLY WARDROBE is owned by the Chinese Minister at Washington, whose magnificent and varied toilettes have driven the society belles wild with envy. The celestial dignitary never appears at public entertainments twice in the same costume, and his silk and satin garments are valued at 30,000*l.*

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD is claimed by America, whence come most of the phenomena and extraordinary stories. He was an Indian of San Diego named "Long Hilde," and claimed to be 150 years old. Lately his existence had become a burden to him, as he could only crawl about on all fours, so finally he set fire to his home, and phoenix-like, was burnt with its ashes.

LONDON FIRES DURING 1882 were fewer than during the previous year, but 272 above the average of the last ten years. Besides false alarms and chimney blazes, there were 1,926 regular fires, of which 164 were serious and 1,762 caused slight damage. Those fires only are reckoned where firemen were called in. Thirty-four fires entailed loss of life, and 36 persons were burnt out of the 175 whose lives were endangered.

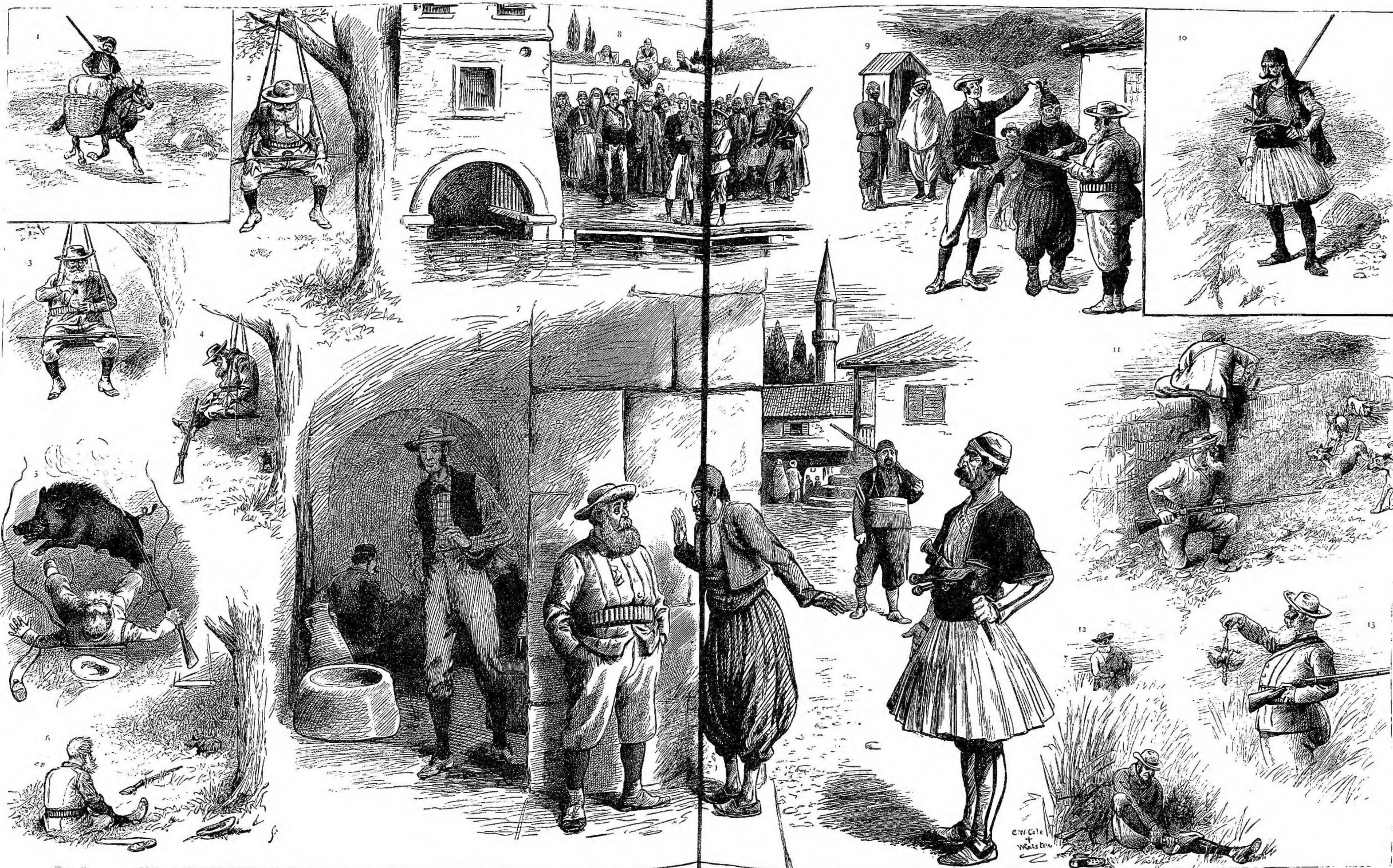
THE ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY is certainly proving a profitable concern, as the receipts steadily increase, and have afforded a profit of 140,000*l.* since the opening of the line in June last. Over 600,000 passengers have been carried. Though of late the number of travellers has been less, owing to the winter season, the goods traffic has risen month by month. Another famous boring, the Arlberg Tunnel, is also progressing rapidly, and will, it is hoped, be finished by the spring of next year. The excavations were interrupted for a short time, owing to the nature of the material, but the difficulties have now been completely surmounted.

WINTER ALPINE ASCENTS have become rather frequent of late years, but a recent attempt to climb the Gorner Grät did not prove very successful. Some twenty members of the Geneva section of the Swiss Alpine Club started from Zermatt, but the snow was so deep, and accumulated in such masses, that they could not get beyond the Riffl Hotel and the Gorner Glacier, the disastrous winter having filled the valley of Zermatt with enormous avalanches of ice and snow. The disappointment, however, was somewhat alleviated by the splendid views afforded of the mountains in winter glory, for at sunset the entire mass of the Matterhorn appeared surrounded by a halo of crimson fire.

THE REMAINS OF THE FAMOUS SPANISH HERO, THE CID, and of his wife, Ximena, have been solemnly restored by King Alphonso to the authorities of Burgos, to be placed in their former resting-place—the tomb in Burgos Cathedral. When and how these precious relics were stolen from the Burgos vaults no one can imagine, but they were accidentally discovered last year amongst the family treasures of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who at King Alphonso's request gave up the ashes of the Cid to his own country. Carefully deposited in a marble urn, the ashes were accordingly handed over by the King with great ceremony, the Queen and Royal family, scientific notabilities, and all the Burgos authorities being present the restoration.

LONDON MORTALITY declined last week, and 1,548 deaths were registered, against 1,567 during the previous seven days, a fall of 19, being 347 below the average, and at the rate of 20.4 per 1,000. These deaths included 8 from small-pox (a rise of 1, but 19 below the average), 33 from measles (a decrease of 13, and 3 below the average), 40 from scarlet fever (an increase of 9, but 5 below the average), 24 from diphtheria (a rise of 11, and 16 above the average), 37 from whooping-cough, 2 from typhus fever, 17 from enteric fever (an increase of 5), 1 from ill-defined form of fever (a fall of 2), 13 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 1), and 369 from diseases of the respiratory organs an increase of 8, but 157 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 65 deaths, 56 of which were the result of accident or negligence. There were 2,670 births registered against 2,808 during the previous week, being 149 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 38.9 deg., and 0.8 deg. below the average.

A GROUP OF EXHIBITIONS.—From Great Britain and the Continent to India 1883 will certainly be an Exhibition year, judging by the plans sent forth. To take our own capital first, the War Exhibition of Egyptian trophies, relics, &c., connected with the late campaign, opens early this month at Humphrey's Hall, Albert Gate, in aid of the Egyptian War Fund. As most of the officers who served in the war will contribute, the exhibition promises to be most interesting. Thus there will be Arabi's tent at Tel-el-Kebir, Arabi's and Toulba's swords delivered up to the British, and Arabi's pistols lent by Lord Wolseley. Both the War and Naval Departments will contribute. Meanwhile the preparations for the International Fisheries' Exhibition are being so energetically pushed forward that everything is likely to be ready in good time. Huge buildings are covering up the pretty flower-beds and walks of the Horticultural Gardens, so that the Exhibition will be of unusual extent, while the south-western Arcade, generally used for flower-shows, will be converted into a vast aquarium for sea and fresh-water fishes. Then in June we are promised an Exhibition and Art Collection of Irish lace at the Mansion House with a view to improving the state of the lace industry, while the Sister Kingdom farther plans an Exhibition of Manufactures, Arts, Industries, and Products, to be held at Cork during July, August, and September. This Exhibition will be purely national, and is organised in the hopes of stimulating home industries, and thus being of special use to the manufacturers and industrial classes of the South of Ireland. Further afield the Calcutta International Exhibition opens on December 4th next, in the Indian Museum—a magnificent pile of buildings situated on the Maidan, in the very centre of Calcutta. Government has voted 15,000*l.* towards the expenses, and the exhibits will be divided into nine sections, from fine arts to food, from the various industries to children's work. An agricultural collection and a display of loan paintings will, it is hoped, be included.



A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING: "AFTER ALL, IT'S NOT A GUN, ONLY A STICK."—2. WAITING FOR THE GAME: "I HOPE THE BOARS ABOUT HERE ARE NOT TALL!"—3. "DON'T KNOW HOW THIS MASTICA WILL AGREE WITH THE WHISKEY."—4. MEDITATION.—5. WAS IT A DREAM?—6. THE AWAKENING: "KILLED HIM, BY JUPITER."—7. "THIS POOR PEACEFUL MAN HE CRY—HE SWEAR BY ANYTHING YOU LIKE NAME THAT YOU KILL DEAD HIS ONE SAME PET PIG—HE LOFFED IT SO VERA MUCH."—8. "CONFOUND THAT GUIDE, HE'S ALWAYS GOING INTO PLACES FOR HALF A MINUTE AND STOPPING AWAY HALF-AN-HOUR. GLAD TO SEE THAT ZAPTIEH, THOUGH. WE'LL BUY HIM A PACKET OF CHEAP CIGARETTES!"—9. COMFORT: "IF THE DOGS THEY ATTACK, YOU MUST NOT SHOOT. YOU MAY CARRY YIS BAYONET AND THEM STICK: THAT IS GOOD AND PERMIT, IT WILL SHOW THAT THEY VOOD BITE, AND IF THEY COME NEAR IT, IT SHOWS IT IS NOT FOR PLAY. THEY DO NOT PLAY: NO!"—10. AN UNPROFITABLE CUSTOMER.—11. "FORM SQUARE, OLD SPATCHCOCK, THE DOGS ARE LCOSE DIE AS YOU LIVE: HARD."—12. "CONFOUND IT, WHO WOULD THINK A BIRD LIKE THAT COULD YELL SO—SOUNDED QUITE HUMAN—HA HA!! I DECLARE."—13. THE BAG: "I'LL STUFF THIS."

A SHOOTING TRIP ON THE SHORES OF THE SEA OF MARMORA



THE fates are certainly unpropitious for FRANCE this week. Thus, while a great crisis is agitating the country, the Premier is seized with a serious illness, and then, on his colleagues making certain arrangements of which he disapproves, he resigns. One of his colleagues steps into the breach, and he in his turn falls ill in the middle of a speech which is practically to decide the measure on which depends the existence not only of the Cabinet but possibly of the Assembly itself, thus still further prolonging the crisis. To take up the thread of events, M. Duclerc was taken ill on Friday. The Expulsion Committee had decided not to adopt the Government measure, but to present a Bill banishing all members of ex-reigning families, depriving them of all civil rights, and prohibiting them from holding any military post. On Saturday the Cabinet held a Council, and it was decided that a compromise should be suggested to the Committee. Admiral Jauréguiberry declined to consent, and resigned. General Billot equally protested against the proposition, which was nevertheless made to the Committee and accepted. The new Bill deprives all members of ex-reigning families of electoral rights, and debars them from holding any civil or military post, but leaves the question of their expulsion to the discretion of the President of the Republic. The Bill was at once presented to the Chamber, M. Fabre having been elected reporter, in place of M. Marcou, who was in favour of the more extreme measure. The Ministers had taken the consent of M. Duclerc to this compromise for granted, but they had reckoned without their host, for as we have said, on learning what his colleagues had done, he at once resigned.

Upon this the other Ministers went to M. Grévy to offer their resignations, but, with the exception of General Billot, they ultimately consented to remain, with M. de Fallières as Premier and Foreign Minister, the portfolios of War and of Marine being left vacant until after the debate. The appearance in the Chamber on Monday of the mutilated Cabinet created considerable sarcastic amusement, the more so as M. de Fallières had neglected to provide himself with the usual Presidential decree announcing his appointment as Premier. The debate on the Expulsion Bill, however, was duly begun, the Comte de Mun, a leading Legitimist, opening fire, and making a great hit by quoting a former phrase of M. Grévy that "such measures were crimes." M. Fabre himself followed with a vigorous defence of the measure, which he styled a "guarantee of liberty." Such, however, was not the view of M. Ribot, of the Left Centre, who protested that nothing was to be feared from the Monarchists, and that the apprehensions entertained were an insult to universal suffrage. He was succeeded by M. Floquet, who declared that the House of Bourbon had been reconstituted against the Republic, and that conspiracy was still continuing. The Republic, therefore, should place a check upon dynastic pretensions. On Tuesday, after an eloquent speech, denouncing any Expulsion Bill whatever from another Left Centre member, M. Léon Renault, M. de Fallières rose, and began a most inconsistent speech, first asking why the Princes did not live quietly in Republican France, instead of "encouraging by their silence numberless intrigues," and then going on to say that the Republic stood in no danger from the conspiracies of Pretenders, in which, moreover, he did not believe. M. de Fallières, however, was manifestly unwell, and, after asking that the debate might be suspended, fainted, and was compelled to return home, the debate being, of course, adjourned, until Thursday, when M. Devès was expected to take charge of the Bill.

What will be the ultimate fate of the Bill is doubtful. If it pass the Chamber, which, despite the opposition of a large number of members, it probably will, it is not likely to be carried through the Senate, and thus a serious conflict between the two Houses would be engendered. In this case, it is said that M. Grévy will dissolve the Chamber, and appeal to the constituencies. Meanwhile the country at large is perfectly quiescent, and seemingly astonished at the panic-stricken attitude of the Republican Deputies, who, because a Bonapartist issues a revolutionary manifesto, wish to visit his sin upon the Orléanists, who have done nothing whatever save serve their country faithfully and unobtrusively. It is generally felt by moderate thinkers that the present crisis can do no good to the Republic, but rather otherwise, as the panic which it has created only shows how utterly the great Republican Party is without a leader, how widely its component factions are at variance with each other, and how nervous Republican statesmen are of any attack on the Republic, notwithstanding all their public assurances that it is established upon the firmest of bases. M. Fallières' Cabinet is merely looked upon as a stop-gap, and it is expected that when the Expulsion Bill is out of the way M. Jules Ferry will form a Cabinet which may have some chance of stability, and of securing the confidence of the Republican Party.

PARIS has been indulging in a sharp snap of cold and a fall of snow. The political crisis almost completely overshadows all other topics, but some attention has been excited by the tenth annual dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce on Monday. Mr. William Crawford was in the chair, and in his speech he praised the courtesy of the French Government in conferring the "most favoured nation" clause upon England on the failure of the negotiations for a new Commercial Treaty. Various Free Trade speeches were made by other members, and M. Delombre, of the *Temps*, in replying to the toast of the Press, while regretting the rupture of the commercial negotiations, declared that he looked upon it as a mere incident such as occurred frequently in history, and trusted that ere long the commercial relations of the two countries would return to their normal course. In theatrical circles there have been two novelties, *Le Glu* (Birdlime), a five-act drama by M. Jean Richessin, at the Ambigu, and *Mamzelle Nitouche*, a three-act comédie-vaudeville, by MM. Meilhac and Millaud, with music by Hervé, at the Variétés. Much interest has been excited by the appearance of a work by M. Jules Simon, entitled "Dieu, Patrie, Liberté." In this he vigorously protests against the attitude of the Republic against Religion, and sums up the situation as follows: "What have we done in the last three years? We have merely made ruins. We have degraded the intelligent by subjecting them to the mobs, and the mobs by depriving them of their beliefs. Such in two words is our history," M. Simon is very severe upon those electors who abstain, "never looking beyond their garden wall," and tells them that they are as responsible for France's misfortunes as those persons who have actually brought them about, and winds up by declaring that "There will soon be but two parties in France—the Dynamite Party and the Folded Arms Party. The Moderates still left will be converted to either violence or apathy."—The demolition of the Tuileries has begun, and, with a keen eye to business, the contractors are going to open a shop for the sale of such souvenirs as may be found in the ruins, and which the omnivorous British and American tourist will probably buy eagerly and at high prices.

Matters in EGYPT remain in very much the same condition. Sir Auckland Colvin has not yet been appointed to the expected position of Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, as there appears to be some difficulty of exactly defining his powers. Considerable progress, however, is being made with regard to judicial reform, as the Ministry have formally accepted Nubar Pasha's con-

clusions, and the Commission will now probably be divided into sections in order to consider what reforms may be effected in the Codes. As for the International Courts, as all the Powers have given their consent, they have been prolonged until February, 1884. Army reorganisation is also going on satisfactorily, and recruits are coming in rapidly both for the army and the gendarmerie. The British sentries at the various palaces have now accordingly been replaced by Egyptian soldiers. As for our own troops, the sick list appears to be still somewhat large, as last week it contained 1,440 officers and men out of a force of 12,976. The cavalry are the greatest sufferers, as their average of sick is 20 per cent., while the artillery number 14 per cent. The chief cause for anxiety in Egypt now lies in the Soudan, where four thousand Egyptian troops at Darfour, and four thousand more at Bara and Obeid, are practically cut off from communication with the outer world. The relieving force is at present some two or three hundred miles distant, at Khartoum, under Abd-el-Kader. This general, however, is to be replaced by Alaidin Pasha, who is to have Colonel Hicks as Chief of his Staff. This gentleman, with seven brother officers, was to leave for the Soudan yesterday (Friday). Any forward movement, however, would be inadvisable until about three months' time, after the rainy season is over, and much apprehension is felt as to whether the beleaguered force can hold out so long.

No country has yet replied to Lord Granville's Note, though Turkey is said to be preparing a categorical answer. GERMANY, which is taking the lead in the matter, has frankly accepted the situation from the British point of view, and the Teutonic journals teem with articles showing how indispensable the possession of the Suez highway to India is to England, dwelling upon the strength of the fortresses protecting that route—such as Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden, and declaring that England would always go to war for Egypt and the Suez Canal. The Ministerial *Post*, however, strikes a new chord by speculating upon the recent tour of M. de Giers, and foresees in the British occupation of Egypt another important step towards the partition of the Turkish Empire. M. de Giers having evidently gone to Vienna and Rome to sound both Austria and Italy as to the future. There is certainly a marked change in the tone of the German Press towards England, and the *Cologne Gazette* has published a most noteworthy article declaring that "It is no mere accident that Prussia and England have never been opposed as enemies, and in the most important wars have been faithful allies." After citing the Seven Years' War and Waterloo, and asserting that the English would never think of conquering one single foot of German ground, while "we on our part seek nothing else on the sea but the protection of our own coasts," the writer points to the aggressive tendencies of the Pan-Slavists in the East, and the "revengful French in the West," and urges that "the Germanic nations, Scandinavia, England, and Germany, have every reason to hold together." Though the Silver Wedding festivities of the Crown Prince and Princess have been postponed until the 28th inst., on account of the death of Prince Charles, there was an official reception last week, at which the chief officials and the diplomatic body duly presented their congratulations.—There has been a singular exodus this week. A band of anti-Semitically inclined Teutons under Dr. Förster, the well-known Jew-baiter, have sailed for Paraguay, there to found a colony which shall be unpolluted by the presence of the hated Hebrew.

The forthcoming Budget is exciting considerable apprehension in INDIA, and the *Times* correspondent tells us that there is every reason to believe that Major Baring will have to face a considerable deficit, in addition to providing India's share of the Egyptian War. The chief falling-off in the revenue are in the all-important items of opium, salt, and customs.—From Afghanistan come some seriously disquieting reports; one day the Ameer is said to have been defeated by the rebellious chiefs, and the next that he is the victor. The Khyber Pass is closed to traffic for a fortnight, owing to the action of the Shinwarris and their dispute with Akbar Khan, Governor of Lalpooa. The draft treaty, proposed by King Theebaw of Burmah, has been definitively refused by the Viceroy; while from British Burmah there come accounts of diminishing trade, owing to the unsettled state of the King's dominions. The local authorities are now taking active measures to put down brigandage, and some of Mr. Owen's murderers have been identified and arrested.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from BELGIUM that the King is indisposed.—In AUSTRIA, save for a warm defence of the Jews by General Klappa in the Hungarian Diet, the all-absorbing topic has been M. Giers and his visit. He has now returned to St. Petersburg.—In SWITZERLAND the Salvation Army is having a bad time. At Geneva their services have been interrupted by organised bands of rioters, and the Chief of the Police has flatly refused to protect a people whom he declares are so stupid as to give themselves military titles, and seek to obtain converts by talking about blood, battles, and fire.—In SPAIN Marshal Serrano has been addressing a meeting of Liberal Deputies, to whom he said, "Let us be conciliatory to all Liberals. I am ready to uphold the patriotic flag. Let there be no more revolutions, and we shall thus avoid treachery. We desire the union of the Throne and the people, and demand the liberties won in 1868 at Alcolea."—From the UNITED STATES there is little news, save that two lines of steamers have reduced their steamer rates to 4%, and that a complimentary banquet, under the presidency of Mr. Evarts, has been given to the retiring British Consul-General of New York, Sir Edward M. Archibald, who was presented with an illuminated address, signed by 800 leading citizens of New York. In his reply, Sir Edward M. Archibald dwelt upon the affection ever shown to the Queen throughout the Union, and remarked that, during his tenure of office, the British shipping in the harbour of New York had increased from 200,000 to 4,000,000 tons yearly, and the British seamen from 7,000 to 90,000.—In VICTORIA, at the request of the Ministry, the Marquis of Normanby has dissolved Parliament. This course has been adopted, owing to the persistent covert Obstructionist tactics which are being carried on against the Land Bill, and other Legislative measures.—From SOUTH AFRICA come contradictory reports of Cetewayo's reception in Zululand. According to the *Daily News* he is receiving a most cordial welcome, while the *Times* correspondent declares that it is now admitted on all sides that his restoration was not desired by the people. The same party of Zulus is brought forward daily to produce a fictitious effect of numbers. "The King," we are told, "now recognises the fact that his sceptre has departed, and his influence is lost." Be this as it may, however, on Wednesday a Reuter's telegram informs us Cetewayo was reinstated at Ulundi as King of Zululand, 5,000 Zulus being present at the ceremony.



THE QUEEN held an inspection of the Seaforth Highlanders at Parkhurst at the end of last week. Accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, Her Majesty first drove along the ranks, and then witnessed the march past; while subsequently several officers of the battalion were presented to the Royal party. In the evening Lieutenant-Colonel Stockwell and Guinness dined with the Queen, and Lieutenant-Colonel Murray was received later on. On Saturday the Rev. Teignmouth Shore arrived at Osborne, and next morning

officiated at Divine Service before Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and the Princesses Marie and Victoria of Edinburgh. The Rev. Teignmouth Shore also dined with the Queen in the evening. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice will return to Windsor somewhat earlier this month than had been expected.—The Queen has sent presents of game to a number of London hospitals, and has subscribed 50% to the Windsor Infirmary in the name of the late Prince Consort, and 20% on her own behalf.

The Prince of Wales has gone on a short visit to the Continent. Leaving London at the end of last week, he spent a day in Paris, and reached Cannes on Saturday, where, as his visit had been kept quite quiet, only a few English were at the station to meet him. On Sunday the Prince attended Divine Service at St. Paul's Church, and after the service held a long conversation with Mr. Gladstone; while subsequently he called on the Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg and the Comte de Paris. On Monday the Prince called on Mr. Gladstone, and on Tuesday night was present at a large dinner given by the Premier in his honour. The guests afterwards adjourned to M. Dognin's garden, said to be the finest tropical garden in Europe. The Princess has returned to Sandringham during her husband's absence, and on Sunday, with her daughters, attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's.—The Prince of Wales will open the New Royal College of Music at Kensington in May.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are now at St. Petersburg. They dined with the German Emperor and Empress on Sunday evening, and left Berlin after the banquet, reaching St. Petersburg on Tuesday afternoon. There they were received by the Czar and Czarina and various officials, who escorted them to their apartments in the Winter Palace.—The Duchess of Connaught and her baby continue well, and will probably stay at Windsor until the Queen's return from Osborne. The Duke was to be present at the meeting held yesterday (Friday) at the Mansion House in aid of the Society for the Relief of Distress.—Princess Christian, at the end of last week, distributed at the Windsor Guildhall the certificates awarded to the members of the local centre of the St. John's Ambulance Association.—The Duke of Albany was expected at Colchester yesterday (Friday), to instal Lord Brooke as Provincial Grand Master of Essex. He would stay with Lord Brooke at Easton Lodge, Dunmow. The Duke and Duchess will probably go to Windsor Castle next week on a visit.

The Princess Louise left Charleston for Bermuda at the end of last week in H.M.S. *Dido*. She received a warm greeting as she drove through the streets to the port, and on boarding the vessel was welcomed by a salute from the *Dido* and a salvo of twenty-one guns fired by the Charleston Artillery Company. The Royal State rooms on the *Dido* were decorated with fresh flowers by the Charleston ladies, the Princess occupying a suite of five rooms in the after-part of the vessel, very plainly fitted up. The *Dido* is a small corvette of 1,760 tons, carrying a crew of 220 men and twelve 64-pounders. After parting from his wife, the Marquis of Lorne left for Washington, where numerous festivities were arranged in his honour, such as a grand banquet given by President Arthur, a ball at the British Embassy, &c. The Marquis was most warmly received, and on leaving spent a day in New York, and started thence for Ottawa on Tuesday night.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany have received some magnificent presents for their Silver Wedding. Thus, to quote only their immediate family, the Queen sent a marble bust of herself by Mr. Boehm, and the Royal Family presented their sister with a copy of Copley's painting of George III.'s daughters, from Buckingham Palace, while the German Emperor and Empress gave a silver tea-service of Chinese design, and Prince and Princess William a Louis XV. writing-table. The Crown Princess gave her husband a bust of herself, and received from the Prince a valuable painting, an ancient gold chain, pearls, an old English soup-tureen, &c. One of the most interesting gifts was offered by those members of the Crown Prince's Household who have served ever since the wedding—a grand piano in Louis XV. style, beautifully carved, and the panels painted with views of Balmoral, Windsor, Potsdam, &c.



THE FIRST STEP in the threefold process by which an Archbishop Designate becomes an Archbishop *de jure* and *de facto* was completed on Monday last by the formal election of Dr. Benson to the See of Canterbury by the Dean and Chapter, in dutiful response to the *compte d'élire*. The confirmation of his election by the Archbishop of York and two other Bishops in Bow Church on the 3rd of March will invest him with all the spiritual prerogatives of his office. With his enthronisation on March 29th he will enter into possession of its temporalities. At a private meeting of the Corporation of Canterbury it was resolved that the Mayor and Municipal authorities shall receive Dr. Benson, when he makes his entry into the city, at the Guildhall, and that the Town Clerk shall read an address of welcome. The *Guardian* has been requested to state that the Bishop of Dover will receive a new Commission as Suffragan for the performance of a portion of the diocesan duties.

DEAN MONK'S SCREEN in the choir of Peterborough Cathedral has now been almost entirely cleared away, and the demolition of the Tower, where the cracks are becoming very serious, will commence at once as soon as the scaffolding is completed. The tapestry in the Morning Chapel has been protected by a hoarding. The cost of simple demolition and rebuilding has been estimated by Mr. Pearson at 13,000*l*. The restoration of the entire edifice will cost more than four times that sum. The Fund at present only amounts to 3,700*l*.

MUCH GRIEF has been caused among the enemies of "restorations" by the announcement that the exterior stone-work of Westminster Abbey—last restored, we believe, in the time of Wren—is now so completely and even dangerously disintegrated that no other choice remains to the Dean and Chapter but to reface the entire fabric, with some more durable stone. Still, even restoration is a better thing than that a national monument should crumble away in blackness and in ruin.

ON SUNDAY LAST, immediately before High Celebration, Mr. Mackonochie read himself into the Vicarage of St. Peter's, London Docks, and subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles, according to law. Celebration, at which the new vicar officiated, was conducted in the same manner as at St. Alban's, except that the assistant clergymen wore albs and purple stoles, instead of chasubles. All had birettas, after the Romish fashion, on their heads, and Mr. Mackonochie wore a dark purple stole, on which was embroidered a large yellow cross. Six lighted candles were burning on the altar.

PUBLIC OPINION in the Diocese of Manchester is still a little undecided, though gradually tending to support the Bishop in his resolute defence of the law as it stands. Replying to an address presented by Archdeacon Birch, Dr. Fraser observes that the question in dispute affects the rights and liberties of the laity even more than of the clergy. It is a struggle between the principle of order and the principle of anarchy. The latter must triumph if every clergyman can claim to judge the law on the plea of conscience. To the other addresses of sympathy from Clitheroe, from the congregation of St. Thomas, Preston, Bishop Fraser has given similar replies.

"If every man is to interpret the law for himself, the security in which we have lived hitherto in the State and in the Church will be gone." Sir P. Heywood, addressing the annual congregational meeting in St. John's Schoolroom at Miles Platting, is equally sure that he is battling for right and justice. "The legal contest between me and the Bishop has begun, and my prayer is 'May God defend the right.'"

THE COUNCIL OF THE PRAYER-BOOK REVISION SOCIETY have drawn up a petition to the new Primate, praying for a revision of such words and phrases in the Book of Common Prayer as are capable of bearing a strained interpretation inconsistent with the principles of the Protestant Reformation as enumerated in the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. The petition bears the signatures of Lord Ebury, President of the Society, and the Dean of Westminster.

AN OLD RUGBEIANS' MEMORIAL TO ARCHBISHOP TAIT has been projected in the form of a Tait Scholarship at Rugby School. Two thousand pounds will be sufficient for the purpose, and those only will be asked to subscribe who were pupils at Rugby during Dr. Tait's Headmastership.

THE ELECTORS TO THE ORIEL PROFESSORSHIP OF THE INTERPRETATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURE will proceed to an election in the course of the present term. Candidates are requested to send in their applications to the Registrar of the University on or before the last day in February.

NOTE.—By an oversight in our issue of the 13th ult. the Church Association was described as the Church Defence Association. The latter Society, we are informed by the Secretary, exists solely for the purpose of defending the Church from external attacks, and no question of doctrine is entertained at any of its meetings.



OMNIBUS GATHERUM.—The new quintet in F major (Op. 88), by Johannes Brahms, to which reference was made last week, formed part of the programme on the occasion of Mr. Henry Holmes' first "Musical Evening" in the concert-room of the Royal Academy. Its performance, by Mr. Holmes himself, associated with Messrs. Parker, Gibson, Hill, and Howell, was the theme of general praise; but with regard to the work itself opinions seem to be divided. Those acquainted with the score (already published) will, in all likelihood, apply to it the same qualified criticism evoked by its immediate precursor, the Trio in C major (Op. 87), recently introduced at Mr. Chappell's Popular Concerts. Nevertheless, a closer acquaintance—as in the case of all important efforts of this composer—is indispensable, before pronouncing a definite opinion.—At the Popular Concert of Saturday afternoon, Jan. 27th, it being the anniversary of Mozart's birthday, the entire programme was selected from the works of that immortal composer—greatest of absolute musicians, as Richard Wagner himself has styled him. It must suffice to add that the opening piece was the famous quintet in A major, for stringed instruments with clarinet *obligato*, the last being the no less remarkable quartet in D minor (No. 2 of the six quartets dedicated in such admiring and affectionate language to Haydn); the remainder of the programme comprising the pianoforte fantasia in C minor, followed by the grand sonata in the same key; the duet for pianoforte and violin (No. 30 of Mozart's similar contributions to art); and vocal pieces sung by that advancing public favourite, Miss Santley. Mr. Hallé was the pianist; the quartet of stringed instruments was represented by Madame Norman Néruda, MM. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti—joined in the quintet by Mr. Lazarus, who makes the clarinet speak and sing as though it were a human voice richly cultured, and—as some fancy critics have it—"attuned to the finest issues." The whole performance acted as a healthy stimulant just now, when modern composers in Germany—in whose spasmodic lucubrations we are taught to seek for "perpetual truth"—talk of "form" with contempt, and of the relations of keys to each other with derision, themselves, at the same time, building up monstrous structures on foundations of sand, and striding to their inevitable destiny on stilts, without a tune to cheer them on the way. The more of such healthy entertainments, Mr. Arthur Chappell (for "entertainments" they are, in a legitimate sense), the better. They constituted the mainspring of his enterprise from the beginning, and are more likely than anything else to ensure their permanency.—On Monday night that excellent pianist, Madame Frickenhaus (German by name, though a native-born Englishwoman), made her first appearance at the Popular Concerts, and by her brilliant and tasteful execution of Schumann's discursive *Faschingsschwank aus Wien*, won recognition, so warmly and unanimously expressed that her future position among the accepted pianists of St. James's Hall may be said to be firmly established.—The reception accorded to Sir Julius Benedict by the members and audience of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, when he appeared the other day as conductor of his Birmingham cantata, *Gracielella*, was nothing short of enthusiastic. Sir Julius had for many years been conductor at these Philharmonic Concerts, and certainly did more than any one either before or after him to make Liverpool thoroughly musical. His *Gracielella*, with the usual Philharmonic orchestra (Madame Marie Roze, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and F. King being leading vocalists), seems to have pleased as much in Liverpool as it had pleased in Birmingham; and although this may have been in some measure due to the actual presence of its composer, whom every one among the audience, as well as every member of the chorus and orchestra, were charmed to see again, not a little of it may be claimed on account of the work itself. The whole declares the hand of a master, and not a few numbers sound as fresh and spontaneous as the raciest passages in the *Lily of Killarney* or *St. Cecilia*. In various notices of Benedict's artistic career it seems to be forgotten that his first English opera was not *The Brides of Venice*, but *The Gipsy's Warning*, a prominent feature in which was the so long time popular bass song, "Rage, thou angry storm."—The death of Herr von Flotow, the well-known dramatic composer, so often mistaken for a Russian, but really a Mecklenburgian German (born in 1812), has given birth to many literary estimates of his talents, capacity, and varying popularity—in the Continental journals. We in England estimate him solely by his *Martha*, an opera which has been successful all over the New and Old Worlds. And no wonder; for, besides marked character ("local colour," if you please), it is built up of melodies, the spontaneous nature of which admits of no denial. It is all very well to attribute the success of *Martha* to our own "Last Rose of Summer;" but had not that one tune been associated with others—we do not say of equal beauty, but of sympathetic merit—*Martha* could never have achieved its universal acceptance. There is good music in other dramatic works by Flotow, especially in *Stradella* and *L'Amour en Prise*, but his fame will rest upon *Martha*. The real school of Flotow, in spite of his German nationality, was that of the French Aubert, who, in versatility and prolific invention, far surpassed him, and who, in *La Muette de Portici* and other works, soared to a height to reach which was altogether beyond the German musician's capacity. Flotow, in short, was the man of one opera, just as the classic man was the "man of one book," and as the late

much-regretted Félicien David was the man of one "Ode Symphonique," *Le Desert*—worth all the "Odes Symphoniques" of Liszt, by the way, put together.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Molloy's new song, "The Way of the World" (words by F. E. Weatherly), was produced for the first time on Wednesday evening. It was charmingly sung by Miss Mary Davies, was warmly encored, and is likely to become very popular.

A SURE PRECAUTION AGAINST BEING BURNT IN THEATRES

THE spectacle of the British public frightened out of its momentary self-complicity is not unlike that furnished, according to Macaulay, by the same community suffering from one of its periodical fits of outraged morality. Security, says Shakespeare's Hecate, is mortals' chiefest enemy, and undoubtedly the immunity we, in comparison with our neighbours, have suffered from such terrible disasters as the burning of the Ring Theatre in Vienna, or the Circus at Berditscheff, is the most fatal obstacle with which a Government, impressed with the necessity for protecting its subjects against their will, would have to contend. True, we do not receive the news of such "unrelieved holocausts," as the *Times* calls them, with absolute indifference. Even our self-satisfaction cannot quite blind us to the fact that we, too, are mortal, and that wood, draperies, canvas, and other such lighter substances are as amenable to the action of fire in England as in Austria, Russia, or America. But we have been hitherto content to relieve ourselves with the Englishman's universal panacea, a letter to the newspapers, which possibly, if the season of the year be propitious, may supply a subject for a leading article, and inevitably, at all seasons, supplies the managers of our theatres with an excellent opportunity for gratuitous advertisement. Meanwhile the days pass, and, as a matter of fact, we are not burned, and thus our momentarily-vexed spirits sleep once more in trust. At such times, too, the Lord Chamberlain has been wont to awake, like the King in the Sleeping Palace, "My lord, and shall we pass the Bill I mentioned half-an-hour ago?" for, be it noted, legislation on such matters is ever in the air; reports, manifestoes, circulars follow each other thick as autumn leaves and as fleeting, but all in vain; like little Peterkin, we have often asked, "What comes of them?" and much as his has hitherto been the answer we have got.

Something, however, has come of them at last; or come, it may possibly be, in spite of them. The Criterion, the most notoriously unsafe theatre in London, has at length been closed, and closed probably for ever, as it appears to be now definitely accepted that no structural alterations that human ingenuity can devise, or human hands accomplish, can make it a place of entertainment to be endured by any civilised community. The Alcazar, one of the latest additions to our theatres, concerning whose capabilities for manslaughter the public are not as yet so well advised, has also been closed till such alterations have been effected as the united wisdom of the Building Act Committee and the Metropolitan Board of Works may enjoin. The petition from the owners of the Adelphi Theatre for a further extension of time within which to carry out the requirements of the Board, issued last June, has been sternly rejected, and the Board's Solicitor instructed to enforce the penalties due for this neglect under the Act of 1878. Whether, our anger being satiated, to borrow Macaulay's words, we shall now go quietly to sleep for seven years more, remains to be seen; but a glance at the reports of the recent meetings of the Board, whence this wholesome action has apparently sprung, will certainly tend to show that at any rate satiety has not been lightly reached, and is calculated moreover to supply some curious subjects for reflection to the thoughtful member of a community, of which an eloquent politician once asked whether, "the world over, or in past history, there is anything like it."

It does not seem to be perfectly understood, at least by the public, on whom rests the responsibility for the safety of our places of public entertainment, on the Lord Chamberlain, or on the Board of Works; but those reports of the meetings of the latter institution, already alluded to, certainly show that some of its members at any rate are of opinion that it is to them the public have to look. In the discussion which terminated with the closing of the Alcazar, in reply to some expressions of sympathy with the manager, one of the members of the Board is reported to have said, "It seemed to be forgotten that they were not there to protect private interests, but the lives of the public, for should there be a fire and loss of life, who would be responsible for it? Why the Metropolitan Board of Works; and that being so, it was their duty to protect the public from the danger." These were brave words, and they found an echo at a subsequent meeting in the speech of another equally right-minded member. Nevertheless, for a time they seemed likely to be words only, for though the Alcazar was taken, the Criterion was left, and how dangerous soever the former may have been, it certainly seemed hard to believe that, by any stretch of human ingenuity, it could have been rendered more dangerous than the latter. Despite some energetic protests from some of the members, despite loud, if intermittent, outcries from the public, despite even the too-long-deferred word of doom spoken from the Lord Chamberlain's office at the close of last year, the sympathisers with Messrs. Spiers and Pond managed to carry their point, and the license was "provisionally" granted for a further period of three months. In vain did one of the members remind the Board that they had emphatically expressed their opinion that the theatre was "unfit as a place of public entertainment;" in vain did he assure them that he himself had been over every hole and corner of it, "and that nothing on earth would induce him to spend a night there." It apparently seemed to the majority that as the place had been licensed for nine years it would press hard on the proprietors to refuse them in the tenth; a piece of reason to which one may suppose them to have been prompted by a somewhat peremptory letter from the said proprietors asking the Board to "inform the Lord Chamberlain positively" that it was not their desire to close the theatre. The disciples of positivism seemed to the general consternation to have won the day; when suddenly the wind shifted again; reason once more prevailed, and, literally almost at the eleventh hour, the theatre was closed, never, if a contemporary's prognostications may be believed, to reopen as a theatre.

No doubt it presses hard on the manager of any popular place of entertainment to be informed that his source of income must be temporarily withdrawn, and public sympathy for him will certainly not be decreased by the knowledge that such a hardship can only have been necessitated by some previous act of official ignorance or heedlessness. Now, sympathy is a charming quality, but, in this particular instance, it touches both sides of the question, and one can hardly be expected to set the pockets of a single individual against the lives of a whole community. At present the official current seems to be setting strongly in favour of right reason, but that current is, as we all know, subject to strange and inexplicable ebbs, and we feel sure that we shall be only earning the public gratitude if we suggest a method by which, in the event of any sudden shift or gradual subsidence of the stream, they may ensure their own safety. For they have, indeed, in their own hands, the simplest and most effectual remedy in the world, so simple that it is no wonder it has never yet occurred to them to use it. Let them stay away from those theatres which they know to be unsafe, and which they are constantly assuring harassed editors no sane person would ever dream of visiting. They would be astonished to find with what

rapidity the managers would bestir themselves to set their houses in order. Lord Chamberlains may come and go; Boards may reverse on the morrow the works they have ordered to day; Captain Shaw may exhaust himself and the English language in reports (where, by the way, is Captain Shaw's report? It should be an interesting and instructive document); the *Times* may bristle with letters from "Dramatic Critics;" but our theatrical Gallios care for none of these things. They care not even for the risk of killing the goose that lays them such golden eggs; so let the good goose look to herself, and desist from laying for a time. All the world over there is no such argument as an empty pocket: for what, says Hudibras to his widow,

For what is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring?

And really, when one comes to consider the nature of most of our theatrical entertainments, it does not seem as though this remedy need entail any very tremendous act of self-denial.



THE GAIETY Theatre, under Mr. Hollingshead's direction, bids fair to rival Jeremy Bentham's ideal "Temple of Justice," in the circumstance that its doors will never be closed. This week, besides the six evening performances at this popular house, there have been one ordinary and three special *matinées*. Many other special *matinées* are promised, some in the shape of "benefits" for well-known performers, and others with the avowed object of submitting the talents of ambitious novices to the judgment of a discerning public.

On Tuesday last, on the occasion of Miss Le Thiere's benefit, Mrs. H. Beerbohm Tree made her first professional appearance, playing the part of Jenny Northcote in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Sweethearts*, the part of the hero of that pathetic little play being sustained by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree has for some time been known as a sympathetic and accomplished amateur actress, and her performance at the GAIETY on Tuesday was enough to show that she might hope for a high place among our younger actresses. Her face and figure are well adapted for the stage, and her performance generally was one of much promise.

The Lord Mayor, supported by the Sheriff and Under-Sheriffs of London, will preside at the annual dinner of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday next. The dinner is to be followed by "a smoking concert," in which many eminent vocalists and instrumental performers will take part.

The policy of the Committee charged with the distribution of the Alhambra Relief Fund has been subjected to adverse criticism on the part of some of the most zealous friends of the movement. From the observations of Mr. Toole and Mr. E. Terry at the recent meeting, it appears that a sum of 60*l.* has been voted by the Committee, not to a distressed and helpless sufferer by that calamity, but to a comedian of good position whose services are in demand, and who is well known to be able to command a high salary. It is fair to say that the comedian in question appears to have been a loser by the fire to that extent; but it seems clear that an appeal to public benevolence in such a case can only be justified on the ground of actual necessity. Altogether the large sum of 3,433*l.* seems to have been collected.

Messrs. Jones and Herman's interesting drama, *The Silver King*, which is proving so attractive at the PRINCESS'S Theatre, has just been produced in New York with brilliant success.

The recent census of the North-Western Provinces of India, together with Oude, reveal the curious fact that the population includes 1,100 actors, 3,000 ballad singers and dancers, 97 snake charmers, and four poets. It is satisfactory to observe that this apparently extravagant provision for the amusement of the people does not seem to have had any evil effect on manners or morals, since the official assessors have only been able to return seven persons as professional thieves.

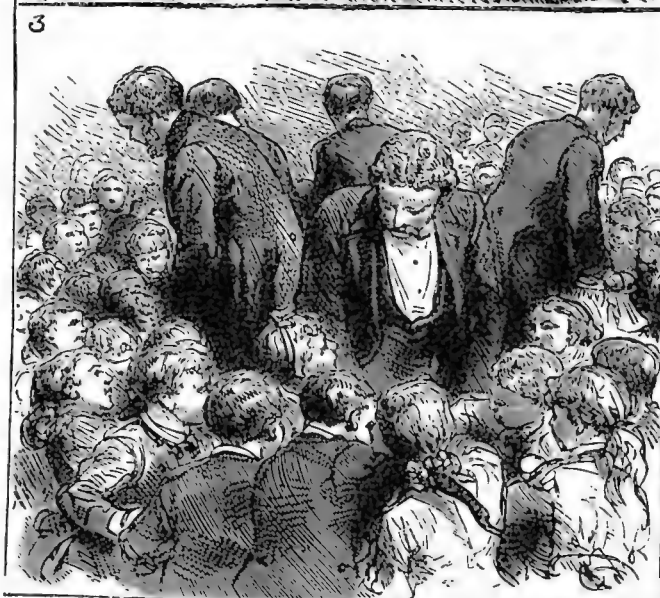
It is understood that the next novelty to be produced by Mrs. Bernard Beere at the GLOBE Theatre will be a new comedy-drama "of Society," in five acts, written by Mr. Robert Buchanan.



THE TURF.—Yet another almost blank week, the hurdle-racing and steeple-chasing at Carmarthen having little but local interest.—It is stated that the horses in training at Kingsclere, belonging to the late Earl of Stamford, have been leased for their racing career to Lord Alington and Sir F. Johnstone by Lady Stamford, and that they will not change their present quarters.—Some disappointment was felt at Tattersall's on Monday last, Bruce not reaching the reserve price put upon him by his owner, Mr. Rymill. Perhaps we shall not see him on a racecourse again; but as a son of See-Saw he ought to be valuable as a sire.—Reverell has taken his leave of the Turf, having been hired by Earl Fitzwilliam to stand at Wentworth. He was a very fair handicap performer, and good stayer.—The Count de San Antonio, who last year married the rich Spanish heiress, Mdle. de Martinez Campos, is announced as the latest accession to the English Turf. He has several animals, which he bought last season, in training by John Dawson at Newmarket.—The sale of all the effects of the late John Day at Danebury must have had a kind of classic interest, we suppose, as our sporting contemporaries publish a full list of the prices fetched by all the items, and the names of their purchasers. A "light spring cart" commanded 3½*gns.*, and "a fireproof safe, 30in. by 22in. by 19in. (Mordan and Co.)," 8*l.* 15*s.* These details are most intensely interesting, and the names of the fortunate purchasers of the various goods will doubtless go down to posterity.—Macheath, at 11 to 2, continues at the head of the Two Thousand market, while Chislehurst, The Prince, and Galliard all figure at 8 to 1. For the Derby, Beau Brummel and Macheath are equal first favourites at 10 to 1.

COURSING.—The success of the recent meeting at Kempton Park will go far to establish the new system of coursing on enclosed grounds. The arrangements were well carried out, the hares were strong, and more than held their own with the dogs, and the meeting was supported by some of the leading coursers in the kingdom. The prize for the winning dog in the Champion Stakes was no less than 1,000*l.*, the largest sum which has ever yet been run for in the coursing field, while the second got 400*l.*, and the two next 200*l.* each. Alec Halliday, who had won thirty-two public courses in succession before the meeting, started first favourite at 6 to 1, and was in the last four on the concluding day of the meeting. But he had fallen lame, and seemed all to pieces when he went to the slips with Royal Stag, and could make no fight of it at all. Indeed it seemed cruel to let him run at all, and it was a piteous sight to see him carried off the ground in his trainer's arms. The deciding course

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1. The Tea.—2. Punch and Judy.—3. The Lucky Bags.—4. Distribution of Clothing.

FESTIVAL AT THE EAST LONDON HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, SHADWELL



DRAWN BY SYDNEY HALL

She insisted on Bini's taking his place in the armchair, pushed aside a mass of papers to make room for him to write, and took up her post on the dusty magenta-coloured sofa, announcing that she did not mean to leave it until Bini should have completed his task.

LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AMONG ALIENS," &c., &c.

"We twain have met like ships upon the sea."

CHAPTER IX.

THE Signora Nina's neat *coupe* drew up at the door of the office of the *Star of Progress*, situated in an obscure street behind the Pantheon, one day about noon; and the Signora's daintily-shod feet picked their way up a staircase of incredible filthiness into a dingy room on the first floor, imperfectly lighted by a window looking into a narrow courtyard. The room was carpeted with dust over a brick flooring, and plentifully bespattered with ink. A portion of it was divided off by a wooden partition, with a sort of pigeon-hole in it, such as may be seen at the pay-place of a theatre. At a desk behind this partition, and commanding a view of a wide-spreading splash of ink on the opposite wall through the pigeon-hole, sat Telemaco Bini, writing a letter. It was a peculiarity of Bini that he could not be within reach of pen, ink, and paper for five minutes without writing a letter. At his place in Parliament he would scribble a dozen notes, in his cramped, illegible handwriting, during one sitting. And, whatever amount of unoccupied leisure he might have appeared to be enjoying the moment before, let him but go near writing materials and he became possessed with the necessity of improving the shining hour, and began to indite letters as if there were no longer an instant to lose.

Seeing the Signora Guarini, he rose, and removed his hat from his head and a cigar from between his teeth. But since, when he stood up, he presented only a section of his waistcoat to the eyes of a spectator on the other side of the partition, he was fain to sit down again for a moment in order to speak to Nina through the pigeon-hole. "Do you want Nardi, Signora Nina?" he said. "He has just stepped out, and I promised to stay here until his return."

Mr. Angeloni was at that time the editor-in-chief of the *Star of Progress*, but his frequent absences from Rome, and the nature of his other engagements, threw the chief work of the paper on the sub-editor, Nardi, an industrious, dark-visaged young man in spectacles, who always looked as if he were physically as well as metaphorically "immersed in journalism," being steeped, as to the hands and shirt-cuffs, in printer's ink.

"Are you doing a leading article?" asked the Signora Guarini, with a glance at the slip of office paper on which Bini had been writing.

"No, not precisely. I was scribbling a few lines on business to one of my constituents in Porto Moresco. It is so hard to find five minutes for one's private affairs," returned Bini, who spent two mortal hours every afternoon of his life on the pavement outside a café in the Piazza Colonna. "Won't you go into the editor's room, Signora Nina? You can sit down there."

It certainly was not possible for her to sit down where she was. A solitary rush-bottomed chair, propped up against the wall, offered a trap for the unwary, inasmuch as it had but one front leg, and consequently tipped over the instant any inexperienced stranger endeavoured to seat himself on it. But Nina was no inexperienced stranger, and had avoided the rush-bottomed chair. She passed behind the partition and into a den beyond it, in which there was a writing-table covered with an untidy heap of papers, all gritty with blue pounce, a magenta-coloured sofa, and one tolerably comfortable arm-chair. In this the Signora installed herself, whilst Bini took his place on the sofa. She sat silent for so long that Bini at length inquired if he could do anything for her, or if she would wait for Nardi's return.

"No, I don't think I need wait for Nardi," she answered. "You will do as well." Nina was absent and meditative, and had not the bright, clear-headed, business manner which she usually assumed in her visits to that office. "Look here," she said, taking from an elegant little sealskin pouch by her side a cutting from a newspaper; "have you seen this?"

It was an article from a Neapolitan journal, famous as one of the most violent and uncompromising organs of the Clerical and reactionary party, which was called the *Messaggero della Pace*, or "Messenger of Peace." The scope of the article was to make a fervid eulogium on a scheme which the writer "had reason to believe was on foot" for draining and reclaiming a large portion of the district between Lestra di Campolungo and Mattochia, in the Pontine Marshes. Here was a project in which all Italians who loved their country could agree. It recalled those beneficent works for the amelioration of the condition of the poor which had ever distinguished the Papal and Legitimist Governments, and which had disappeared since the usurping hand of revolution, &c., &c., &c. Here the writer went off into the usual invectives against the Italian Government, which were, in fact, the *obligato* accompaniment of

every theme treated in those columns. But after a few paragraphs he returned to the point, and concluded thus: "We would fain believe that the rumour which has reached us is true, but we have small hope of seeing so good a project carried out by those at present in power. If carried out at all, it will probably be by private enterprise, and by the initiative of some of those great proprietors who, having remained faithful to their religion and their Sovereign, are trusted by the peasant classes as having their interests truly at heart."

Bini read the extract, put it down on the table before him, and made up his lips as if he were whistling. "Whew! What does *this* mean?" said he, looking steadfastly at Nina with raised eyebrows.

"Ah! then you had not seen it?" she exclaimed. "I thought so. And I would lay a wager that Nardi knows nothing of it either. The subject has not been touched on in the *Star*, has it?"

Bini took up a copy of the paper which was lying on the table. "Not in this morning's number, of course," said Nina, impatiently. "I have seen that, naturally. But is anything being done for to-morrow?"

Bini could not tell for certain. He rather fancied Nardi had done something. Nina's eyes lighted on a packet of wet proofs whilst he was speaking. She turned them over, ruthlessly soiling a pair of delicate new gloves in the process, and in a few moments she had found what she sought for: namely, an article on the Pontine Marshes scheme, recommending it as fervidly as the Neapolitan journal, although on different grounds; and winding up with the following peroration:—

"But what can be expected from the myrmidons of the monarchy, the men who have sold not only their own, but their brothers' birthright, for the miserable pottage of a portfolio? Let the gag be removed from the mouth, and the gyve from the wrist of the true sovereign,—the real 'dispossessed Prince,' to whom Italy belongs by Right Divine;—let the People have universal suffrage, and we may arrive at a strong, just, and righteous Republican Government. But meanwhile between Clericals and Monarchists there is little to choose. Nor have we any expectation of seeing this really useful project effectually carried out, unless by the private

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was won by Mr. Nicholl's Royal Stag, who beat Waterford pretty easily. On the night of the draw the winner stood at 50 to 1, and was little thought of all through the running. Odds were laid against him even in the deciding course. His owner, who is a comparatively young courser, hailing from Worcestershire, bought the animal but a short time ago for 100*l*.—For the Waterloo Cup, which will be run for three weeks hence, Lord Haddington's nomination is not so firm, and there are rumours that Hornpipe is a little off. Mr. Stone meets with strong support at 20 to 1, but the general feeling is that the event is a particularly open one.

FOOTBALL.—For the Association Cup contest, which is now drawing towards its conclusion, the Druids have beaten the Bolton Wanderers; Old Etonians (the holders) the Swifts; and Old Carthusians the Royal Engineers.—In an Association game Nottingham Forest has beaten the Clapham Rovers; and in a Rugby game Richmond has beaten the Royal Engineering College.

SWIMMING.—Captain Webb and William Beckwith have made a match for a six days' swim at the Aquarium, which, in our humble opinion, will be a meaningless and tedious piece of business.—A far more lively matter will be the mile handicap on the American principle of each competitor swimming with all the others in turn. The substantial sum of 100*l*. is offered as a prize.

AQUATICS.—There is but little to report of the University crews on the Isis and Cam. The Oxford boat has mostly had Curry at stroke of late, and the Cambridge Meyrick. Hardly anything has transpired to indicate which is favourite for the race. They both seem likely to turn out average crews.—From America we hear that Ross does not now appear very eager to meet Hanlan.—At Sydney, Laycock has beaten Trickett and some others in the November Regatta.

CRICKET.—The telegraph has brought the news that for the third time the Hon. Ivo Hugh's team has beaten Murdoch's Eleven. The venue was on this occasion at Sydney, and the Englishmen won by 69 runs.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—At Monaco the Prix de Monte Carlo created interest, though it was rather a tedious affair, owing to most wretched weather. Ultimately Signor Guidicini won, having killed 17 birds in succession. Mr. B. Wilson was second with 16, and Mr. Montague third with 15. Unfortunately, Mr. Wilson's seventeenth bird fell out of bounds. There were 68 competitors.

BICYCLING AND TRICYCLING.—Under the auspices of the Stanley Bicycle Club, the sixth annual exhibition of two and three-wheeled machines was opened on Monday last at the Albert Hall. It will remain open all the week, and those interested in recent inventions and improvements in these popular means of locomotion will do well to pay it a visit. A great feature is the marked advance of tricycle exhibits, and their many improvements. It almost seems that the tricycle is likely to supersede the bicycle, except for racing purposes.—All wheelmen will be glad to hear that Mr. Cortis, our champion bicyclist, has arrived safely in Sydney, where, as in other parts of Australia, bicycling seems to be the most popular form of athletic recreation at the present moment. Mr. Cortis, it is said, will shortly enter into some contest with the colonial amateurs.



MESSRS. AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.—A brace of sea songs well adapted for a Musical Reading are "The Saucy May," written and composed by Francis Amos and Morton Elliott, a cheerful song for a baritone; and "A Sea Song," the words by W. C. Bennett, author of "Songs for Sailors," music by Humphrey J. Stark; the latter will make a more than passing success in the musical world, it is well worthy of its composer and author.—"Sea Flowers" is a showy and graceful drawing-room piece by Gustav Lange.—"Minuet and Gavotte," by Haydn Mellor, is pretty and dainty, although it is very like other compositions of the same school.

MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.—With two such clever collaborators as Helen Burnside and Jacques Blumenthal it is not surprising that "The Sprig of May" is one of the most pathetic and charming songs of the season; both poet and composer were in their happiest vein when they wrote and composed it.—A pleasing love song, written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Charles Marshall, is "Mine and Thine," published in C and E flat.—A tale of the sea with a cheerful ending is "The Harbour Lights at Sea," words by J. P. Douglas, music by Ciro Pinsuti; it is published in three different keys, and like most if not all of the music published by this firm may be sung in public without fee or license.—"Hand and Heart" is a sentimental baritone song, written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Frank L. Moir.—A song of more than average merit is "Wishing;" the plaintive words are by E. Oxenford, the music by Hugh Clendon; the compass is from E on the fifth line to G above the lines.—There are so many excellent instruction books both for vocal and instrumental music already before the public that it seems almost superfluous labour to write or compile a new one, at the same time there is something fresh to be taught and learnt every day as regards the true production of the voice, for it is now universally allowed that every one who can speak can sing, provided he or she knows how to produce his or her voice. "Morley's New Singing Tutor" is remarkably well put together, and contains much useful and practical information, not only for the novice, but for the advanced student.—A very good effect is produced when the words of a song, or at all events its refrain, is introduced into a waltz adapted therefrom, especially when played and sung by a military band.—"The Twilight Chimes Waltz," introducing Espar Dumaïne's popular song, has been arranged with his usual ability by Charles Godfrey, and will surely be one of the favourites of the coming season.

MESSRS. W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.—The title of a song, "Alone in the World," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and H. Walmesley Little, is sufficient to show its melancholy and depressing character; at the same time it will please many who like this style of composition, for both music and words are well written.—A marked contrast to the above is a merry little song, with a *fiacre* French refrain, written and composed by Henry S. Vinee and George Fox, "How Can I Tell You So?" (*Jolie Fifine, je t'aime*) from which the youths of the rising generation should take a lesson, and learn to speak French, lest they should find themselves in the awkward position of the hero of this tale.—"Queen Dagmar's Cross" (a legend of Denmark), words by H. Savile Clarke, music by Allan Macbeth, is a song with which a tenor or baritone may produce a good effect, if sung with due expression. It is published in A and G.—"The Winkle and the Whale," a humorous song, written and composed by E. V. Page and F. Stanislaus, is sung with great success by Arthur Roberts; but will prove a dreary attempt at facetiousness when given by an ordinary amateur.—Very much the same may be said of "Our Heroes of To-day," suggested by Augustus Harris; written by E. V. Page, composed by Oscar Barrett, and sung by Nelly Power in the Drury

Lane pantomime of *Sindbad the Sailor*. It is high time that "our heroes" should be left to rest upon their laurels.—A new edition of René Favarger's popular "Barcarole de Oberon" (Weber) has been brought out, revised and fingered by F. Percival.—A volume which will prove first favourite in the nursery and schoolroom is "Grandmamma's Jokes for Little Folks," a collection of nursery rhymes for old and new music, interspersed with humorous narrative, it is one of the Christmas books which comes to us a month too late, but will be welcome to the young folks at all seasons; it is from the pen of that truly comic and witty composer, George Fox; some of the music is a trifle too difficult for children to catch at first, but if taught the songs they will not forget them in a hurry, although this collection is not quite equal to his first volume of nursery rhymes.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There is a never-waning interest in everything connected with the Prince Consort, and more especially with his musical compositions. Most of our music readers are acquainted with "Invocation to Harmony," by that Royal composer. It has been brought out in a commodious and inexpensive form, and is well worthy the attention of choral societies, as a simple and unpretentious work, replete with melody and neatly harmonised (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—Very good advice is contained in a pleasing ballad, by Theodore W. Barth, entitled "Never Grow Old," the compass is from F on the first space to the octave above (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Very well meant, but lacking in originality, is "Triumphal March," in commemoration of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, by Emily T. Harris (Messrs. Riviere and Hawkes).



A MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE would not be an unmixed blessing in England if the example of the present occupant of that post in France were to be followed. This eminent official, whose appointment was purely political, and whose name—Mahy—carries no appreciable weight in agricultural circles, has been sending down to the county agricultural societies and farmers' clubs of France statutes of his own drawing up "for their adoption." These statutes on examination are found to place these societies and clubs under the tutelage of the prefects and mayors, not like our lord lieutenants and sheriffs, county noblemen and gentlemen, but political officers appointed by Government for political services and purposes. Such vicious extensions of centralisation may serve as a warning, though we are happy in believing that England is as yet very very far from being prepared to tolerate similar meddlers in high places.

SCOTCH FARMERS are freely marketing their potatoes, which are fetching attractive prices, the yield being very deficient in many parts. Straw and hay are cheap as well as plentiful at the Scotch markets, wheat is cheap without being plentiful. Cattle in the North have fattened readily as a rule this winter, and are mostly in very good health. Store cattle and breeding cows are extremely dear, and buyers complain also of the price of dead meat. Sheep are wintering well on the hills, but in the Lowlands the recent moist weather has been rather unhealthy. Lean or store sheep are very difficult to buy, and fat sheep make high prices. Braxy is prevalent in the West of Scotland, or was a short while since. Dairy farmers appear to be doing well, and taken all round, the agriculturists to the North of Tweed and Solway cannot be said to be in at all a bad way.

AN AGRICULTURAL TOLL.—A species of burden, now happily rare enough to be quoted as a curiosity, was disclosed in a case recently tried in Fifeshire, where a farmer has been sued by the "tacksman" of Dundee for 4*l*. 7*s*. 6*d*., being the charge on milk sent by him into that town during the four summer months. The defence set up was that the tax if legally due should have been collected daily as the milk was received, such a provision being contained in the old statute, originally establishing the dues. It was held by the Court, however, that the tacksman could enforce his farthing per six pints either daily or in larger intervals as he pleased. Thus the farmer lost his case. This local custom suggests what an evil we have escaped in the general abandonment of that *octroi* system still prevalent in most foreign countries. Those persons who speak of the duties levied, by France for instance, on certain imports should remember that home producers do not escape heavy taxation.

THE LAMBING SEASON.—The Earl of Carnarvon offers to farmers some opportune advice with respect to sheep on wet and heavy lands. As the time draws near for lambing, we are approaching the period of greatest risk, and if the ewes are allowed to "run down," there will be little chance of getting them up, or saving many lambs. "The loss in such a case will be very serious both to the individual farmer and to the country, where the number of stock is already much below the mark." On the other hand the prudent agriculturist who can save and successfully carry his ewes and lambs over this winter can reasonably count upon a very large profit. Those, however, who desire to achieve this result must spare no expense in cake and other articles of liberal feeding.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE is an obstinate malady, and just at present appears to be getting rather the better of the Privy Council, whose well-considered Orders are, we fear, not unfrequently infringed by the more selfish and ignorant of the agricultural class. Within the last week Brandon, Wimbourne, Enville, Bobbington, Northfield, Allesley, Clive, Greenhill, Codsall, and Lower Penn, all villages in the Western Midlands, have been the scenes of outbreaks of disease. Meanwhile, in the north the whole division of Lindsey has been declared an infected area. Sheffield has not escaped. In the south, Winchester has been the scene of an outbreak. Other places invaded are Windsor, Lincoln, Newcastle, South Lancashire generally, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex at a number of farms. East Kent has not escaped. Over and beyond this there is a bad outbreak of the disease known as "pink-eye," in Derbyshire.

STOCK SALES.—At Hagley sale the demand was good for all classes of stock, fat heifers making up to 33*l*., sheep to 7*s*. 6*d*., and pigs proportionately high rates.—An important sale of live stock took place at Kilnhurst the other day, when the *average* prices for fat sheep at the end of the sale was found to have been 9*s*., and for heifers 26*l*. 6*s*. 5*d*. The sheep were dear indeed, but the cattle hardly appear to have sold at correspondingly good prices.

WOOL has been very cheap for some months, and demand has been so poor that many graziers have been absolutely unable to effect sales. Within the past week, however, a better feeling has been observed, and the best clips of Kentish wool have been taken off at 10*l*. per pound. In years past, the French trade absorbed a large quantity of long-stapled wool, but this has not been so recently. Bradford, however, buys largely of Kent fleeces, which are distinguished for long strong staple.

SHORTHORN BREEDING.—A correspondent draws attention to the high forcing of shorthorns. Speculative breeders, as he avers, have been induced to retain in their herds any animal, no matter how delicate or deformed, so long as it is credited with a lengthy pedigree, and veterinary skill and home care can add another generation to

what is prized as a famous line. The principal evils of this speculation are manifest, but scientific researches tend more and more to show how great they are. Disease may be latent for remarkably long periods, but it will reappear in judgment eventually. Another issue is that of the milking properties, for which the shorthorn breed was once famed, but which are now considered more particularly characteristic of other breeds. Our correspondent thinks that in all farming matters; but the systematic high forcing of breeding animals is an evil which they have unfortunately encouraged at the same time.

MISCELLANEOUS.—We have received a cowslip from Aylesbury "as a sign of the earliness of the season."—In the Ciondasse Lincoln flock a ewe yeanned a lamb as early as the 7th of January. The same ewe had the first lamb in the flock in 1882.—On Wednesday last Professor Thorold Rogers delivered an interesting lecture on "Ensilage" before the Society of Arts. Before the Farmers' Club would surely have been more appropriate.—The milk supply of London will engage the attention of a meeting of agriculturists, to take place on Tuesday next at the Salisbury Hotel, Salisbury Square, E.C.



THE INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE NEW LAW COURTS still cause much inconvenience to judges and the counsel. Last week the Court of Appeal, where the Master of the Rolls was sitting, was rendered uninhabitable by a rush of cold air through the opening of a wrong shaft in the ventilating room. "We are freezing up here" was the exclamation from the Bench; and "I am very cold;" "I have now got my feet in a bag;" were the answers from the Bar. Ultimately the hearing of the case had to be transferred to Sir G. Jessel's private room. A memorial to the Lord Chancellor and the First Commissioner of Works on the acoustic and other properties of the New Courts is now receiving signatures from members of the Bar. It proposes that a Committee of leading Counsel should be formed to consider what changes can be made for the better accommodation of barristers generally.

THE PECULIAR PEOPLE, who decline on religious grounds to call in medical aid in the event of illness in their families, have scored this week a little triumph. The child of one of their number, Robert Coussins, had been taken ill and died, and as no doctor had been summoned the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the father, though it did not appear that in this special case the child's life would have been saved under any circumstances. But the Grand Jury ignored the bill, and when Coussins was subsequently indicted on the coroner's inquisition, the prosecution declined to offer any evidence, and the prisoner was discharged.

WIZARDS JUST NOW SEEM UNDER AN EVIL STAR. John Hartwell Miller, "the Great Seer of England," known far from favourably to the police as one who, besides convictions at Daventry and Birmingham, had been twice sentenced by the Central Criminal Court—once to fifteen months' imprisonment for fortune-telling, and once to eighteen months' hard labour for selling objectionable books and pictures—has found all his art unavailing against the indignant evidence of a Miss Grant, of Leicester. Miss Grant, who at the time fully believed in the wizard's supernatural power, had given him money, and been advised in return not to marry just yet, but wait a little longer, when, by subtle magic, she would be transformed to a wealthy lady, and would marry an Adonis. Unlike the majority of the wizard's victims, the thirst for vengeance when she found herself deceived was strong enough in Miss Grant's case to brave the roars of laughter which greeted her confessions in the witness-box; and the seer, unable to refute the charge, has been once more committed as a rogue, and cruelly ordered to be kept at hard labour pending his trial.—Hardly more fortunate was James Stacey, "herbalist," more generally known as "the Wizard of South Petherton," who took out a summons against nine villagers for assaulting him. He, too, according to the defence set up, had pretended to be a necromancer, and given them medicine, telling them to bury the bottle in the churchyard and they would get better, and for this he had been soundly beaten. The Bench, believing that it "had served him right," took the side of the villagers, and dismissed the summons.

No clue has yet been discovered to the St. Luke's mystery, though vague stories of missing girls continue to be circulated. According to one of these rumours, the dead girl much resembles the adopted daughter of a Mrs. Farrell, living in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, who had gone into service at Forest Gate, and shortly afterwards had become acquainted with the missing Mary Seward. Last August Mrs. Farrell was told by a woman from West Ham that her daughter was in a new place at Brentwood. On writing to the given address, however, she received no answer.

ANOTHER case of the money-lender and the undergraduate came up last week before Mr. Justice Pearson, on the application of Mr. G. A. Baird, of Glasgow, for an injunction to restrain Messrs. Morris and Benjamin from negotiating four bills given by him for 19,500*l*., 20,000*l*., 600*l*., and 600*l*.. The money, it was said, was lent to him when an undergraduate at Cambridge, at the moderate rate of 60 per cent. interest; 25,000*l*. was paid by Mr. Baird into Court, and the Judge then granted the injunction applied for.

THE PROFESSORSHIP OF JURISPRUDENCE at Corpus Christi Oxford, has been conferred on Mr. F. Pollock, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and author of several legal and philosophical works. The Professor will have to reside twenty-eight days in full term in each academical year. The appointment, to which is attached a stipend of 500*l*. per annum, is held for five years.

DR. WHITMARSH'S presence at Hounslow still calls forth occasional demonstrations. On Saturday he was mobbed by some hundred boys, and compelled to take refuge in a shop. A man was taken into custody for inciting the mob to break the peace. James Ansdell, charged with stone-throwing during the recent riots was again remanded in 300*l*. bail for another fortnight. The injured policeman is said to be recovering.

MR. GORDON WHITBREAD, Judge of the Clerkenwell County Court, died last Tuesday from an attack of paralysis which seized him on the previous Wednesday, at the age of sixty-eight. Mr. Whitbread was appointed Judge in 1870 by Lord Hatherley, whom he had previously served as private secretary. The vacant appointment has been offered it is said to Mr. Eddis, Q.C.

MR. WOOLRYCH, late Magistrate at the Westminster Police Court, died at Brighton on Sunday morning. He was called to the Bar in 1839.

THE INQUIRY into the cause of the disaster at Bradford terminated on Wednesday. The jury, after an elaborate summing up on the part of the coroner, returned a verdict of "Accidental Death," adding that no blame was attached to the owners, who had done all that impractical men could do. The foundations of the chimney were good, and its fall was partly due to the cutting made some time ago to restore its uprightness.

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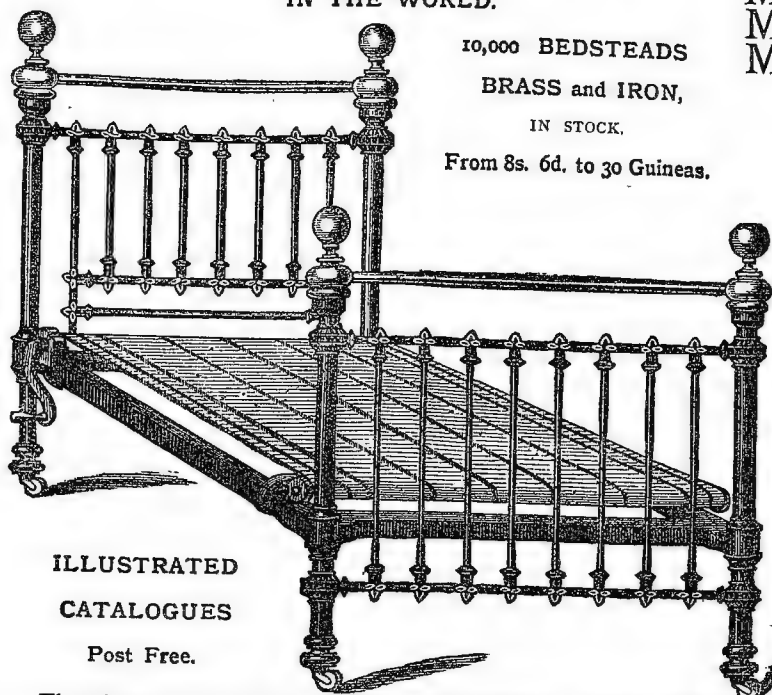
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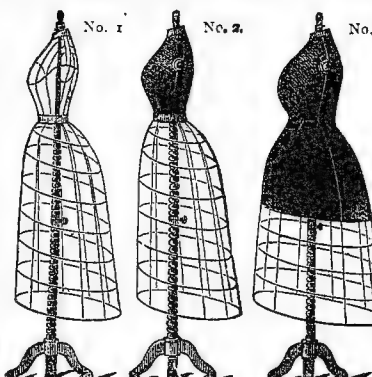
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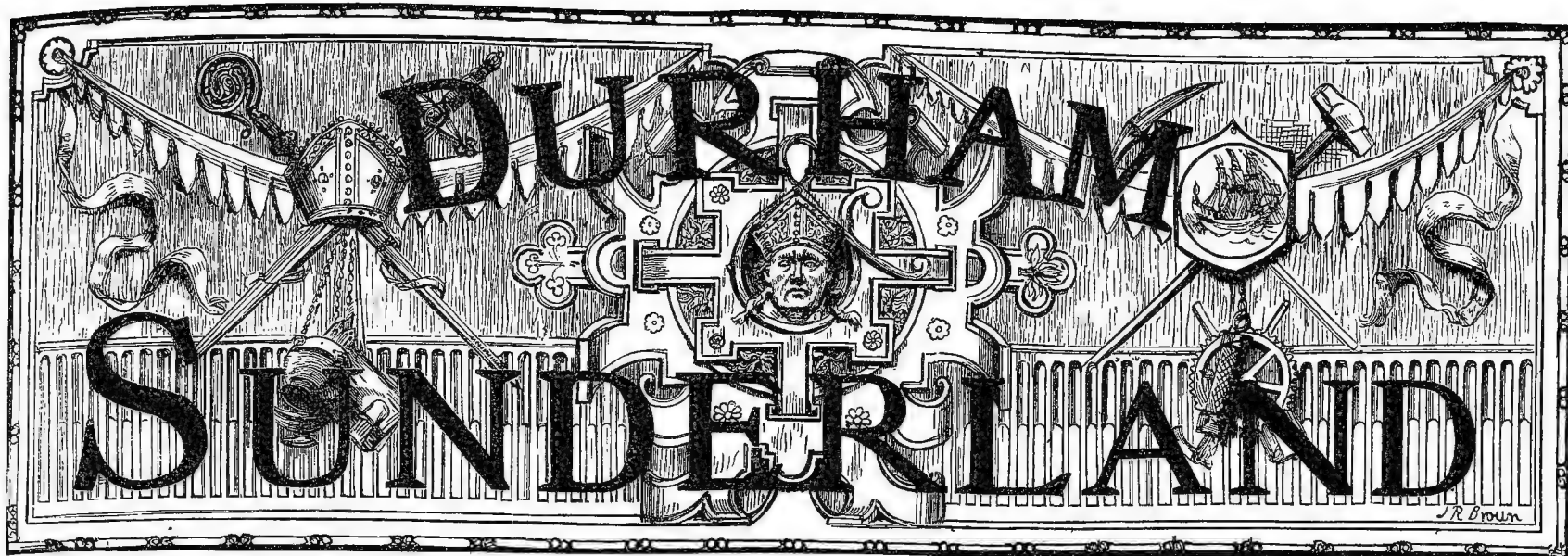
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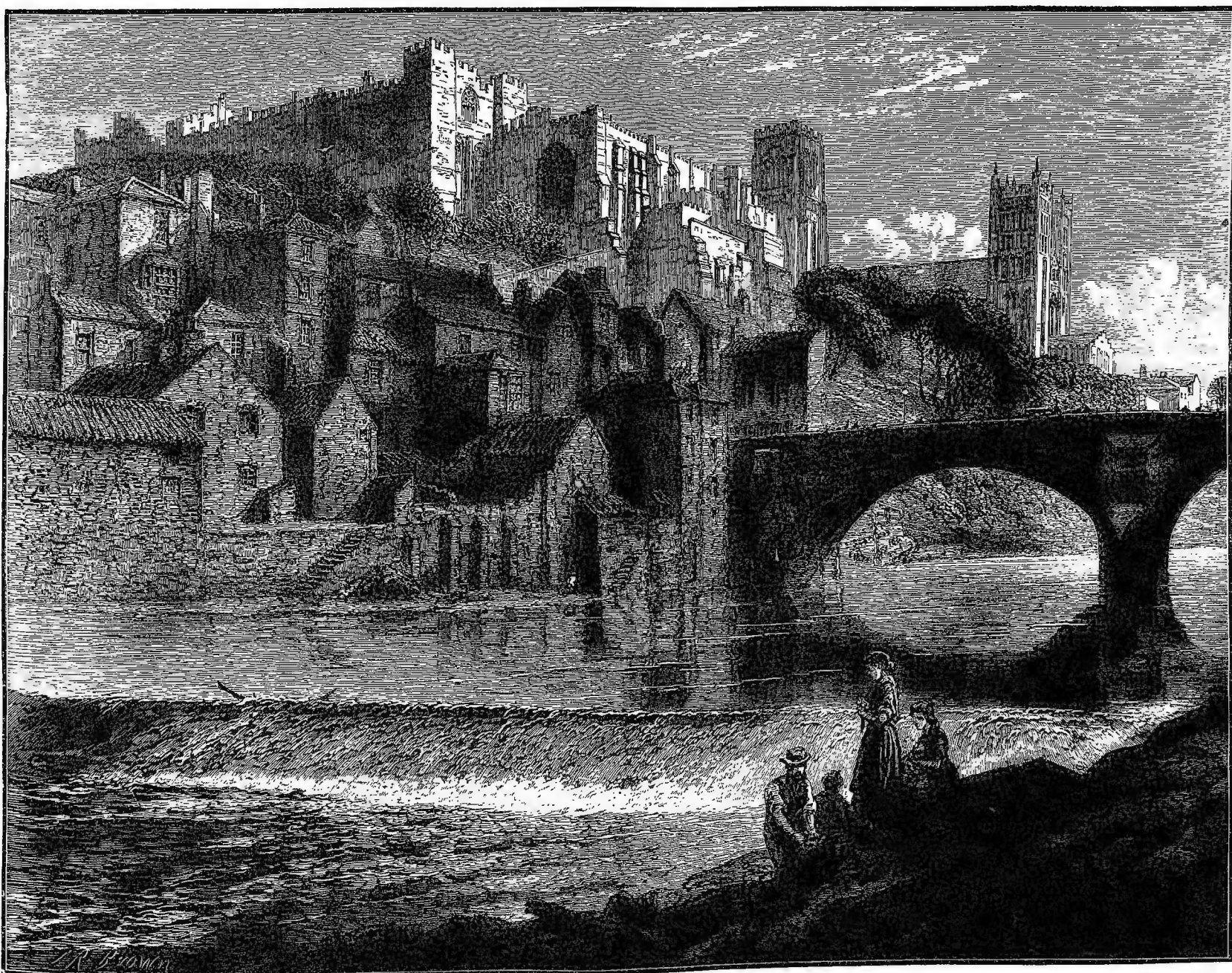
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OF THE CATHEDRAL

THE City of Durham has a rich patrician history. During the Middle Ages it was the capital of a Principality which scarcely admitted, and frequently did not pay, allegiance to the Sovereign on the English throne. The Prince-Bishops, who ruled over the consciences and temporalities of their subjects, were, in the main, proud soldiers, who led their troops to battle, and exercised a magnificent hospitality which the coffers of the King himself were incapable of emulating. Most towns preserve a loving remembrance of the visit of some monarch, but Durham has so frequently been thus honoured that the list is "too numerous to mention." From the days of William the Conqueror, who sorely harassed the monks and the people of Durham, whose sympathies were

averse to the Norman settlement, Durham has been looked upon by English monarchs as a place of great importance. Its ancient story is one unbroken succession of marvellous episodes; and when the history of these modern days comes to be written it will be found that Durham has exercised a powerful influence upon the learning of the country, and a still more powerful influence upon that important section of the community, the masses. Once the impregnable capital of feudal lords whose powers were unlimited, it is now the seat of an University whose gracious influence is felt in the Northern counties; and the centre from which the Durham Miners' Association issues its edicts to mine-owners, and displays more power to bind and unloose than did the famous Hugh Pudsey or Anthony Bec in the palmiest days of their Palatinate reign. On every hand there are signs of hoary age, but none of painful decay. Through the narrow streets, crowded with new and old houses cunningly and inextricably dovetailed together, the busy channel of life flows, with no indication of stagnation. On their *fine* days the miners pour in thousands through the self-same streets along which Queen Philippa marched at the head of her victorious army, and the Ironsides of Cromwell drove before them their Scottish prisoners. The miners have their rendezvous on the racecourse, where, under the now harmless frown of the Castle, and on soil steeped



THE CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL, AND FRAMWELLGATE BRIDGE OVER THE WEAR

in the traditions of feudalism, they talk of chimerical reforms, and, metaphorically, lay ruthless hands on old institutions and ideas. The revenues of the Bishopric of Durham were formerly enormous. The Prince-Bishops fortified towns, built bridges, constructed roads, kept numerous retinues of knights, and an army equal to the King's, dispensed boundless hospitality, sent *largesses* to the Pope and King, endowed churches, collected libraries which are still the pride of our Universities, and yet could not possibly spend the revenues of the see. Most of them left enormous wealth behind them, which often went to strengthen secular houses. There is an air about Durham of not having been starved in its younger days. It bears all the evidences of a cradling in luxury. A richness, as of old port wine, is about it. We have said enough to prove that the City of Durham is full of interest, not merely for the antiquarian, who revels in the half-obliterated memorials of past ages, but, also for the student of human life who can withdraw himself from the influence of his surroundings, and examine, curiously and dispassionately, "the various turns of Fate below."

ITS LOCALE

THE old monks were exceedingly shrewd persons, always choosing the goodliest spots in which to dwell for the mortification of themselves and their sins. Abbeys and monasteries were generally founded where the greatest natural advantages existed. Durham was no exception to the rule. The position of the present city is sure to arouse any feelings of artistic fitness that a man may possess. And in the old days, when might was right, one can readily conceive that the natural advantages of the site must have been at once apparent to the monks who determined that the body of St. Cuthbert should rest there. Situated almost in the middle of the county, the City of Durham, although in no sense a metropolis, is a natural centre. It lies, too, in the direct line of communication between the southern and northern parts of the island. Fiery monarchs riding at the head of their armies to endeavour to effect the conquest of the stubborn Scot found that their way lay right through the city, and it therefore needed not the temptation of the Count Palatine's hospitable table to induce them to swerve from the line of their journey. In the days, too, when pressure of business or love of pleasure had to be circumscribed by the capacities of the stage coach, Durham was a place to which weary travellers looked forward with an earnest gusto. The rooms at the quaint old hostelry, which bears still the name it has had for generations—"The Three Tuns Inn"—are called after the famous coaches of the good old days "when George the Third was King." If we remember rightly the "Highflyer" had a knack of being somewhat erratic in its movements, and of occasionally depositing its load of muffled and weary passengers into the ditch or into a snow-drift. The "Three Tuns" in those days had stabling for forty horses, the stalls being generally full of well-fed animals ready to take short turns in the stage, or yoke in post-chaises to convey hasty lovers to the Land of Freedom over the border, where the question was not asked, "Who giveth this woman away?" Under the shadow of the Cathedral great bustle used to be observed when the London coaches came in, and the news of a change of Ministry, or of the success or defeat of British arms on the Continent, was made known by the guard, while he sipped the glass of cherry brandy which mine host was not above presenting with his own hands. The kindly custom of offering each guest, upon arrival, a glass of cherry brandy is still continued. In these days of railways Durham is still a central place, although some of the trains between Edinburgh and the South save the tortuous journey which the hills about the Wear interpose, by taking a shorter cut through the flatter country at their base. The miners, who practically form the bone and sinew of the county, regard Durham as their capital. Their processions on gala days, headed by banners bearing strange devices expressive of "the nobility of toil," marching to the music of brass instruments lustily blown by strong-lunged colliers, form a curious contrast to the processions which hundreds of times have passed through the streets in the days of old: of shaven monks with lighted tapers, chanting requiem or dirge; of Norman soldiers in their clanking armour; or of stout yeomen, assembled on the fiat of their feudal lord, the Count-Palatine, to fight his enemies or to welcome his friends.

ANCIENT HISTORY

THE history of Durham, unlike that of York and some other cathedral cities, practically owes its beginning to its Cathedral. There is some reason to believe that a small settlement existed previous to the arrival of the body of St. Cuthbert, in charge of the monks who had conveyed it from Chester-le-Street. Some even go so far as to allege that either a British fortification or a Roman camp once existed on a hill to the south-east of the city. It was not, however, until the arrival of St. Cuthbert's body, in the year 995, that Durham began to have a distinctive existence. After the construction of the first Cathedral, a fortified town soon sprang into existence. It is said that the relics of St. Cuthbert were esteemed so holy that large numbers of persons followed them from Chester-le-Street. The establishment of a monastic house always caused a settlement, and, as even in those early days the industries of Durham were considerable, there is no difficulty in accounting for the sudden growth of a town. In the year 1040 an invasion of the Scots, under Duncan, the victim of Macbeth's ambition, is recorded. The inhabitants of Durham, however, were able to repel the invaders, and the heads of some of the Scottish leaders were exposed on poles in the market-place. William the Conqueror appears to have alternately tried propitiation and force in order to bring Durham to allegiance. Throughout his stormy reign the history of Durham is a series of cruelties perpetrated by the Norman soldiery upon the inhabitants, and of sudden and fierce reprisals. William deemed the place of so much importance that he erected a castle, partly to overawe the monks and the people, and partly to arrest the progress of the Scots. During the early Scottish wars Durham was frequently the theatre of English military operations; and in 1139 a Congress, at which articles of peace between England and Scotland were signed, was held there. On one occasion in 1313 the great Bruce himself stormed the city. Henry VI. spoke with very great cordiality of the loyal reception awarded to him in Durham, and Charles I. was more than once a recipient of the Bishop's hospitality.

PRESENT ASPECT

A STRANGER cannot fail to be struck by a certain quaint charm which seems to permeate the place. That charm is in connection with the "odour of sanctity" which is supposed to overhang cathedral cities. There is a piquancy in the air which is more suggestive of the mustard for which Durham used to be famous than of the old maids who were said to form the other staple commodity. Streets are built upon precipitous hills, and tumble into one another at all kinds of curious angles. We should think the ground plan of Durham must present an extremely cobwebby appearance. One always expects to find numerous churches under the shadow of a cathedral, and in Durham the expectation is fully realised. The consciences of the licensing justices must have been tolerably elastic when the numerous public-houses which now exist were first licensed. Judging from their aged appearance, that must have been many years ago, when the population of Durham, now amounting to 15,372, would stand at a very insignificant figure. The owners of these houses appear to have been compelled to rack their brains for names. Poet, priest, and king, baron and squire, and knight of the shire have all been called upon to furnish their quota of names

for houses where "good entertainment for man and beast" is professedly provided. Candidly, we should not advise the stranger who desires to view Durham aright to first visit it on a Saturday night. We say it not uncharitably, but upon serious conviction, that there is more drunkenness in Durham on Saturday nights than there ought to be. The Palace Green, with its groups of students, in their gowns and mortar-boards, is as bonny a picture as heart could desire. The walks round the city and on the broken walls are charming in their diversity of scenery, and the treasures of the Castle and the Cathedral will well repay a pilgrimage.

SAINT CUTHBERT

ON a Sunday morning, before the maids and matrons, who will by-and-by make the streets gorgeous with their "Sunday clothes," have concluded the mysteries which all sensible men hold sacred, and before the Salvation Army has commenced its noisy perambulations, the "odour of sanctity" is clearly realised. The rapturous melody of the Cathedral chimes, undisturbed by any vulgar mundane sound, falls upon the ear in all its sweetness, and, aided by the grave caw of the rooks in Pelaw Wood, serves to bridge over the gulf of departed centuries, and convey us to that delightful period of English History "when saints were many and sins were few." St. Cuthbert is the patron saint of Durham, and very proud Durham always has been and still is of the patronage. As everybody has not heard the story of this wondrous saint it will not be out of place to produce it here. In another place we refer to the development of Christianity in Northern England. It is sufficient here to say that St. Cuthbert was in the direct descent of the Christian colonisers. During the time of the Danish invasions the ecclesiastic who held the precarious position of Bishop disinterred the body of St. Cuthbert from its resting-place in the church of St. Peter, in Lindisfarne. The body was said to have miraculously preserved its freshness without the slightest touch of corruption for many years, and consequently the monks, ever on the look-out for saints, at once adopted St. Cuthbert. After the disinterment St. Cuthbert appears to have given the priests considerable trouble. He was said to have been of Royal Irish descent, and they therefore thought that if they could remove his bones to Ireland, which was then pre-eminently the Isle of the Saints, and was not troubled either with landlordism or land-leaguism, they would be secure from the unholy hands of Viking or any other Pagan. The old chronicler, however, relates, with a gravity at which we cannot laugh, that when they set out "three waves were miraculously turned into blood, and the ship was suddenly driven back by the tempest upon the shore." He also relates how an illuminated copy of the Evangelists was washed into the sea and lost. Providence, which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, appears, according to the monkish chroniclers, to have always been singularly propitious towards them. Arrived on shore, the first thing they saw was a fine tame horse running to meet them. Looking up at a tree, which somehow happened to be on the same spot, they beheld a bridle. All the requisites being thus prepared, the pious monks removed the relics of the saint back to Chester-le-Street, after having had a visitation from St. Cuthbert, who told them how to recover back the Book of the Evangelists, which, upon being fished up, was found to have been most splendidly illuminated by the action of the salt water, and was ever afterwards esteemed second only in importance to the bones of St. Cuthbert himself. Arrived at Chester-le-Street, St. Cuthbert had rest for 113 years, at the end of which time Bishop Aldhun determined to take St. Cuthbert to share the repose and the glory of St. Wilfrid at Ripon. The procession was started, and when Durham was reached, St. Cuthbert, who appears to have been of a singularly obstinate character, refused to permit his bones to travel any further. Those simple-minded monks tugged at the chest in which the body lay; but no, St. Cuthbert would not budge. By and by one of them, specially favoured, had a revelation to the effect that St. Cuthbert elected to be carried to Dunholme, where he would ever afterwards abide. Difficulty, however, succeeded difficulty. Not one of them had ever heard of Dunholme, and, as popular atlases had not then been invented, the poor monks were in a quandary. Fairy books and old chronicles are very much on a par. Difficulties, the solution of which are palpable to the reader, are wondered at and groaned over, but always satisfactorily explained in the long run. While the monks were wondering, they heard a woman, who was seeking her cow, ask another woman where it was, and the questioned one replied that it was in Dunholme. The chronicler relates that "this was a happy and heavenly sound to the distressed monks, who thereby had intelligence that their journey's end was at hand." They thereupon erected a sanctuary of wands and boughs to receive the sacred relics until they could complete the building of a church. St. Cuthbert appears to have been satisfied that the monks had done all that could reasonably be expected of them. The Saxon woman's dun cow has been enshrined along with the saint in the traditions of the city. As years rolled on the saint's potency increased, and it is said that when William the Conqueror declared that he would have the tomb opened, in order to discover whether the monks were lying about the incorruptibility of the saint's body, he found himself smitten on a sudden with a burning fever, and, as he left untasted a sumptuous banquet which the monks had prepared for him, we may safely assume that he was very ill indeed. Whether, like Mr. Pecksniff, the Norman Conqueror ascribed his illness to "cold in the head, or anything but the real cause," is not recorded; but St. Cuthbert became after that a still more important personage. On another occasion, when a Norman soldier was about to lay impious hands upon the keys of the city, which were suspended above St. Cuthbert's shrine, the iron miraculously became red hot in his hands, and he was smitten with madness. One of St. Cuthbert's strongest peculiarities was, if those same old chroniclers are to be believed, a determinate aversion to the gentler sex. On the floor of the nave there is a blue slab, beyond which women were not permitted to pass, and the reverend saint is said to have been so specially knowing, that upon one occasion, when two women donned male attire in the hope of approaching his shrine undetected, the saint kicked up such a hubbub that they were at once discovered. It may not be uninteresting to state that one of the most amusing of the "Ingoldsby Legends" has St. Cuthbert for one of its chief *dramatis personæ*. The "Lay of St. Cuthbert, a Legend of the North Country," relates how the saint interfered with the Devil's dinner-party, which was held by special but unintentional invitation in the hall of Sir Guy le Scoopoe.

THE BATTLE OF NEVILLE'S CROSS

WAS fought on the Red Hills, through which a deep cutting at the entrance to the railway station is now made. It was while King Edward III. was prosecuting his French wars that David, King of Scotland, determined to invade England. He marched with a powerful army, and was unmolested until he had crossed the Tyne. Although the resources of the country had been heavily drained to supply men and money for the French wars, the bold Northern barons at once united with the Bishop of Durham and the Archbishop of York to repel the invader. The armies met on the Red Hills, and a terrible and long-sustained conflict took place. The sacred banner of St. Cuthbert was carried by the Bishop's soldiers on to the battlefield, and the Prior and monks of the monastery continued kneeling in prayer on an eminence above the scene of the encounter. The result of the battle was a total defeat of the Scots, with terrible slaughter. King David himself, the Bishop of St. Andrew's, and the flower of the Scottish nobility were taken prisoners, and one of the most sacred relics of Scottish Catholicity fell into the hands of

the monks of Durham—namely, the Black Rood, which gave its name to the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood, at Edinburgh. The success of the English was mainly attributable to the valour of Ralph Neville and his son, who were Lords of Brancepeth, near Durham, a magnificent estate, which now belongs to Lord Boyle. In commemoration of the battle Ralph Neville erected a cross of stone, from which the name Neville's Cross was taken. A portion of the shaft of this cross still remains. We believe we are right in stating that the armour which King David of Scotland wore at this battle is still preserved in Brancepeth Castle. From this date forward the Nevilles increased in power, until the line culminated in the famous Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, upon whose death their vast possessions were confiscated to the Crown.

SCOTTISH EPISODES

IN addition to the visits and invasions of Scottish monarchs before referred to, Baliol, King of Scotland, spent some time here previous to the battle of Halidon Hill. James I. of Scotland also rested here on his liberation from his long captivity in England. He married the Lady Jane, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and the occasion of the marriage was celebrated by a trace for seven years, signed between the two kingdoms at Durham. After this period Durham was frequently the meeting-place of English and Scottish Commissioners, who assembled to adjust treaty differences. The Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., from whose marriage with James IV. of Scotland the title of the Stuarts to the English throne proceeded, rested three days in Durham on her journey to Scotland. It is related that the Bishop held "holle hall and dowble dynner and dowble soupper to all comers worthy for to be ther." As stated in the reference to the Cathedral, Cromwell brought a large number of Scottish prisoners to Durham. Previous to this Charles I. held his Court in Durham Castle, upon which occasion it is related that the Bishop expended fifteen hundred pounds per day in entertaining His Majesty and retinue. After the accession of the House of Hanover Durham retained many of its Jacobite leanings, and during the Rebellion of 1715 treasonable talk was freely indulged in. At the next Rebellion, of 1745, the inhabitants of Durham had become loyal, and the Duke of Cumberland was received and *fêted* on his way to meet the army of Prince Charles Edward, which he totally routed on Culloden field.

THE PRINCE BISHOPS

THE influence of the Romans upon the parts of Britain north of the Tees was not a very permanent one. And there is no reason to believe that in that part of the kingdom they left behind them the slightest traces of Christianity. At the Anglo-Saxon conquest the Pagan rites which constituted the religion of Northumbria were a curious compound of the myths of Scandinavia and Germany. The Kingdom of Northumbria extended from the Humber to the Tweed. The portion between the Humber and the Tees was called Deira, while the northern portion, from the Tees to the Tweed, afterwards the Diocese of Durham, was known as Bericia. Towards the end of the British ascendancy some dim notions of Christianity appear to have reached Northumbria, but it was not until the sixth century that a mission of Christian monks from Ireland settled within the kingdom, and began to preach the Gospel. The first settlement was in the Island of Lindisfarne, which afterwards became an archdeaconry of the Bishopric of Dublin. The spread of Christianity was somewhat slow, but sure, after this settlement. Religious houses were rapidly established, and, notwithstanding the invasions of the Danes and the destructive inroads of Scandinavian pirates, the monks increased in number and influence. After the settlement in Durham the line of territorial Bishops commenced, although previous to that period a long list of the names of Bishops is left on record. Aldhun was the first Bishop dating from the city of Durham. Aldhun held the see until close upon the date of the Norman Conquest. After him there were four prelates before the Conquest. William the Conqueror at once began to interfere in Church matters, and upon hearing that the then Bishop of Durham, Egelwin, was inclined to favour the pretensions of Edgar Atheling to the throne, he sent a band of soldiers to reduce Durham. Great slaughter and confusion occurred, and the Bishop determined to remove the body of St. Cuthbert to Lindisfarne, but returned it after three months. This same Bishop afterwards eloped with a large quantity of Church treasure, and was captured, and imprisoned by the King. The story goes that upon being asked to restore what he had stolen, he made oath that he had appropriated nothing, but was betrayed by a bracelet slipping down his arm. In mortification at his discovery, he refused food, and died of hunger. He was the last Saxon Bishop. It was in the early Norman times that the enormous powers of the Bishop were granted. The nature of these powers may be gathered from the fact that the Bishop held all his own Courts, none of the King's Courts having jurisdiction within the Palatine. He also had the right of appointing his own chancellor, justices, sheriff, justices of the peace, coroners, and all other officers, the King having virtually no authority except that of the right of expecting the feudal obeisance of the Bishop. He had also the right to coin money, to pass sentence of death or imprisonment, and in fact had all the rights and privileges of a king. The first Norman Bishop, Walcher, was assassinated at the door of the Cathedral. For the next sixty or seventy years the prelate was held by four nominees of the Norman Kings. Scenes of violence and fraud were frequent, and the spiritual mission of the Bishops appeared to be entirely forgotten. In 1153 Hugh Pudsey succeeded to the see. He was a most remarkable man, and exercised a very great influence upon the future of the bishopric. To such a height did his power reach that he practically defied the king, and became, by land and sea, too powerful for a subject. He quarrelled with the King respecting the right to the port of Hartlepool, and when the fever of the Crusades was at its height he fitted out a gorgeous fleet for the purpose of conveying troops to the Holy Land. By purchase from Richard I. Hugh Pudsey became Earl of Northumberland and Earl of Sadberge. The former title died with him, but the latter was held in perpetuity by the Bishops until the removal of the temporal power. Bishop Pudsey spent on a mammoth scale, and many memorials of his taste and grandeur exist, amongst which are the Galilee Chapel in the Cathedral and the Church of St. Cuthbert at Darlington. The next prelate who stands out prominently from the list was Anthony Bec, who was installed in the year 1283. He was a full-length picture of a powerful Norman noble. But his wealth and his power were even greater than those of the King himself. The rich lands belonging to the church were then beginning to yield fair revenues. Notwithstanding the frequent incursions of the Scots, the spirit of industry and a desire to till the land were gaining ground. The Bishops of Durham, whatever their faults, were always careful to encourage industrious habits in their subjects, and the bishopric was far better off in the matter of markets and fairs than any other part of the kingdom. The consequence was that Bishop Bec was able to draw immense revenues from his see, and in addition he appears to have been possessed of great private wealth. His vanity in the display of his wealth was amusing. It is said that on one occasion, in order to prove to the astonished Londoners how wealthy a Bishop of Durham was, he paid forty shillings of the money of his time for a few fresh herrings. After his death the succession consisted of more or less famous men down to the year 1406, when Thomas Langley, afterwards Cardinal Langley, was appointed to the see. Later on the great Wolsey held the see of Durham in conjunction with that of York. He does not appear to have exercised the mighty powers he had taken into his

hands, except by appointing a few favourites to offices of emolument. Upon the see of Winchester falling vacant he exchanged it for Durham. Until the year 1750, when the famous Butler was Bishop, the diocese does not appear to have furnished men remarkable for learning. The Bishops, up to that time, were mainly temporal princes, who exercised sovereign power and appeared to forget their spiritual mission, except so far as it could be interpreted in the building of churches. The Bishopric of Durham, however, would always remain famous if its entire history was obliterated with the exception of its connection with Bishop Butler. Notwithstanding the professed developments of science "The Analogy of Religion" still remains one of the strongest demonstrations of the truth of Christianity that was ever penned. Bishop Butler was succeeded by Richard Trevor, and afterwards by John Egerton, who administered the affairs of the diocese on a liberal scale. Next came Thomas Thurlow, a brother of the famous Lord Chancellor Thurlow. The father of these two men was a common country clergyman of no education or fortune. It is evident that the success of the family was entirely due to the eldest son, the future Lord Chancellor. His brother, whom he elevated to the Bishopric, was not possessed of inherent capability for the office, although he appears to have maintained the dignity which was forced upon him. He was a formal, pedantic kind of man, while his brother, the Chancellor, was noted for impetuosity. It is said that when the Bishop waited upon his brother to thank him for the appointment, he commenced, "My lord, I have called to thank your lordship," when he was interrupted by the irascible Chancellor, who said, "I think you might have said brother, and then said to you." Bishop Thurlow was succeeded by Shute Barrington, who was followed by William van Mildert. It was during the time that Bishop van Mildert held the See that the jurisdiction was transferred to the Crown. The vast revenues of the Bishopric then passed into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the emoluments of the See now amount to 8,000l. per year. How great those revenues were may be gathered from the fact that a very large proportion of land in the counties of Durham and Northumberland is now leasehold of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Bishop van Mildert was succeeded by Bishop Longley, Bishop Villiers, Bishop Baring, and the present occupant of the See, Dr. Lightfoot. Bishop Villiers was an exceedingly sensitive man, and it is said that his death was hastened, if not altogether caused, by the ridicule which was heaped upon him when he presented a living in the diocese to his son-in-law, a gentleman named Cheese. *Punch* published a cartoon representing a fat old bishop, the very antithesis of Dr. Villiers, pouring port wine into a Stilton cheese.

For a considerable time active measures had been on foot to obtain a division of the Diocese, but it was left for Dr. Lightfoot to make matters easy by his own insistence upon the project, and by his liberal provision of funds to help the worthy object. A few months since the order appeared in the *London Gazette* notifying the formation of the See of Newcastle, and the appointment of the Rev. Canon Willerforce to the new Bishopric. The jurisdiction of the See of Durham is thus confined to the county. But although the temporal might of the Bishopric is curtailed and its area reduced it is gratifying to know that the spiritual influence of the See of Durham is certainly increasing, and, considering the enormous development of population owing to the opening out of collieries and ironworks, the Church has made great strides in the affections of the people.

COURT OF CHANCERY

DURHAM possesses a Court of Chancery which has a history in degree as interesting as that of its national prototype. And that Court is still in vigorous existence, doing good temporal work in the Diocese by disposing of cases which otherwise would have to be sent to London for hearing. Not very long ago, the local newspapers contained a long list of cases of considerable interest, in which the Hon. James Fleming, Q.C., as Chancellor, had given decisions which appeared to meet with general approbation. There is no exact record when the Court was created. Like Topsy, it seems to have "grown." Early in the thirteenth century it appears to have been exercising considerable powers. Previous to the Reformation the Chancellors were all ecclesiastics. But after the dissolution of the monasteries the Durham Chancery appears to have been a cradle for men of legal renown, and many names of national fame are entered on the list of Chancellors. Northcountrymen always have been noted for adhering to local institutions. Through all the changes of dynasty, and at times when the administration of the law in the London Courts was not free from the suspicion of corruption, complete local confidence was reposed in the Durham Court. We are indebted to the letter of a well-known legal gentleman which appeared in the *Durham County Advertiser* two or three years since, and to a very interesting article published some time ago in the *Durham Chronicle*, for information as to the past glories of the Court. The former says:—"The opening of the Court was a piece of solemn grandeur which, once seen, could not very well be forgotten. I can well remember the scene on these occasions in the old days—now nearly fifty years ago—when the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wetherell, Knt., my Lord the Bishop's Temporal Chancellor, and so forth, was wont to inaugurate his sitting. There was the robing process in one of the old slums once occupied by the soldiers of the Covenant under the gallant Leslie. Dressed in his big hob-wig and gown, he came forth, preceded by Mr. Tipstaff, properly robed, and carrying his staff of office. The countenance of the officer was sufficiently solemn, you may well believe, to impress every spectator. Where be Mr. Tipstaff now?" It is gratifying to know that though the glory and the pageantry have departed there is still no reason to write "Ichabod" over this ancient Court. The original powers of the Bishops, as exercised through the Court, were unlimited—in fact, can only be properly described as those of a despot: monarch. Very great local soreness has been caused by the removal, some twelve or fourteen years ago, of all the ancient records of the Durham Palatinate to London, and among them the rolls of the Chancery Court. As the Court is still in existence the legality of this Act has been questioned, but "the High Court of Parliament" will not make any concessions. These records contain much information that would not only gladden the heart of an antiquarian, but would throw much light upon matters of interest to the hard-headed men with whom the county now abounds, such as the mode of working coal in the "antiquary times."

THE CATHEDRAL—THE NAVE

Is one of the finest specimens of ancient church architecture continuing to exist in undecayed grandeur in England. The origin of the cathedral has already been referred to in the history of St. Cuthbert. The first church of stone was finished in the year 1030, but this was pulled down at the end of the century, and the grand structure now remaining was erected by the then Bishop, William Carilef. Erected in the period when the influence of the Normans had not altogether outweighed in matters of architecture the simpler English style, the cathedral presents an appearance more of fortified strength than of fantastic grace. Its position, too, on the brow of a hill gives it an additional commanding appearance. Many of our great cathedrals have suffered by the impious encroachments which money-loving burgesses have made upon their precincts. The Durham Cathedral, however, having the advantage of the River Wear as one boundary, has also a clear space known as Palace Green for the other. The towers, of which there are three, when first erected did not exceed the nave in height, and were crowned

with short spires. In 1335 the towers were raised and the spires considerably lengthened. After the lapse of two hundred years, one of the spires having been struck by lightning, they were all removed, and the present form of tower adopted. With the exception of kindly and timely restorations, the towers now remain as finally completed in 1429. The nave, of which an illustration is given, presents a magnificent vista of arches, which have only their fine geometrical arrangement and appearance of massive strength to recommend them, floriated capitals and carved work being very scarce in the cathedral. The nave is almost wholly devoid of ornament, but the general effect is none the less imposing on that account. Durham Cathedral suffered exceedingly from the hands of the spoiler at the time of the Dissolution of the monasteries. But more sacrilegious mischief was done during the Parliamentary wars than at any other period. Cromwell had a great fondness for turning church buildings into prisons and stables. Upon one occasion, having conquered the Scots at Dunbar, where he took about 9,000 prisoners, he marched over 3,000 of them to Durham. Many hundreds died on the way from exhaustion and famine. The remainder were shut up in the cathedral. It was winter time, and no provision for their comfort having been made, we cannot wonder that all æsthetic regard for the beautiful succumbed before the necessities of the practical. A portion of the beautiful rood screen and other woodwork in the choir was pulled down, chopped up, and burnt, to make fires on the floor of the nave to cook their miserable meals. Having no occupation, the spirit of mischief which proverbially lies in wait for idle people possessed them, and they defaced the fine monuments and effigies of the Nevilles which occupied positions in the nave, and which now bear painful testimony to their ruthless hands. The great Neville who practically saved England from a successful Scottish invasion during the reign of Edward III., while that monarch was absent prosecuting his French wars, was the first buried in the nave of the cathedral, where no other layman had previously been interred. This Neville was the direct ancestor of the great Kingmaker, the Last of the Barons, who played so conspicuous a part in the Wars of the Roses in the fifteenth century. Another defacement was also made in the Puritan times. Those good folks had an intense faith in whitewash, which they daubed thickly both physically and morally. The simple grace of the nave pillars was hidden by thick coats of lime and whitewash, the scaly nastiness of which has only been quite recently removed by laborious chipping.

In the days when fraud and force were the powerful motors of society, Durham Cathedral played an important part as a

SANCTUARY

ON the door of the north or chief entrance an enormous knocker is fixed, suspended from the grinning mouth of a horrible satyr, a veritable "Haunter of the Threshold," whose look must have been enough to appal the superstitious and guilty man who came to claim safety after imbruing his hands in blood. The old English sanctuaries were based on a somewhat similar principle to the Cities of Refuge in the early Israelite days. The principle of sanctuary was that justice should be deliberate in its action, time being given for anger and the desire for revenge to cool, so that the offence committed could be judged upon its merits. The sanctuary of St. Cuthbert lasted for thirty-seven days, during which the criminal was fed and protected from the secular arm, and at the end of that period he was compelled either again to fly for his life to the next sanctuary, or fall into the hands of his waiting enemies. The entrance to the sanctuary was watched day and night by janitors, whose duty it was to see that none should knock in vain.

THE CHOIR

VIEWED from the nave presents an appearance of delicate grace and intense power combined. One of the first objects that strikes attention is the Neville Screen, behind the high altar. This screen was presented to the Cathedral by the son of the Neville who was victorious on the field of Neville's Cross, and was in fact a thank-offering for the condescension of the prior and monks in permitting the body of the famous Neville to be buried in the nave of the Cathedral. It is not desirable in this place to enter into a detailed architectural description. Suffice it to say that the Early English and Romanesque styles are mingled, and that the graces of each appear to have blended without leaving any impression of a want of harmony. In the old days, when the shrine of St. Cuthbert stood in its full magnificence, the appearance of the choir must have been very imposing. The shrine was an object to strike the eye at once. Being loaded with jewels and richly-carved gold work it offered an irresistible temptation to the Commissioners who were charged by Henry VIII. with the work of despoiling the monasteries. All that now remains of the shrine is a plain blue slab, surrounded by steps which are much worn by the constant kneeling of devotees. It should be mentioned that Durham is famous for music, and that the choral part of the service attracts many visitors from the surrounding district. Dr. Dykes, whose name will for ever occupy a prominent place in the annals of sacred music, was formerly a precentor of the Cathedral, and vicar of St. Oswald's close by.

THE CHAPEL OF THE NINE ALTARS

THIS was so called from the shrines of the saints it formerly contained. The Saints thus dignified were St. Michael the Archangel, St. Aidan and St. Helena, St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Martin, St. Cuthbert and St. Bede, St. Lawrence, St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Catherine, St. John the Baptist and St. Margaret, St. Andrew and St. Mary Magdalene. This Chapel appears to have been in process of erection forty years, and was evidently an integral part of the original design for the Cathedral. The whims of the old architects are very apparent, but though architecturally an incongruous appearance is created by the mixing of styles, the general effect, harmonised by the softening hand of time, is exceedingly pleasing. Among many monuments of no general interest, a colossal statue of Bishop van Mildert attracts immediate attention. Gazing upon the almost classical features of this celebrated man, who rose to such an eminent office in the Church solely by his abilities, one cannot help remembering that he was the last of a long uninterrupted line, whose wealth was enormous, and whose temporal power must have been a sore hindrance to the proper exercise of the spiritual function. Near at hand is a plain blue slab, which marks the resting-place of Anthony Bec, the mediæval Bishop, whose magnificence tried the patience of his Sovereign. Bishop Bec was also Patriarch of Jerusalem.

THE GALILEE

THE Galilee, or Lady Chapel, was the work of Bishop Pudsey, who, it is said, desired to remove into it the nine altars from the Chapel of the Nine Altars, but was warned by the obstreperous St. Cuthbert that such a proceeding would not meet with his Saintship's approval. Cardinal Langley also spent considerable attention upon this Chapel, which is one of the finest specimens of its kind in England. The frescoes and delicate tracery work were, however, very seriously damaged by lime and whitewash in the ruthless seventeenth century. Recent care has restored sufficient to show how completely the frescoes harmonised. The Altars of the Blessed Virgin and of Our Lady of Pity were removed in the ruthless sixteenth century, when the ability to discriminate between the preservation of works of art as such, and their preservation as objects of idolatry, could not be distinguished. The Galilee, however, will ever be a shrine to which Christians of all denominations will gladly pay a visit. It contains

THE TOMB OF THE VENERABLE BEDE,

THE great Saxon chronicler of English ecclesiastical history. So far as we can judge, his was a sweet and blameless character, and the obligations he has conferred upon all other English historians by the rich and varied treasures of his "History" cannot be too highly valued. He passed his days in the Monasteries of Jarrow and Wearmouth, and died, full of years and honours, in the former Monastery, in the year 724. His remains were brought to Durham, and placed beside those of St. Cuthbert, in the year 1022, but were afterwards separated by Bishop Pudsey, in order to be placed in the Galilee which he had erected.

THE BISHOP'S THRONE

WAS erected in the latter part of the fourteenth century by Bishop Hatfield, who was interred at its foot. The ascent to the throne is by fourteen steps. The throne is a gorgeous canopy to the tomb of the ambitious prelate who erected it. The late Bishop, Dr. Baring, was so adverse to the idea of the Papacy which this exalted throne conveys that he never would sit in it.

THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY

OCCUPIES the site of what originally was the refectory of the Monastery. It was not applied to its present purpose until after the Restoration. It contains numerous illuminated manuscripts of the works of the Fathers, and an old copy of the Gospels of St. John, St. Luke, and St. Mark. There is also a Bible in four volumes which was presented by Bishop Pudsey seven hundred years ago. The books consist of about nine thousand volumes, and are unique in value and interest. There are also numerous objects of interest in the library, amongst which are Roman relics found at various Roman camps in the diocese, and also several sculptured stones, said to be of Anglo-Saxon origin. The most sacred relics, however, are fragments of St. Cuthbert's robes, which were removed from the coffin at the time of the exhumation in 1827.

THE CASTLE

Is a curious patchwork of various generations. Tradition supposes that prior to the time when William the Conqueror erected a keep to overawe the citizens and restrain the ravages of the Scots a castle of Saxon origin existed. Most probably this was only a residence. The Saxons were not fond of castles, which intrinsically belong to the feudal period ushered in at the Norman Conquest. As the Bishops began to realise their princely powers, their desire to have a residence suited to their rank seemed to grow. Consequently one Bishop after another made alterations according to his fancy. It is, however, fitting, now that the swords of rude warfare are beaten into the ploughshares of peace, that Durham Castle should be the *locus* of an University. Viewed from the exterior, the Castle presents a highly picturesque appearance. Entrance is obtained to it from the Palace Green through a castellated gateway, restored during the episcopate of Bishop Barrington. The quadrangle cannot fail at once to attract attention. The additions and alterations of comparatively recent prelates, while tending to remove the ancient appearance of the Castle, have given to it that old-world air which is equally or even more pleasing to the beholder. The keep is shorn of its former imposing grandeur, the upper part having been taken down in 1789 owing to its ruinous condition. For some years it presented the appearance of a picturesque ruin, but since the Castle was appropriated to the University it has been restored. A splendid view of the city is obtained from the top of the keep or from the walks which encircle the mound at its base. The fortifications of the Castle were formerly very extensive, and enclosed the *ballium*, from which the present street called the Bailey takes its name.

THE NORMAN CHAPEL

IN the Castle is considered to have been built by William the Conqueror. For many years the windows of this chapel were walled up. The window spaces have been opened, and the perfect character of the interior is distinguishable. The chapel consists of a nave and aisles. There is more carved work visible than is usual in chapels of Norman workmanship. The pavement is in a pattern of herring-bone work.

FRAMWELLGATE BRIDGE

THIS bridge is believed to have been the earliest structure of stone ever erected over the River Wear. It dates back to the early years of the twelfth century, and was built by Bishop Flambard. In order to protect the city from fear of surprise, a gateway surrounded by a tower was built on the city side. This was removed in 1760. Framwellgate Bridge is the approach to the city from the north, and, considering the large amount of traffic which passes over it, it is exceeding inconvenient. Yet it would be an act of ruthless desecration to remove a bridge which has borne the stress of weather and of time for over seven centuries.

ELVET BRIDGE

THIS bridge was built by Bishop Pudsey about the year 1160. It has undergone important structural alterations since that time. There were anciently two chapels upon it dedicated to St. James and St. Andrew, and tradition also asserts that a third chapel dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene existed. In 1805 the width of the bridge was doubled by order of the county authorities, and as it is now no wider than an ordinary country bridge, we may thus form an opinion of the cramped nature of the bridge in the old days. It is supposed that a subterranean passage formerly connected the castle with Finchale Priory, passing under the river near Elvet Bridge. About thirty years ago a strong smell of gas was noticed near the bridge, which could not be accounted for except on the supposition that it proceeded from this long closed passage. The authorities, however, were intensely practical—they placed a sort of collecting tank over the spot from which the gassy fumes arose, and from the centre of this tank they carried up to a considerable height over the bridge a hollow shaft. The gas thus concentrated was burnt in a large jet and gratuitous illumination provided. The only other bridge which exists in the city is

THE PREBENDS' BRIDGE,

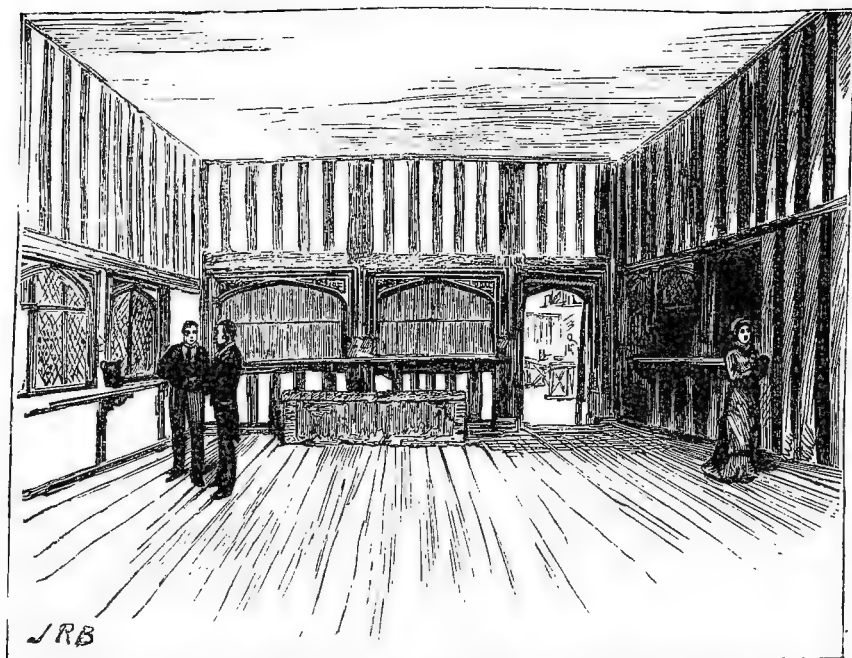
WHICH was built in 1772 to supply the place of a wooden bridge which having stood for two centuries was swept away by the great flood of 1771. From this bridge the scenic views to be obtained are enchanting. It was near this bridge that the celebrated

POLISH DWARF,

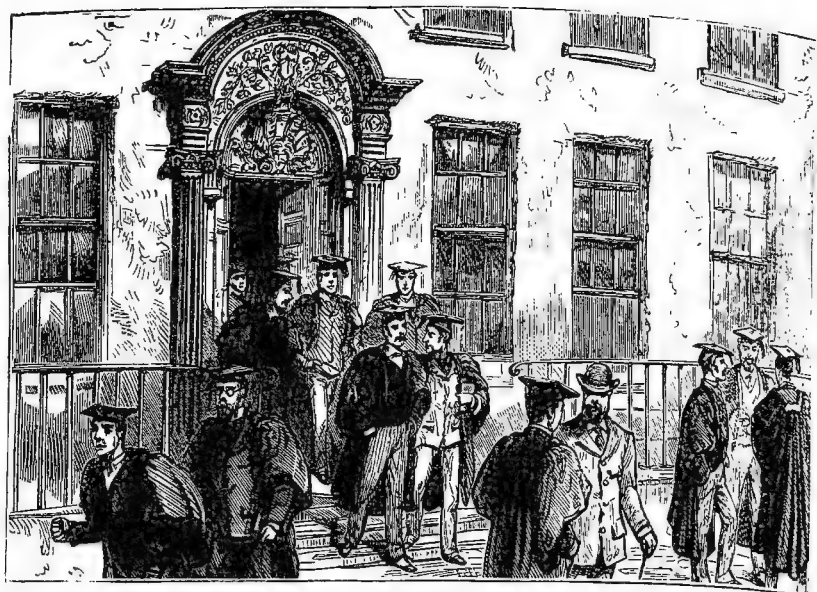
COUNT BORUWLASKI, resided for many years. He was the diminutive son of a Polish nobleman who had attached his fortunes to those of the unlucky Stanislaus. This nobleman had six children, three of whom were of ordinary size, and three were dwarfs. The Durham Count, or as he is still affectionately remembered, "the little Count," was only three feet two inches in height. He lived to be ninety-seven years old, and marrying at the age of forty-one a Polish lady of ordinary stature, he had three children who were all of the ordinary height. He was buried in the Chapel of the Nine Altars.

KEPIER HOSPITAL,

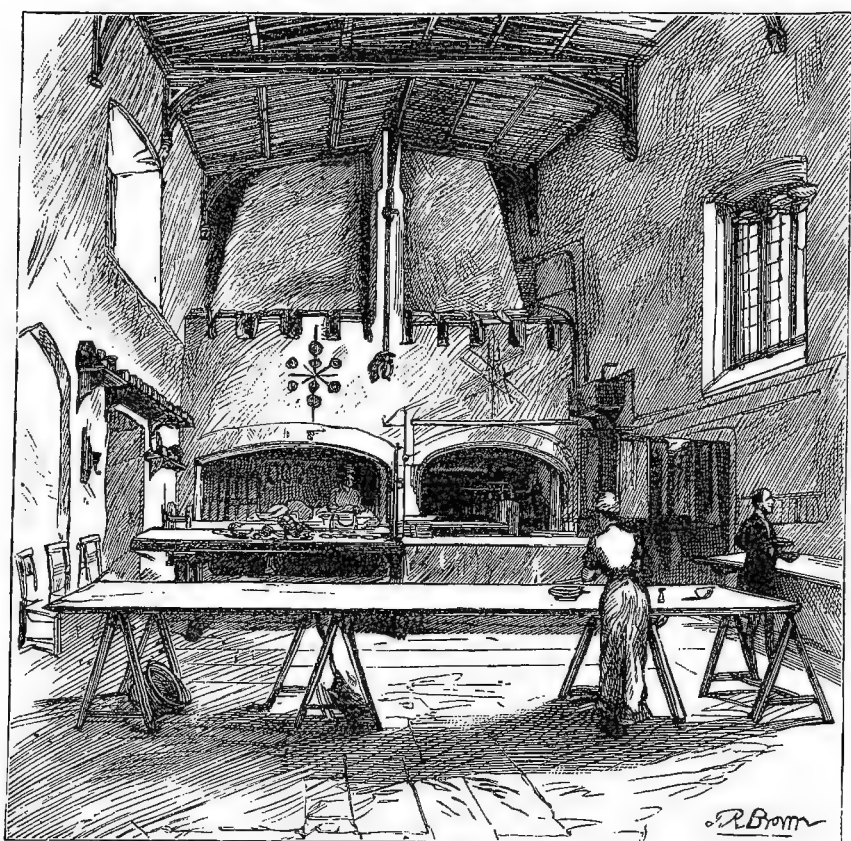
WHICH forms the subject of one of the illustrations, stands on the bank of the River Wear, about a mile north east from the city. It owes its foundation early in the twelfth century to Bishop



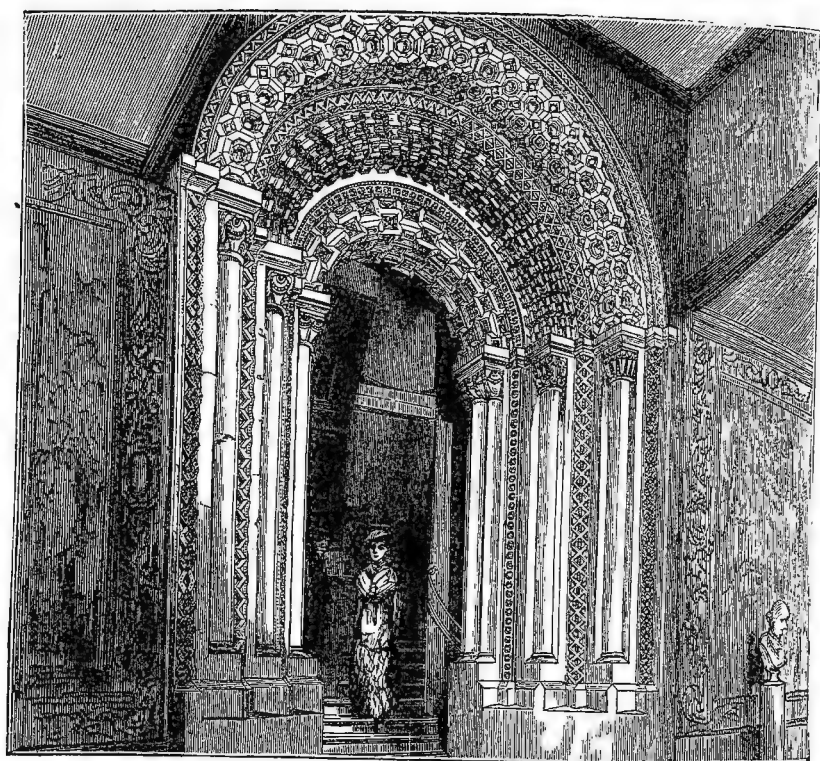
THE BUTTERY



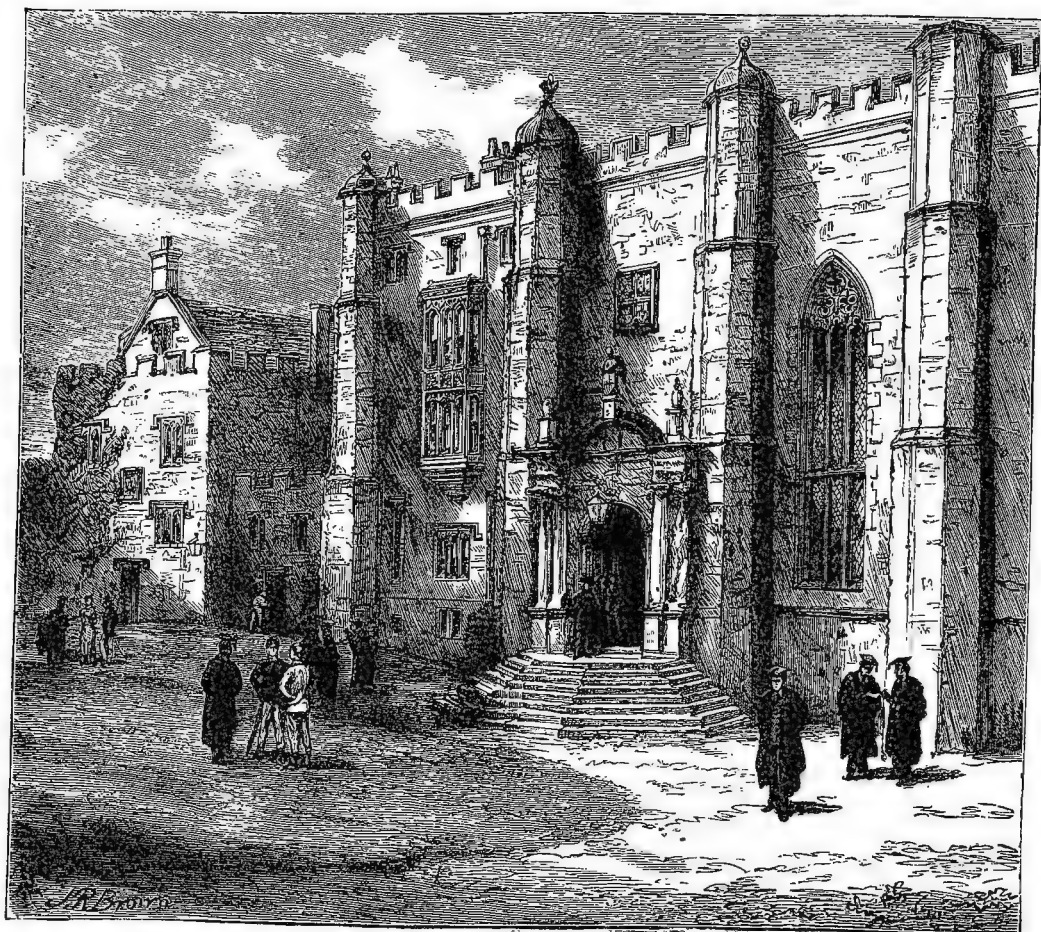
BISHOP COSIN'S HALL—STUDENTS COMING FROM LECTURE



THE KITCHEN



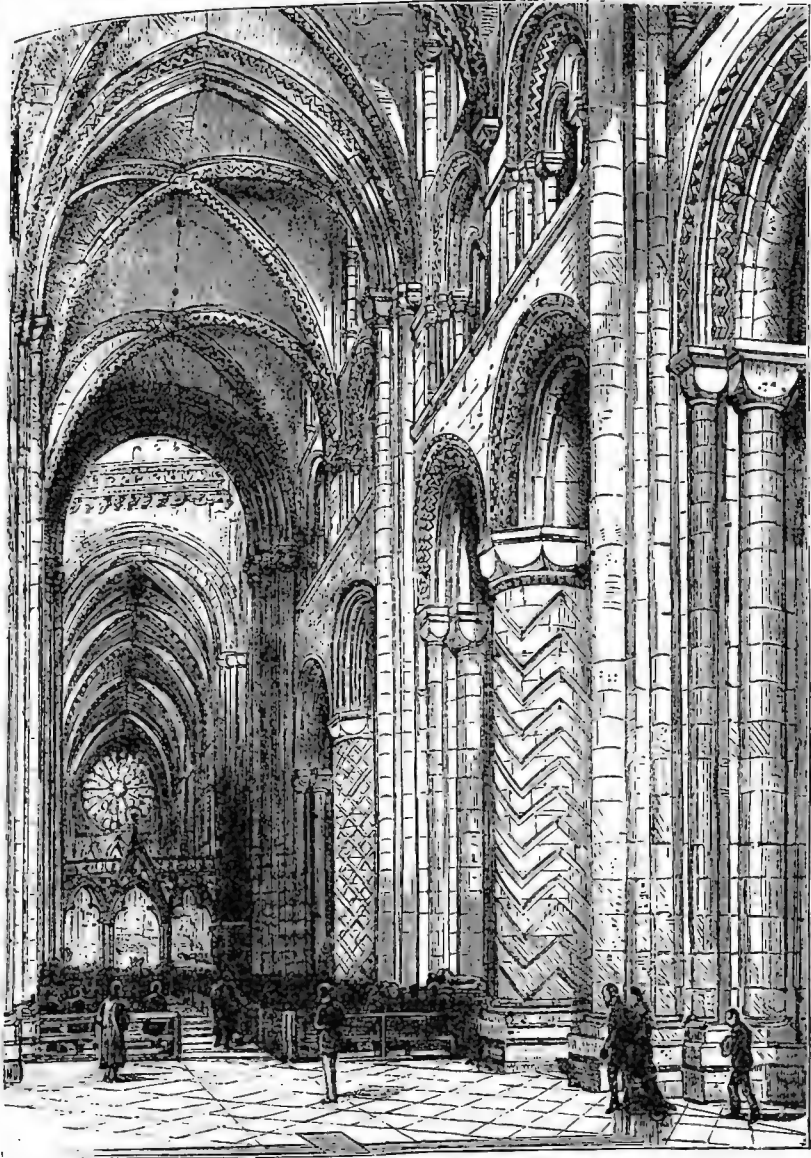
NORMAN DOORWAY



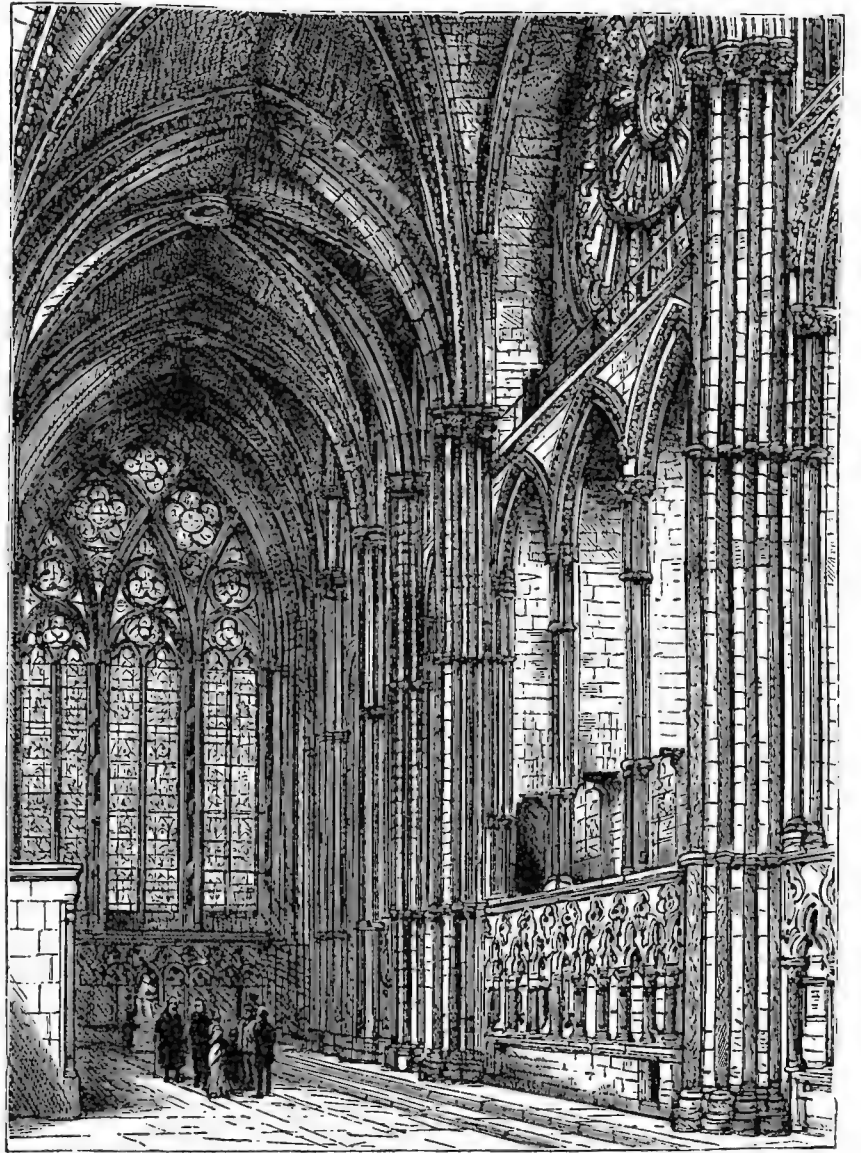
THE HALL



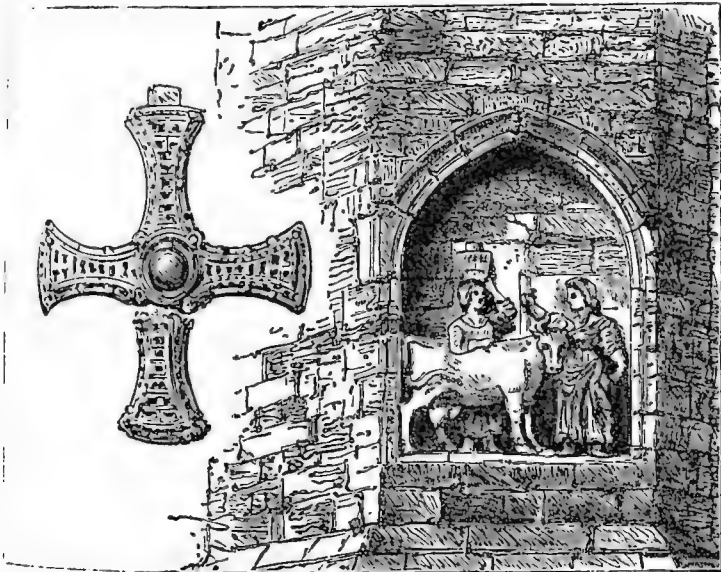
THE NORMAN CHAPEL



THE NAVE



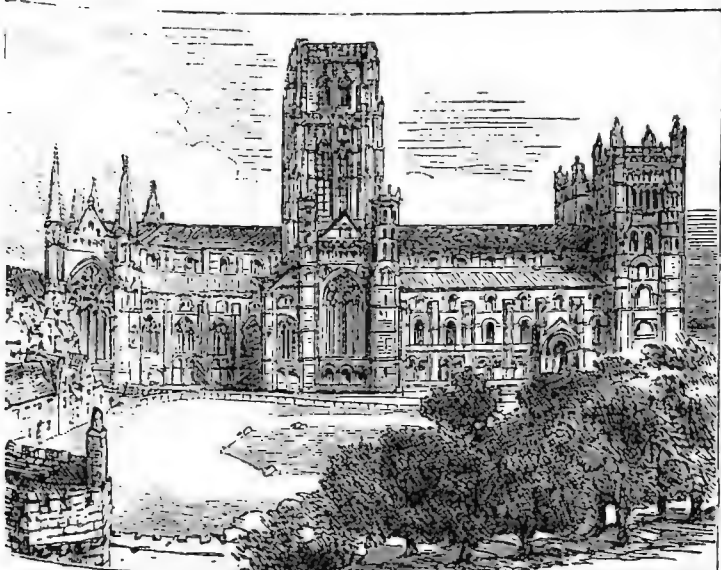
CHAPEL OF THE NINE ALTARS



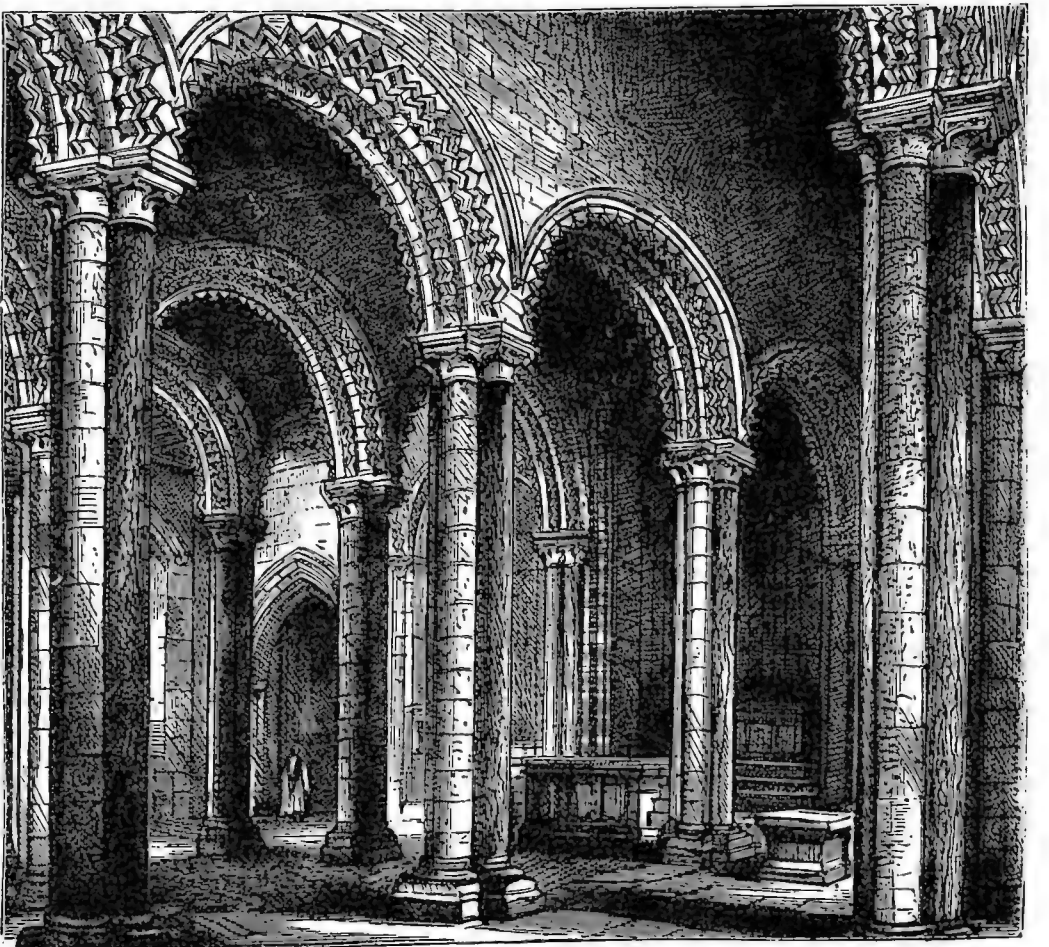
ST. CUTHBERT'S CROSS AND THE DUN COW



SITE OF THE BATTLE OF NEVILLE'S CROSS



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE CASTLE



THE GALILEE, CONTAINING THE TOMB OF THE VENERABLE BEDE

Flambard, who endowed it with lands for the purpose of making provision for the salary of the clerk officiating in the church of St. Giles, and for the maintenance of the poor. Bishop Pudsey afterwards added to its endowments, and decreed that it should consist of a master and thirteen brethren.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

DURHAM is rich in structures which come under this denomination. There are seven churches, two Roman Catholic chapels, and six Dissenting places of worship. Many of these churches are interesting monuments of antiquity; but the truth is that Durham so abounds with relics of bygone ages, that a considerable space would be necessary to give even a passing notice of them. The Gaol, the County Court buildings, the Penitentiary, the Training Colleges, and the Grammar School are all structures worthy of a city which has a modern as well as an ancient history.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

THE walks in the neighbourhood of Durham are full of interest. No reasonable man can readily be tired of the glorious sweep of landscape opened up to his vision on almost every hand. Many objects of interest, too, lie within easy reach of the city, foremost among which are the ruins of Finchale Priory. St. Godric, a hermit of peculiar austerity, was the founder of Finchale. The legends relate that this exemplary recluse practised the sternest penances, and, not satisfied with standing through the long hours of many a winter night up to his neck in the river, he used to sleep continually on the ground, with a stone for his pillow. And in order to still mortify the flesh, he mixed ashes with his bread, and kept this dainty mixture until it was mouldy before he ventured to eat it, "lest," pathetically say the chroniclers, "it should be too good." Sherburn Hospital is another object of interest. It was founded by Bishop Pudsey as a shelter for sixty-five poor lepers. When in the fifteenth century it was found that this disease was non-existent, a change was made in the rules of the institution, by which it was converted into a refuge for old men. There are fifteen in and fifteen out-brethren. A free dispensary has also been added to the hospital, which is open to all poor people who may apply for its benefits. A hospital, in the modern sense of the word, has also been erected. The funds of this institution are very considerable, being derived from landed property which is rich in minerals. Brancepeth Castle and Church are also within easy reach. It has been previously mentioned that Brancepeth Castle was the seat of the powerful Nevilles. Although the present Castle is mainly of modern date, having been erected by the late owner, Mr. Matthew Russell, at a cost of over a quarter of a million, there are many portions of the ancient building still standing. The Castle now belongs to the Hon. Gustavus Hamilton Russell, Viscount Boyne in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Brancepeth in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, to whom it came by marriage, when he assumed the name of Russell.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS

THE University of Durham, although of modern date, is practically a revival of scholastic privileges which existed prior to the dissolution of the monasteries. Up to that time there was a Durham College at Oxford University, which was endowed from the revenues of the Diocese of Durham. Its possessions were handed over by the King to the new Dean and Chapter in 1541. A century later, in the time of the Commonwealth, Cromwell established a College at Durham, which, however, was soon crushed by the jealousy of the two great Universities. No successful effort was made to revive it until 1832, when, during the Episcopate of Bishop van Mildert, an application was made to Parliament to appropriate lands to the foundation and maintenance of an University. By the arrangements made within the next few years the University had a sum of 7,500*l.* at its disposal, and Chairs of Divinity, Greek, and Mathematics were at once established. Professorships in nearly all the items in the curriculum of knowledge now exist, and the degrees which the University confers are held in high estimation. The Grammar School is a modern extension of a foundation of Henry VIII.'s reign. It stands on the other side of the River Wear, the "Old School," originally the Grammar School, on the Palace Green, being now used as a Lecture Room for the University. The Diocesan Training Colleges for Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses—the former established in 1841, and the latter in 1858—are both doing good work in the thorough training of teachers of the young. Select Schools for Young Ladies are necessary adjuncts of Cathedral Cities, and Durham is not behind its competitors. The bright, merry countenances of "sweet girl graduates" light up the old, narrow streets like sunshine.

THE UNIVERSITY JUBILEE

ON Wednesday, the 28th June last, the Jubilee of the establishment of the University was celebrated. Several honorary degrees were conferred upon clergymen and men of science in the county, whose reputation is already world-spread. Bishop Lightfoot contributed in a very graceful manner the sum of 1,000*l.*, to be devoted to the founding of a scholarship, to be called not after himself, but by the name of the great Bishop du Bury. A Jubilee Window, built to the design of Mr. Kemp, of London, has also been placed in the dining-hall of the castle, to celebrate the attainment of the fiftieth anniversary of the University.

FAREWELL GLANCE

DURHAM is a city which cannot fail to interest an Englishman deeply. Its general appearance and its old buildings convey the idea of solidity. The *parvenu* element has no place there, except as before mentioned, on Saturday nights, when it comes from the outside. The very shop windows indicate that there is no slovenliness. All is neat and eminently respectable. The Cathedral service is glorious; the walks are full of beauty; the people are affable; and the inn accommodation is capital. Can more be said? If so the omission is not intentional.

Sunderland

THE town of Sunderland is one of the many remarkable North country instances of rapid development during the present century. It is not, however, a new creation, but its progress within the past forty years has been very great. At the beginning of the century the population of the borough was barely 20,000, while at the last census it amounted to 124,960. Sunderland is the largest town in the County of Durham, and takes prominent rank among the great North-country towns. It is still developing, and there is every reason to believe that each successive census will reveal a considerable increase. It will be seen that this is not a doubtful assumption, seeing that the population has increased fifty per cent. since 1861. The evidences of vigorous life are to be seen on every hand. There are numerous signs not only that the people are determined to live, but also to enjoy life. A good or bad digestion is said to have a great effect on a man's temper. We think it may also be asserted that the "bleak North-easters" which blow from the "German foam" have the power to make men sturdy of purpose, self-reliant, and vigorous. These qualities the men of Sunderland possess, and there

is no reason to prevent their town rivalling its proud neighbour, Newcastle.

MUNICIPAL HISTORY

BISHOP PUDSEY was the first to grant a Charter of Privileges to the town of Sunderland. Towards the end of the twelfth century this famous Bishop decreed that similar privileges to those enjoyed by the burgesses of Newcastle should appertain to the dwellers in Sunderland. Those privileges were exceedingly extensive, comprising the hearing of all pleas arising within the borough. Under this charter a "Head-borough" was appointed who was both magistrate and constable, and a regular form of local government was adopted. From the twelfth to the seventeenth century the government of the town was conducted mainly at the caprice of the Bishops. In 1634 Bishop Morton incorporated the town and appointed a Mayor, twelve Aldermen, and a Town Council to manage local affairs. In the first list of aldermen we find the names of knights and gentlemen who afterwards took part in the Civil War, and some of whom were the ancestors of families which have now attained to great honours. The conflict between King Charles I. and his Parliament shortly afterwards breaking out, Sunderland did not long enjoy the privileges conferred by its charter. The document itself appears to have been lost, and the newly-consolidated borough fell again into somnolence, continuing thus for nearly two centuries, when it was aroused by the flutter of life which, early in the second quarter of the present century, began to career through the main arteries of the country. In 1835 the provisions of the Municipal Reform Act were applied to Sunderland, and a Mayor and Corporation elected. The Town Council now consists of sixteen Aldermen and forty-eight Councillors.

THE RIVER WEAR

SUNDERLAND is peculiarly situated, being both an important sea and river port. Its position at the estuary of a broad navigable river gives it a twofold advantage. It is, so to speak, both the collecting and distributing port for a busy district, abounding in chemical works, ironworks, bottle-works, shipbuilding yards, and other industries which blacken and deface the loveliness of Nature, while yielding the power of living to myriads of human beings who thrive despite the smoke and grime. The Wear rises in the westernmost district of the county, passes through Weardale, a rich pastoral land, whose people still exhibit a primitive simplicity in their manners and customs, and, after flowing by the sacred fane of St. Cuthbert, meanders in all kinds of serpentine contortions in a north-easterly direction to Sunderland. Among the schemes of the eighteenth century was one for making the Wear navigable to Durham. The task would have been a herculean one, and the benefit resulting from it very doubtful. The scheme was sanctioned by Parliament, and then lapsed. The river is now navigable for several miles above Sunderland. A navigable river is always the pulse of the town upon its banks, and a glance at it is sufficient to give an observer accurate information as to the commercial health of the town. If a stranger could be popped down on the Wearmouth Bridge, looking seaward, he would be sure to form the opinion that he was in a prosperous town. The ceaseless clang of the riveters' hammers rising from the shipyards is not devoid of melody to the man who remembers that each stroke means bread for the hungry. And the numberless vessels of all nationalities and all sizes, from the three thousand tons' screw steamer to the humble brig, which are gliding to their moorings, or starting to encounter the wonders of the deep, will afford food for earnest reflection. The "ancient and fish-like smell," which characterised Old Sunderland in the days when Osbaldistone Hall received its supply of fish from thence, and Rob Roy was doing the bloody deeds which Sir Walter Scott transformed into charming romance, is not now distinguishable. The smell is no doubt there, but it is so blended with other evil odours—which, however, are evidently, as doctors put it, "not prejudicial to health"—that a happy neutrality is arrived at, which, upon sufficient make-believe, might be taken for the perfume of the hawthorn bloom. There is more in the little Marchioness's theory of make-believe than is generally supposed. The Antipodean whom we have placed on Wearmouth Bridge hearing, seeing, and smelling all that of which mention has just been made, would not be long in arriving at the conclusion that Sunderland is a town which echoes all the busy life of the nation. The River Wear is cared for by a Board of Commissioners, to whom also the South Docks belong. The North Eastern Railway Company owns a dock on the northern bank of the river, but in the main the townspeople have fought their own battle unaided by the gigantic capital of the "Great Monopoly." Several years ago Mr. W. J. Young, a gentleman who is now the managing partner of the West Hartlepool Steam Navigation Company, and was recently elected a Director of the North-Eastern Railway Company, was a resident in Sunderland, and a member of the Town Council there. At the time the Wear Commissioners were moving to obtain possession of the South Docks, Mr. Young endeavoured to obtain the assent of the Corporation to a resolution asking the North-Eastern Railway Company to become the purchasers, but without effect. If this scheme had been carried out, no doubt Sunderland would have more rapidly developed than it has. From the Wear Commissioners' return of the trade of the port for the year ended 31st December, 1881, we find that in that year 7,740 vessels cleared from the port as against 7,858 in the previous year. This seeming decrease represents, however, an actual increase of trade. The tendency of every year is to crush out the small and slow-sailing craft in order to make room for vessels of from 500 to 2,000 tons burthen. The decrease in number of vessels in 1881 was more than made up by the increase in the registered tonnage of the vessels plying. Large numbers of small wooden ships, however, still trade to the port, waiting with a pathetic hopefulness for the day, which hundreds of old-fashioned seamen expect, when iron ships shall be no more. The competitive commerce of the world does not sufficiently appreciate either "hearts of oak" or "jolly tars." The principal imports are timber, pit props, chalk, iron, and iron ore, while the main exports are first and foremost coal, and also lime, iron, chemicals, patent fuel, and bottles. The revenue of the Wear Commissioners is about 124,000*l.* a year. The great progress of Sunderland as a coal port may be gathered from the fact that whereas the quantity shipped in 1861 was 1,643,024 tons, in 1881 it was 3,604,325 tons.

THE DOCKS

THE hand of that great Wizard of the North, Mr. George Hudson, M.P., who will be known to all time as the Railway King, was felt in Sunderland. It was in the heyday of his fame, while England and France were railway mad, and the speculators of both countries bowed before him, that he was first chosen to represent Sunderland in Parliament, which he continued to do for fourteen years, when, with the proverbial aversion of Englishmen to the setting sun, his constituents gave him the go-by. The Sunderland Dock Company, which formed and owned the South Docks, was inaugurated by him. He was chairman of the company. Two of these docks are called after him, the Hudson Dock North and the Hudson Dock South. The former consists of 18 acres, and the latter of 14 acres. The third dock is named the Hendon Dock, and covers 11 acres. These docks have the advantage of two outlets to the sea, so that vessels, when loaded, can speedily re-enter their native element. The docks were transferred from the Sunderland Dock Company to the Wear Commissioners by an Act of Parliament passed in 1859. The North Dock, which belongs, as previously stated, to the North

Eastern Railway Company, covers 6 acres, and is capable of receiving vessels of a heavy draught of water. The Docks at any hour of the day present a lively appearance. The entrances are crossed by swinging bridges, over which large numbers of persons are continually passing. As vessels require entrance or exit the passenger traffic is temporarily suspended, and the interrupted pedestrians occupy their time in watching or participating in the larks or antics of the "boys" of the Naval Reserve training-ship *Durham*. The Havelock Wharf, from whence the London steamers depart, is often lively enough.

THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE

VIEWED from the cliff at Roker on the north shore, the harbour entrance presents an imposing appearance. The North Pier is 1,770 feet long and is massively built. At its eastern extremity is a lighthouse, built of freestone, 75 feet in height, and estimated to weigh 300 tons. Upon additions to the pier in 1841, this lighthouse was lifted *holus-bolus* 420 feet eastward, under the directions of Mr. Murray, an engineer who did many bold and successful things. Not only did he save several hundred pounds to the Wear Commissioners, as compared with the cost of taking down and rebuilding, but his feat served to attract much attention to the port. The South Pier is 650 yards long, and at its eastern end is an iron lighthouse. Sunderland is a Coastguard Station of importance, and guns of heavy calibre are placed on both banks. From the cliff at Roker, on a clear day, the town of Seaham Harbour, the Marquess of Londonderry's coal port, can be very plainly seen, and further south the bold sweep of the Hartlepool headland; while northwards the pretty village of Whitburn, clean, comely, and inviting in its appearance of nestling repose, is sure to attract attention.

THE BRIDGES

A TIDAL river has its advantages and its disadvantages. The connection of the two banks in a way which will meet the exigencies of these busy times, when men grow impatient at the slightest stoppage, is a very serious problem. This difficulty, however, has been admirably surmounted at Sunderland; literally *surmounted*. The Wearmouth Bridge was first constructed in 1790. It was then 23 feet wide. In 1858 seven feet more were added to its width. This bridge in the early days of its history was familiarly known as the Rowley Burdon Bridge, being so called after its projector, Rowland Burdon, Esq., of the ancient Castle Eden family. The bridge, which is of iron, consists of a single arch, having a span of 236 feet. The spring of the arch is 33 feet, and its height from low water 100 feet. The arch rests on piers of heavy masonry. The bridge, with the alterations, cost 40,000*l.* The iron used in its construction weighed 260 tons. The North-Eastern Railway Company's Bridge is a few yards to the west of the Wearmouth Bridge. It is an iron-girder bridge, resting on a stone viaduct of three arches at each end. Although over 1,000 tons of iron were used in its construction, its appearance is not at all heavy. This bridge gave the long-desired connection between Hartlepool and Newcastle *via* Sunderland. Great progress has been made in the railway system of Sunderland since the day when the Brandling Junction Railway was opened amid great rejoicing. But it is only quite recently that Sunderland has been favoured with what is known in railway parlance as "through" connection between districts north and south. No county in the kingdom exhibits worse instances of the mischief of sectional railway systems than Durham. The monopoly of the North-Eastern Railway Company may have its evils, but it had commenced with the history of railways in the county, there would never have been the network of lines which now exists, and which prevents the traveller from getting straight to any place. It will hardly be credited that the journey by rail from West Hartlepool to Durham, a distance, as the crow flies, of about fourteen miles, occupies two hours.

IRON SHIPBUILDING

SUNDERLAND has been known as a ship-building port for very many years. Before the rage for iron ships had set in it was noted as a ship-building port, and in the year 1841, 141 wooden vessels, of 40,396 gross tonnage, were built there. In 1881 90 vessels, mainly of iron, of 154,932 gross tonnage, were launched. There are now 16 shipyards on the Wear and at the port, employing several thousands of workmen, and it is not very wide of the mark to say that at least one and a half millions sterling were paid for the ships launched in 1881. The returns for 1882 show a further great development.

OTHER INDUSTRIES

THE population of Sunderland has been gathered together from almost every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue. In addition to the heterogeneous element which is a necessary consequence of a seaport, and in which the German and the Jew predominate, the ironworks have drawn largely from Ireland, Wales, and Staffordshire, the bottle trade from Northumberland, and the coal trade from the agricultural districts. Sunderland is in the happy position of not being totally dependent on one great industry, and is consequently not so deeply affected by the waves of depression which periodically pass over every trade. There are also anchor and chain-cable works, marine-engine works, patent fuel works, spelter works, rope and wire works, and many other industries.

FAMOUS MEN

SUNDERLAND can present a good muster-roll of famous men. From Benedict, the monk, who erected a splendid abbey at Monkwearmouth (which is within the borough of Sunderland) in the seventh century, embellishing it with the wealth of Italy, to the Venerable Bede, who studied in the cool cloisters which Benedict had built, the list of celebrities would bear inspection. It is not, however, to the dim past that we now desire to draw attention, but to comparatively modern times. And foremost in chronological order comes Dr. Paley, who was Rector of one of the snugest livings in the kingdom, that of Bishopwearmouth Church, which is valued at 1,650*l.* a year. The once-famous "Evidences of Christianity" are still revered in theological circles, not merely for their past triumphs but for their intrinsic merit. Next comes Sir Henry Havelock, the Indian hero, the story of whose unparalleled gallantry under the most disheartening circumstances has done more to keep up the morale of the British Army than all the regulations that were ever framed. Sir Henry Havelock was born at Ford Hall, Bishopwearmouth. His memory is affectionately cherished in Sunderland, and his imperishable name perpetuated in numerous ways. The monument in the People's Park, which was erected by public subscription, is one of the tangible marks of appreciation in which the townspeople have indulged. The present Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, the son of the Indian General, represented Sunderland in Parliament until, upon receiving a brigade command, he was compelled to resign his seat. He was with his father on his death-bed at Lucknow, and himself performed deeds of daring and high courage in the terrible Indian struggle. It is very much to be regretted that the crocheted of a wealthy relative, the late Robert Henry Allan, of Blackwell Hall, who appointed him residuary legatee, should have made it compulsory upon a hero, and the son of a hero, to sink the heroic name. We have previously alluded to the Railway King, and his connection with Sunderland. Another name which commands universal respect is that of the great Wesleyan Methodist lecturer and preacher,

William Morley Punshon, who, as a pale-faced and not prepossessing lad, regularly attended the Sans Street Wesleyan Chapel. He was destined to become a lecturer, the charms of whose eloquence the most fastidious were ready to acknowledge. His abilities raised him to the highest office in the Wesleyan Society—that of President of the English Conference, and in Canada he was esteemed a very apostle. The Metropolitan Tabernacle in the City of Toronto, which was built for him, is deemed to be the finest specimen of chapel architecture in the world. The name of Sir George Elliot is well known in England. He was created a Baronet by Lord Beaconsfield, and every true North-countryman felt the honour as his own. In his early life he was but a "pit laddie." While yet a young man he became viewer at the Pemberton Pit at Monkwearmouth, where his father had the care of the pit horses. He is now one of the two members for the northern division of the county, and a man of wealth and influence. Lord Beaconsfield placed great reliance on his opinion on Egyptian matters. Sir George has considerable monetary interests in Egypt.

THE TOWN

THE traveller from the South arrives at a subterranean station. The train draws up at a platform which is seventeen feet below the street-level, and is therefore always sombre-hued. Passengers' luggage is conveyed to the upper world by hydraulic lifts. It would undoubtedly be an improvement if the passengers themselves could be also conveyed that way, instead of having to mount a flight of steep steps. This station, which has only been in use about three years, opens all the world to those who wish to leave Sunderland. Previous to its erection, those desiring to go Northward had to walk or ride across the Wearmouth Bridge to Monkwearmouth, while sectional stations for the South existed on the Sunderland side. Leaving the Station, entrance is gained to

THE HIGH STREET,

PART of which is in the Township of Sunderland, and part in that of Bishopwearmouth. It is surprising to find how these old places—Bishopwearmouth and Monkwearmouth—retain their individuality, although they form part of the Borough of Sunderland. The High Street is a long street, but unfortunately not of sufficient width to display its extent to the best advantage. The uneven nature of the ground on which it is built also prevents any idea of its general appearance being derived at a glance. It presents the appearance of the main artery of a thriving town, and for a considerable part of its length consists wholly of fine shops. Eastward, a sudden declivity conveys to

THE RIVERSIDE,

ON the southern shore of the river. Here the quaintness and old setting of the town become apparent. Gables which appear to have been built solely to defy the tide present their smoke-begrimed, unlovely sides to the view. Low houses, with ambitious roofs, wedged into curious corners; and precipitous flights of worn stone steps leading up to all kinds of curious wynds and alleys. The appearance of the days of other years is unmistakably present—the days when town surveyors were not, and each man built his house to suit his own convenience, regardless of the comfort of his neighbour. Yet, notwithstanding the smoke and dirt, there is a certain picturesqueness about this bit of Old Sunderland.

MONKWEARMOUTH

Is on the north shore of the Wear. As its name indicates, it has a monkish origin. It was here that the monk Benedict Biscop founded an abbey to the splendour of which previous allusion has been made. Although this abbey was destroyed during the Danish invasions in the eighth century, an establishment of monks afterwards settled there. The parish church of St. Peter was founded in the year 674. The tower is of Saxon origin, and the church was restored six years ago at a cost of 6,000*l.* In Monkwearmouth

THE WEARMOUTH COLLIERY

Is situated. The Pemberton Pit is said to be one of the deepest and most extensive coal mines in the world. The sinking of the shaft was commenced in 1826, but the operations were not concluded till 1834. A good story used to be told of the original proprietor, Mr. Pemberton, who on being urged not to waste his money on sinking lower, as the shaft was becoming so hot from the internal heat of the earth that the coal could not be profitably wrought out, replied testily, "Well, if I cannot get coals, I'll go lower till I get cinders." The cost of the sinking of this pit is said to have been 100,000*l.*

ROKER

Is the bathing place for Sunderland, and is reached by tramcar. Its elevated position commands a splendid view of the sea. The sands, which appear to be firm, though not so good as those at Seaton Carew and Redcar, further down the coast, are studded with bathing machines. Several acres of land have been devoted to the purposes of a public park.

THE PEOPLE'S PARK

Is a really splendid recreation ground, and is tastefully laid out. The land about Sunderland lends itself admirably to purposes of ornamentation. From the eminence on which the statue of General Havelock stands, a splendid view of the sea and of a large portion of the town can be obtained. The park is a favourite resort of the inhabitants, though not so essential as a "lung" as are parks in large inland towns. At its entrance stands

THE MUSEUM AND FREE LIBRARY

THE former contains many ornithological objects of interest, the latter a collection of 8,000 volumes for the free use of the inhabitants, together with a spacious and well-supplied reading-room. A winter garden is situated at the back of the Museum, and facing into the Park.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

THE principal public buildings in addition to those already referred to are the churches and chapels, most of which evince a pleasing degree of liberality on the part of their congregations in the style of their erection. The Bishopwearmouth and the Sunderland parish churches are both objects of interest, though not possessing any very special relics of the bygone time. The Victoria Hall, the Masonic Hall, the Orphan Asylum, the Donnison School, the Infirmary, and the Dispensary and Hospital for Sick Children are all such buildings and institutions as one would expect to find in a large and thriving town.

SEAHAM HARBOUR

A SEAPORT intended as an outlet for the Marquess of Londonderry's collieries, is situated six miles south of Sunderland. It was planned in 1828, and has grown to be a town of over 10,000 inhabitants. There are bottle works, chemical works, and blast furnaces. A lighthouse built upon a prominent rock is a noticeable feature. At Old Seaham, a village a short distance from Seaham Harbour, Lord Byron was married, and his signature in the register is still proudly shown.

THE PEOPLE

SUNDERLAND is a Radical borough. There is a Roundhead air about it which makes itself apparent. The celebrated Colonel Lilbourne, a Parliamentary soldier, was born here, in an old house near the Pottery Bank. During the Civil War Newcastle was intensely loyal, and the Parliamentarians therefore made great efforts to obtain possession of Sunderland, which they effected. The Scottish army, under General Leslie, encamped in what was known as the West Fann Field. Scotchmen are noted for sticking, and consequently it is not surprising to find that after the army had departed a decided flavour of Presbyterianism and hard-headed notions remained. The Puritan and Scottish influence remains. The people are shrewd, keen, incredulous, and independent. There is a strong Yankee inclination to "trade" on every possible occasion, and the town swarms with building societies, which, offering the inducement of making "every man his own landlord," appear to find much favour. A few years ago the "barter" system prevailed to a very large extent, and the inhabitants got on very comfortably without the circulation of much hard cash. Nonconformity is very powerful in Sunderland, though the Established Church has many friends, and the livings are all of the substantial, old-fashioned sort. The annals of the town reveal the determination of the inhabitants "not to stand nonsense" in past years, a spirit which still strongly exists, though its manifestations are made in a more lawful manner. It is related that in 1783, when "smart lads" were wanted for the Royal Navy, the sailors of Sunderland made a raid of vengeance upon those persons who had informed of them to the pressgang. When they had seized the informers, they fastened them to poles, and so conveyed them in extempore pillories through the streets, exposed to all kinds of brutal insults. One man died in consequence, and so strong was mob-law that his relatives did not dare to bury him. In 1801, when wars and rumours of wars sent up the price of bread, a large body of rioters seized the carts, and did great mischief in the Corn Market. When one of their body was seized and imprisoned, they triumphantly rescued him. Later still, when there were great rejoicings in Sunderland in consequence of the success of English arms on the Continent, the mob broke the windows and damaged the houses of the Quakers, who refused to illuminate, and made impromptu illuminations of tar barrels and other inflammable materials at their front doors, to the great terror of the stubborn men of peace. In 1815 the keelmen pulled down a bridge which had been erected at Bishopwearmouth for the purpose of expediting the unloading of coal. The wreck of machinery was very great. In the following year, when the tradesmen declined to take coins which were totally defaced, King Mob came out again, and wrecked all the flour and provision shops, in the spirit of "I'll teach yer" adopted by Max Adeler's friend, Cooley, towards his little boy. Many other instances of what, with the sinister police interpretation, might be called the "determined character" of the people two or three generations ago, might be given. The aggressive spirit is now modified, and moves in constitutional channels, but it still exists. The town of Sunderland is essentially a town of hard workers, and hard workers are generally self-assertive.

T. H. NORTH

Like Ships upon the Sea

(Continued from page 121)

enterprise of a few patriotic citizens, willing, even at some personal sacrifice, to assist the cause of the suffering proletariat!"

Bini read the slips after her as she rapidly ran through them, and flung them aside, one after the other.

"Ecco!" she exclaimed when she had finished the last. "A nice pasticcio it would have been, if I had not thought of coming here this morning."

Bini, whose powers of synthesis were but mediocre, and whose fine tragic mask hid an essentially common-place and rather dull character, looked at her in perplexity. "Nardi's article is all right, at all events, isn't it?" said he.

"What? In the face of that tirade in the *Messaggero della Pace*! It must not appear on any account. Not on any account!"

"But why not?"

Nina was tempted imperiously to answer "Never mind why." But she checked the impulse with her habitual self-command. It was necessary to have patience, and to explain,—at least sufficiently to prevent Bini from ignorantly doing mischief. "This article in the *Messenger*," she said, "is not done by any of our people. It is a move of the enemy."

"But the enemy seems to be playing our game."

"That enemy plays no one's game but his own. Peretti has probably been unable to hold his tongue. The idea of the scheme has leaked out, and they are determined to be beforehand with us."

Bini frowned with an air of deep and grave meditation. But it was manifest to the keen eyes which were watching him that he did not yet understand the situation.

"The object of that article," pursued Nina, "is to force the thing; to draw public attention to it; and to run up the price—"

"Of the shares!" interrupted Bini with a look of sudden inspiration. Then he added less glibly, "Well, but then—so much the better for us."

"Not at all of the shares; of the land! To raise the price of the land. It is worth rather less than nothing to sell, as things are now. But once make that notion of the Company popular, and it becomes as valuable as if it grew gold and petroleum;—at all events for a time."

"But why,—since the land belongs to the State and to Ciccio Nasoni, whom they don't love,—why should the *Messenger* wish to add to the value of the land?"

"That is what I am not sure of. But I shall find a 'because' to that 'why.' I have a faint clue already. Meanwhile the whole thing must be written down by the *Star* without delay. You had better do something at once to replace Nardi's article."

"But Peretti—"

"Peretti does not want the whole world to think the plan a profitable one before he has got the concession. And then imagine giving the Right such an opportunity! Can't you see the leaders in the *Italia Monarchica* and the *Boccaccio* on the subject? We observe a striking and suspicious harmony between the *Black Messenger of Peace* and the *Red Star of Progress* respecting the bonification of the land round Mattoccia. Another proof, if proof were needed, that the two irreconcilable enemies of the peace and prosperity of Italy are in accord, and so on, and so on. We know it by heart. But it would be damaging. Sit down, Bini. You had better just scribble off an article while I am here."

Bini made a faint last attempt at resistance: "Had we not better wait to ask Beppe whether—to see what Beppe thinks?"

"Beppe is not in Rome. If my husband had been here I should not have troubled myself to come to the office. I will answer for Beppe's approbation."

She insisted on Bini's taking his place in the armchair, pushed aside a mass of papers to make room for him to write, and took up her post on the dusty magenta-coloured sofa, announcing that she did not mean to leave it until Bini should have completed his task.

She would not have treated him so cavalierly in the presence of a third person. One secret of Nina's influence was that she was careful to say her sweet things before witnesses, and to reserve any necessary bitterness for a *à-tête-à-tête*. Nine out of ten of the men around her did not so much desire that she should hold a high opinion of them, as that the other men should think she held it. And if Bini were treated with scant deference in private, he would feel himself amply compensated by and bye, when the Signora praised his leading article before Silvotti and the rest, and gave him all the credit of having invented it.

Bini wrote on for some time. His pen did not move quite so rapidly as it had done in writing to the constituents at Porte Moresco. The sense that he was now doing his proper business as a journalist naturally damped his enjoyment. But he had a good deal of facility in stringing sentences together; and his flow of words was never checked by self-criticism. And so,—with a hint or two from Nina, neatly given in an interrogative form, as: "Wouldn't you touch on this point?" and "I suppose you mean to mention that point?"—the article got finished in a comparatively short time. The gist of it was an attack on the Ministry, and especially on the Minister of Public Works, for entertaining the iniquitous project of confiding the bonification of the Mattoccia district to the hands of the Clericals. If they touched it, it would be for selfish and reactionary ends. And, indeed, that they approved of it at all discredited the whole scheme. It was a mere speculation for improving the value of their own property, and promised nothing for the amelioration of the condition of their wretched serfs. Bini brought in the phrase from Nardi's article about the "myrmidons of the monarchy," which he considered a good, stout, journalistic common-place, with as much wear in it as a copper *soldo*; and like the *soldo* none the worse for being battered and greasy with use. He had a large collection of such current coin, and returned twenty of them in exchange for an adversary's silver *lira*, with a triumphant sense of giving the public something worth having. And, in fact, if coin were to be chiefly used as missiles, the coppers would have incontestable advantages over gold and silver.

Nina read the slips as Bini wrote them. "Poor Gigi!" said she, when she had come to the end. "It is a little too hard on him. But what can one do?"

"Gigi" was Signor Luigi Silenzi, who held the portfolio of Public Works. In his day he had been a rebel and a conspirator, and many of his party could not see that the objects of his rebellion and conspiracy having been attained was any reason why he should leave off rebelling and conspiring. They mourned over Gigi's perversion to the ways of peace and legality, and would not be comforted.

"Do you think that is the sort of thing we want?" asked Bini, begging piteously for his bit of sugar.

"Yes, yes; capital!" answered Nina. "You have done it admirably." But she was still absent and meditative, and Bini felt that he had not yet had his due.

"When does Beppe come back?" he asked, as he escorted the Signora Guarini down the dirty stairs to her carriage.

"The day after to-morrow, perhaps. Come this evening. You may as well dine with me. There will only be old Giorgi, and we can have a talk before the others arrive. Good-bye. At seven."

Then, as she waved her hand to him from the *coupé*, Bini admitted to himself that his lump of sugar had been of handsome size. For an invitation to dine *en petit comité* at Casa Guarini was esteemed a special privilege, which placed its recipient in an enviable position with those who frequented that house, and it was a privilege not indiscriminately accorded.

Nina, as she drove home, leant back in the *coupé* with a thoughtful brow. "I have a good mind," said she to herself, "I really have almost determined to see Max myself." It would have astounded a large and influential section of Roman society to be told that by that familiar appellation of "Max" Nina Guarini mentally designated no less a personage than Massimiliano Ludovico Giovanni Battista, Principe Nasoni, and the head of one of the most ancient and illustrious families of the "Black" nobility.

CHAPTER X.

"CAPTAIN MASI begs to see the Signora," said Pippo, the Guarini's confidential servant, lifting up a corner of the curtain that hung over the study door. Nina was sitting in her rocking-chair by the fire. She was occupied with her own thoughts, to which the smoke from a cigarette furnished a hazy background.

"I gave you orders that I would receive no one before dinner," she answered, peremptorily.

"Yes; but Captain Masi begged me to bring the Signora this card. I thought I ought not to refuse that," returned Pippo, handing her the card. On it was written in English, in order to be unintelligible to the servant, "Will you see me as a special favour? I want to talk with you quietly for a quarter of an hour. I pray you not to send me away."

"Yes," said Nina, after a moment's reflection. "No one else, Pippo. You must say I am out if any one else calls."

In another minute Captain Masi was ushered into the study. It was warm, and dim, and fragrant. A wood fire burned redly in the open hearth, a single shaded lamp stood on the little table at the Signora's elbow, and the smell of her delicate Syrian tobacco was mingled with the perfume from a basket full of hothouse flowers. "Good evening, Masi," said the mistress of this retreat. "Sit down there." And she motioned him to a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace.

He bent over her hand for a moment, and then seated himself as she bade him. "Poof! How warm it is here!" he exclaimed.

"I hope so. I let the drawing-room remain below zero all the winter to please my Italian friends, and I have a cloak ready to put on when I am obliged to enter it. But my own den I warm as well as I can."

"My dear Signora, it is tropical!"

"If you suffer, draw that glass screen between you and the fire. There! Now, what is it you want?"

"First of all to thank you for receiving me."

"I deserve that. *Après*?"

"*Après*, I want your advice."

"What folly have you been committing?"

"Folly!"

"I have noticed that your coming to me for advice generally means that you want to be coaxed and comforted for having done something extra imprudent."

This came so unpleasantly near the truth in the present instance that Masi was nettled. "Oh! if the Signora is in one of her sarcastic moods I will not trouble her," he said, rising impetuously from his chair. Then he stood looking down at her jewelled fingers engaged in manufacturing a cigarette by means of the little machine on the table beside her. She coolly finished rolling a due portion of fine Turkish tobacco in its thin paper sheath, and then offered it to him.

"Well," said she, as he hesitated to take it, "what is the use of wasting time in these *enfantillages*? If you still feel young enough for such poutings and pettings I do not."

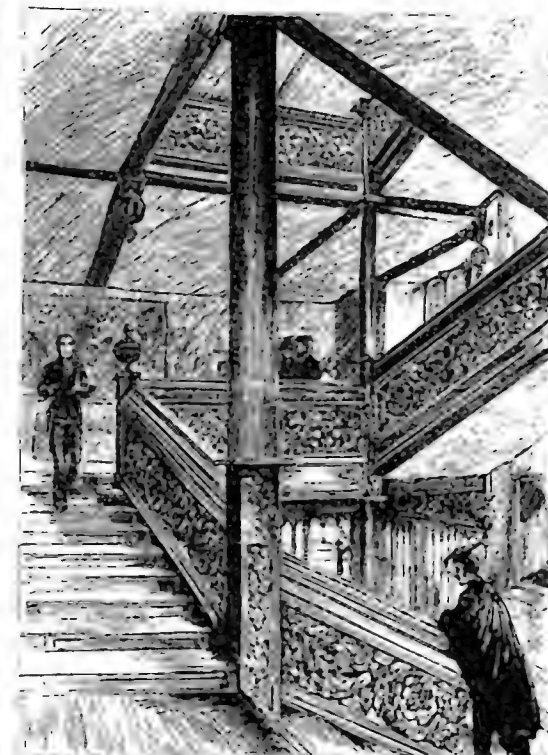
Masi cast a comprehensive glance at her rich black hair, the firm contour of her cheek, and the smooth, white hand which she held out to him. Then he burst out laughing, took the cigarette, gallantly kissed the fair fingers that gave it, and sat down again. "No woman who didn't look as young as you do would venture to talk as you do about not being young," said he.



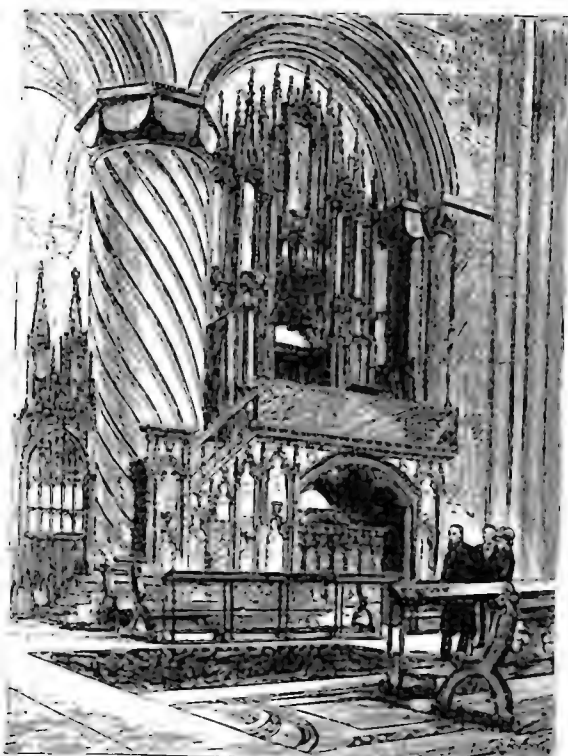
SILVER STREET



VIEW OF THE CITY OF DURHAM FROM THE RAILWAY



THE STAIRCASE IN THE CASTLE



THE BISHOP'S THRONE IN THE CATHEDRAL



ELVET BRIDGE



ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH



KEPER HOSPITAL



INTERIOR OF THE HALL, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (OLD CASTLE)

DURHAM ILLUSTRATED

"Indeed! I am always interested to hear these sage generalities about 'no woman' and 'all women.'"

"Well, I will own that you are different from any other woman I ever knew. You are an exception."

"Humph!" Nina smiled slightly to herself as she looked at him. His eyes were turned upward, watching with lazy enjoyment the rings of smoke curling round his head. "That is delicious tobacco, is it not?" she said. "I have just had a consignment of it from Smyrna.—Well, and now to business."

"Now to business. I wonder if you would tell me—I am sure you *could*—what is the real state of the Pontine Marshes Drainage and Amelioration Company?"

Nina pressed her hand on the arm of her chair, and looked at him earnestly. "What makes you ask?" she said, quietly.

"Well, the fact is that I have been hearing a good deal about it from Peretti lately. He's at the head of the project, you know. And I—if I—in short, if there is any money to be made—if the speculation is as good as he says—I should like to have some shares. I want to make money."

"Have you any sum at your disposal to invest?" asked the Signora, still in the same quiet voice.

"Yes; that is to say I have some money invested elsewhere that brings in very little—absurdly little. When one sees the way fortunes are made nowadays—"

"And lost."

"Oh, as to that, one can't lose what one doesn't possess! It's wretched work vegetating on a miserable pittance, when one good *coup* might make a rich man of one for life."

"One good *coup*!" repeated Nina, shaking her head. "As if a man were ever contented with one good *coup*! It is because men won't stop short, and sit down and enjoy their bit of good luck when they get it, that the gambling-tables make fortunes."

"You won't tell me what you think of Peretti's scheme?"

"My dear friend, it isn't easy to say off-hand. If I were obliged to answer off-hand, I should say, 'Don't touch it.'"

"And if one had already touched it?"

"Ah, *Ecco!*" exclaimed Nina, throwing herself back in her chair. "I said so! You do something rash, and then you come to beg me to 'advise' you to do it!"

"But I have not told you I have done anything rash," returned Masi, with a little uneasy smile. "You need not disturb yourself."

"I? No, truly. It is not much to me; but it is something. I like you. You are not the worst among them."

"Too kind! I shall grow vain."

"*Basta!* It's mere waste of time discussing the irrevocable," said Nina, waving her hand. "What's done is done. Then having touched this scheme—what's the use of denying it to me?—my advice is to watch the favourable moment for selling out. The favourable moment may come;—but it won't last long. You know me. I can hold my tongue. But when I do give my friends a word of advice, it is honest advice."

"Yes; I'm sure of that. And,—after all, the thing may turn out a gold mine for us all! I am persuaded there are wonderful possibilities. You see you probably have not gone into details as much as—. Financial calculations are not women's strong point, are they?"

If Nina had not been sure of it before, this speech of Masi's, and his look, and his manner would have convinced her that he already stood committed to join Peretti's speculation in some fashion or other. She merely nodded; understanding very well that Masi was talking rather to persuade himself than his audience, and being accustomed to act on her own *dictum*, that it was mere waste of time to discuss the irrevocable.

"The Press could do a great deal to push the thing, couldn't it?" continued Masi.

"Something. Not, perhaps, so much as you think."

"You have often said it was a pity that I did not make more use of the talents I have. I believe you were right."

"Certainly. But then unfortunately industry is not one of your talents."

"I have a gift for writing, though, have I not? You remember that little volume of poems I brought out, 'Echoes of the Abruzzi?' They succeeded very well. Every one praised them."

"Yes; and they were pretty. But you were not paid for them."

"No, because I was a blockhead! I have learnt better now."

"Bravo!"

"I can write my own language at any rate. And that's more than most of these newspaper fellows can pretend to."

There was a short silence. Then Nina said, looking full at him, "Are you going to write in a newspaper, Masi?"

"*Per Bacco!* How did you guess? Yes."

"Can you tell me in what newspaper?"

"No; I must not tell you,—yet."

Nina sat silent for a few minutes with her eyes fixed on the fire, and softly and soundlessly clapping the palms of her hands together.

"Don't you think it will be a good chance for me?" said Masi.

"You have preached to me for years to make the best of my gifts. And it's the sort of thing I can do without interfering with my duty, Signora Nina. I wish you would tell me just what you think."

"Do you?"

"Yes; of course I do."

"Well, I will tell you what I think, Masi. You need not answer me, nor say whether I am right or wrong. I think that Gino Peretti is going to set up a newspaper with other people's money; I think the main scope of his newspaper will be to push his own financial speculations; I think he may get something out of it all, for himself; I think no one else,—unless one or two old hands who know the game,—will get anything."

Masi pitched his cigarette into the fire with a sudden movement, and rubbed his left hand through his short curly hair. "Would Beppe be vexed or angry if it were as you say?" he asked.

"Beppe. Why?"

"I mean—about a rival newspaper."

"Oh!" Then after a short pause, "Beppe would think it so much the worse for the rival newspaper. Besides,—*caro mio*, don't you know? None of them pay."

"Ha! So they say. But I suppose that Beppe, for instance, finds his *quid pro quo*, or he wouldn't spend his money in that fashion."

"Certainly. When there is no *quid pro quo* the journal dies;—and sometimes the journalist."

"Bah! Nothing venture, nothing win!"

"What do you want to win, Masi, that is worth venturing so much for?"

"I'm in love."

"Ah! (with an indescribable accent, half incredulous, half indifferent). 'Well, but even so—I don't quite see—?'"

"I want to be married."

"Good heavens!" and Nina gave a little laugh.

A deep angry flush rose to Masi's forehead. There was something curiously volcanic in the change which came over his face;—a moment's vivid glare, and then not calm but a threatening quietude that seemed to hold its breath till the next explosion. Nina's half-contemptuous manner profoundly irritated him, because it gave voice and emphasis to certain internal misgivings of his own that he had made a fool of himself. "I am engaged to be married, Signora," he said loftily.

Nina looked at him with sudden attention, but she did not speak.

"My future wife," continued Masi, "has no money."

"Are you serious? Yes, I see you are."

"I have always told you that if I married it was my destiny to marry a portionless girl. I was right there, you see, Signora."

"And who—? Ah! Is it some one I know?"

Nina's manner was neither indifferent nor contemptuous now, but very earnest, and even anxious.

"I wonder you have not guessed; you who are so keen and observant."

"The little English girl!"

"Violet Moore."

The Signora Nina clasped her hands together tightly on her lap, and looking straight before her as if at something far away, she muttered in a low voice, "*Poveretta!*"

It was the same word he had himself used to Violet. But coming from Nina's lips it made him wince like the touch of red-hot iron.

"I never guessed this," she continued; "but I did not see you much together. And besides they are going away. The poor child wrote me a little letter to tell me, and to say she would come here to bid me 'good-bye.' But since Beppe went to Milan I have been so much occupied that I have not seen her lately. And she loves you, then?" Nina spoke in disjointed sentences, absently, almost moodily; and her face wore a troubled look.

"Violetta loves me with all her heart. And she has a heart, this little snow-white English girl!"

"And you,—who are not snow-white,—do you love her?"

"What a question! Certainly I love her."

"With what is left of your heart."

An idea darted into Masi's mind which at once mitigated his resentment at Nina's tone; was it possible that she was jealous? Women were such curious creatures. Although she had never, it must be owned, shown the slightest desire to appropriate his devotion to herself, she might perhaps find it disagreeable to see him bestow it on another woman. Nina remained immersed in thought for several minutes, leaning her head on her hand; during which interim Masi also looked as though he were engaged in serious and somewhat painful meditations; but the regret most keenly present to his mind at the moment was that he should so hastily have thrown away his unfinished cigarette.

"Do they still mean to leave Rome, Violet and her aunt?" asked the Signora at length.

"Yes; they must go for a time."

"And when do they come back?"

"Ah, who knows? Nothing is settled."

"Look here, Masi, let us speak plainly. This is a very foolish business."

He shrugged his shoulders. "What would you have? I never set up for wisdom."

"Just imagine yourself—where's your cigarette? Take another. There are some ready made on the chimney-piece near you.—Fancy yourself, Mario Masi, a poor man with a wife and family! What would you do? How would you live?"

"On love," answered Masi indistinctly, much enjoying a fragrant puff of the fresh cigarette.

"I don't know any human being less likely to content himself with that dish as *pièce de resistance*."

"No one would be content with it, my dear Signora. Don't let us talk sentimental nonsense."

"Exactly. And with those views you propose to marry a penniless girl and to leave the army?"

"I have often told you that, if I married at all, it was my destiny to marry a girl as poor as myself. But there is money to be made. Other men find the way to do it, and why should not I? I mean to try, I assure you."

"Well and good. But would it not have been better to try before you turned this poor child's head with your love-making? Ah Masi, Masi, what a foolish business!"

"You are very flattering and friendly, Signora Nina gentilissima!"

"I'm not flattering, precisely because I am friendly. I take this matter to heart."

Masi impulsively rose and took her hand which he carried to his lips. "You have always been good to me," he murmured. "But don't look so grave. I shall come through all right somehow. I believe in my luck."

"But I'm thinking of her! You don't know how fond I am of that girl."

Masi sat down again, and lightly flicked off the ashes from his cigarette.

"And I feel almost responsible," pursued Nina. "She used to meet you at my house."

"*Per Bacco!* Is it such a dire misfortune for her to have met me?"

"Ah Masi, Masi, what a foolish business!" said Nina once more.

"Foolish or not, I'm in earnest. I didn't mean to speak; I really didn't. I had made up my mind to get leave and go away and forget it all. But then I—I met her accidentally, and I couldn't resist her sweet sorrowful face. And now the words are said and can't be unsaid. I mean to stick to them. I can be obstinate when I set my mind on a thing."

"*Basta!*" exclaimed Nina, with a little movement of her hand, as if she were casting something away. "Violetta is going. Who knows if she will come back! You won't die of love for any woman. And nothing is irremediable but death. Now you must go. I have to change my dress and write some letters before dinner. As to the Pontine Marshes scheme, I will just warn you not to be disturbed by anything you may see about it in the *Star of Progress*. I can't explain it all now. And I earnestly advise you to say as little about it as possible to any one for the present."

"All right, I will be prudent myself. And—Oh, by the way, you won't mention my engagement? I made Violetta promise to keep it secret."

"That, at least, was sensible. I suppose you said to her that you meant to tell me?"

"How could I, when I *didn't* mean to tell you? It just slipped out. But she won't mind you. You are different from other people. I'm glad you think Beppe wouldn't take it ill in case I did join a rival newspaper. After all one must do the best one can for oneself. *Addio!*"

"*Addio!*"

After he had gone, Nina sat for some time thinking over what he had told her; wondering, above all, if Violet Moore deeply and seriously loved him, or if it were a mere sentimental girlish fancy which time and absence would efface. "It is not every woman nor every man who can be thoroughly in love. I wonder if Violetta can! It's a mournful gift." That was the lesson Nina Guarini had learned from her life's experience. On the whole she derived a good deal of comfort as to her young friend's future from the knowledge that she was going away so soon. "Absence, absence, is the grand remedy—the great specific. Few cases are so desperate as to resist it long!" said Nina to herself.

Then she sat down and wrote two letters. The first was a rather long one addressed to her husband at Milan. The second was a mere note, and ran thus:

"VIOLETTA CARISSIMA,

"I feel guilty that I have not been to see you, but Guarini is away, and I have been much occupied. Do come to me this evening. If Miss Baines is too busy, or not well enough to accom-

pany you, she need not fear to trust you to my care. I shall send my maid to fetch you in the *coupé* at nine o'clock. No *toilette*! Pray come, *chère enfant*. Spare an hour to

"Your bien dévoué,

"N. G."

The Signora Guarini made it a point to give as good a dinner to one or two guests—even though they might be personages of no greater consequence than Telemaco Bini and Giorgio Giorgi—as to a dozen. Every dish at her table was *riccherché* and well served on all occasions. Giorgi was somewhat of a *gourmet* (Heaven knows how he had acquired the needful taste and knowledge in a life of constant poverty and frequent privation!) and he enjoyed the fare in Casa Guarini understandingly. Bini, on the other hand, if not precisely greedy, was gifted with a voracious appetite; and devoured incredible quantities of macaroni and other satisfying viands in a rather wolfish and indiscriminating fashion. Both men drank with great moderation, like most of their countrymen. But there needed no alcoholic stimulant to loosen their tongues. If there was not usually very loquacious, except on paper, launched out into elaborate expositions of his political views. These were chiefly of a negative nature; Bini's talent lying rather in the direction of blaming what Ministers did, than suggesting what they should do. The Signora Nina, mindful of his morning's work for the *Star of Progress*, listened with patience. And the Deputy for Porto Muresco enjoyed himself extremely, and verbally demolished every Cabinet Minister who had governed his country during the past ten years.

Giorgi, for his part, was less caustic than usual. Partly his mood was mitigated by a good dinner, and partly he was under the influence of a softening regret. He had been touched, after his fashion, by the simple kindness of Miss Baines and Violet, and he was genuinely sorry when he thought of their going away. These Englishwomen seemed to him to possess that charm of helplessness and inexperience which so endears women to the men who are not called upon to take care of them through life. Over the coffee and cigars in the study Giorgi became almost pathetic on the subject of his friends' approaching departure.

"What!" exclaimed Bini. "The English Meess is not going away, is she?"

"I don't know which you mean," returned Giorgi, who did know perfectly well; "but both Miss Baines and her niece are going away. Very soon. Quite suddenly."

Bini's black eyebrows became more tragic than ever. "I did not know this," he said.

"I daresay not," answered Giorgi. "It wasn't likely you should. It has only been settled about a week. I'm sorry. They are nice creatures—good, kind women."

This from his lips was equivalent to an extravagant panegyric from most persons.

"We are all sorry," observed Nina.

"I don't know what our friend the Captain will do," continued Giorgi. "He was there constantly, and I don't suppose it was for the *beaux yeux* of our good Miss Baines."

"The Captain! What Captain?" cried Bini, contemptuously. "Masi? The Signorina never gave him a thought, I'm sure. Our dear Mario is a bit of a *blagueur*, and he fancies no woman can resist him. But I remember—it was in this very house, Signora Nina—once, when he had been talk, talk, talking to her the whole evening, the Signorina Violetta looked bored to death. She took my arm quite eagerly. I don't mean to say that that was meant as any special mark of preference for me—"

"Why not? Costs nothing to say it," muttered old Giorgi, eating up the remains of the lump of sugar at the bottom of his coffee-cup.

"But I must declare that the poor Signorina seemed glad to get away from him. He actually offered her his arm, even then; but she took mine. Some men have no tact, and don't see when they're tiresome."

"How well you know each other!" remarked the Signora, gravely.

(To be continued)



THIS is the month for friendly gatherings, interspersed with a few grand balls. Fortunately we need not trouble ourselves for the next few weeks about out-door toilettes, although, by the way, the Easter holidays will be upon us before the March winds have taken their departure.

Cinderellas, and other carpet dances, which commence early and finish before midnight, are very popular at this season; for these informal evenings demi-toilettes only are needed. Trains are rigorously forbidden for the dancers, skirts are made round, and short enough to show the feet, hence the shoes and stockings are very important items in the toilette, and must match or contrast with the costume worn. For full-dress balls, nothing can look more elegant than the Watteau shoe made of *peau de Suède*, of a creamy hue, delicately embroidered in tiny gold or silver beads. Although this material soils quickly, it can be cleaned easily with pipe-clay, and looks as good as new again. For more general use, the harlequin shoe is very becoming; it is made of black glazed kid. The toe is hand-painted in any colour or design to accord with the costume worn. As we have said many times before, our readers who are not overburdened with riches will do well to adopt a colour for, say, two or three months, which shall be the leading theme of their toilette, else they will find themselves in constant dilemmas with regard to the minor, but important, details of their costumes.

A very pretty novelty of this season is a silver flagree ruff, to be worn with a V-shaped bodice. It is made with a scalloped edge, turned outwards from the throat, wide at the back, and narrowing from thence to the bust. This is a most stylish ornament over a black or dark velvet bodice, or on a white or a pale-coloured satin bodice.

For evening toilettes, velvet, plain or brocaded, *casagues* are still much worn, with muslin or silk skirts. For example,—a dress of pink silk or satin, shot with gold, on the hem a trimming of satin fans, edged with lace; velvet *casaque*, of deep ruby colour, opening over a plastron of pink silk or satin, the pointed front being laced up half-way with gold cord; nun's veiling may be substituted for the satin; elbow sleeves, with lace ruffles.

A very pretty costume was recently worn at a carpet dance. The petticoat was of silver-grey gauze, made with several narrow goffered frills; the dress, of velvet, was of the new colour called "prune Dumas," which is a dark blue-violet shade, with wide square panels at the sides, trimmed all round with pompons of chenille; the bodice was made with a deep point in the front, and a basque at the back, cut square, back and front filled up with a tulle tucker, which was gathered into a velvet band. From beneath the basque at the back came two wide loops and ends of velvet, lined with silver-grey satin. This costume looks well in old gold or olive-green plush over a petticoat, three shades lighter than the upper dress, or in dark brown plush; the petticoat with cream lace frills on satin, or silk satin foulard, is a very pretty material for evening dress. A very becoming dress for a young girl may be made of pale green,

pink, or starch-blue satin foulard, with narrow flounces, on which are several small satin bows or loops; deep paniers on the hips, caught together at the back with a wide scarf sash arranged in loops and ends; cuirass bodice and short sleeves. Gloves are now long that they completely cover the arms, even when short sleeves are worn. If our fashion leaders were to wear their hose as wrinkled as they do their gloves they would be pronounced very slovenly; let us hope that soon a reaction will set in, and we may once more see a well-fitting glove of moderate length to show a well rounded arm, which is one of woman's beauties, and the want of which may be concealed by lace sleeves gathered or puffed. Cream or white *gants* concealed at the wrist are much worn, but for demi-toilette tan *gants* open at the wrist are in high favour. There is a great variety in the shapes of shoes still in high favour. There is a great variety in the shapes of shoes still in high favour. There is a great variety in the shapes of shoes still in high favour.

Silver and gold lace are much worn for trimmings, especially with fancy materials such as Chambéry gauze, Indian muslin, or Brussels lace, which fabrics are made plain, with coloured dots, silver stripes, or fancy designs. For these thin materials the front and sides are arranged with narrow flounces of the same, or of pleated lace, the back in long full veils; the bodices are always made of velvet, silk, or satin, excepting for young half-grown girls, whose shapeless figures are improved by a *guimpe* of full muslin, or an entirely gathered muslin corsage. There is quite a rage for chenille pompons and butterfly bows. A black tulle dress is a very useful bit of property at this season, mounted on satin, with two bodices, one made high and with paniers, the other a cuirass, cut square in front, over which may be worn a jet or pearl Elizabethan ruff, or a variety of *fichus* and trimmings. Flowers are much used in long trailing wreaths and bouquets, which almost cover the dress, and are sold in sets; for example, deep red poppies, chrysanthemums of crimson shaded to the palest pink, roses, lilies, and forget-me-nots.—A very elegant ball-dress recently came from Paris. It was of very pale blue Genoa velvet, made with a round skirt, on the edge of which was a trimming of satin shells, dotted all over with pearl beads of various sizes; the novelty of this dress was in the arrangement of two wide satin scarves, which crossed the hips and fell at the back in two long ends lined with cream-coloured satin, and trimmed with marabout feathers. This costume looks well in black velvet and satin, with jet embroidery and fringe, or in cream-white.—All Paris is admiring and endeavouring to imitate in some measure the costumes worn by Madame Bernhardt-Damala in *Feodora*, of which we will describe two. "Clair de Lune" is the name given to one of them. It is composed of pale blue embossed velvet, with a design of dark moons encircled by pale crescents, the corsage and train of velvet, and the upper dress of pale blue brocade; petticoat of dark blue velvet; elbow sleeves. The other is a Pompadour dress brocaded with full blown roses, over a petticoat of *mousseline de soie* trimmed with gathered lace.

Fancy dress balls are still very fashionable; there are several excellent books in which descriptions of historical costumes are accurately given, and suggestions offered for dresses of all nations. Most of our fashion journals devote a space to designs and descriptions of fancy dresses. One particularly struck us in the *Revue de la Mode*—it was a *costume d'Arlequine*. A very short skirt of black satin, with three black lace flounces; upper skirt of black taffetas, with lozenges in every colour and shade; low pointed bodice, with a fan of black lace on the chest; elbow sleeves of silk in one of the predominating colours; a very much puffed basque, edged with a black lace flounce; a red *crêpe* scarf, fastened round the head and throat, and a black cocked hat; red silk stockings and coloured kid shoes.

A pretty fancy dress, which is easily made at home, is "February." Three or five skirts of green-and-silver gauze, with all the flowers of the month scattered carelessly over them; a wreath of variegated ivy round the top of the low bodice, carried down the left side, and fastened to the skirt at intervals with a spray of flowers. Our readers will be surprised to find how great a variety of flowers is to be had this month, which is the most prolific of the twelve in the conservatory, garden, and hedges.

Many of our readers at this season play or sing at People's Concerts or Musical Readings for the amusement of their poor neighbours. The exception is when evening dress is worn for these entertainments; as a rule, the hat or bonnet is kept on, and the mantle only removed before going on to the platform. It is well to have a stylish hat or bonnet for these occasions. A small bonnet, made of violets, forget-me-nots, or small roses, looks pretty, with a black or dark-coloured dress, or a white plush hat or bonnet, trimmed with a pink, blue, or red aigrette; dainty cuffs, collarettes, and gloves please the eye of the audience, who are proud to find that "the young ladies" take pains to make themselves look nice for their pleasure.



A book from the authoress of "Our Home in Fiji" is sure to be a treat; and, within a year after, being delighted with "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," we are glad to welcome "Fire Fountains" (Blackwood), i.e., the volcanoes, &c., of the very volcanic little kingdom of Hawaii. Surely no woman, who is not a stewardess on some long-voyage liner, has done so many miles of sea as Miss Gordon Cumming. Miss Bird is nothing to her. Having missed the Sandwich group in the pleasant cruise which she made with the French missionary bishop, she went 6,000 miles (double the right distance) from Tahiti to San Francisco in the little mail steamer of 160 tons, actually passing two of the Sandwich group, Kauai and Niihau, but unable to land because of the red tape of the French postal regulations. This she regretted the more because Niihau belongs to a Scotch family who came *en masse* from New Zealand, and are founding a regular North Pacific clan. From San Francisco she crossed to Japan and China; and then, not finding any trader going to Honolulu, she had nothing for it but to hark back to "Frisco" (where she came in for General Grant's triumphal entry), and there to take the regular Sandwich Islands mail. It would be worth while to reckon how many miles of sea per month were traversed by this lady, who yet assures that she never does anything herself if she can have it done by another, and that she has a cat-like aversion to getting wet. She tells us of all kinds of things, of a crater 25 miles round and 2,000 feet deep, at the top of a mountain 10,000 feet above the sea-level,—so large, in fact, that it would make a respectable figure among the vast lunar craters; of a leper village, to which Father Damien devotes himself as only priests of the Roman obedience do; of sugar-cane fields and cattle ranches flourishing, but not, alas! in

native hands; of the indigenous plants dying out like the indigenous men—killed out, one can't help thinking, through having been forced by their New England missionaries to exchange their airy costume, supplemented, on state occasions, by the gorgeous feather cloaks, for vests, pants, and the stiff collars and stocks of the Georges. The two volumes are wonderfully interesting, and well deserve a second edition, in which certain misprints (as "sunset" for "sunrise," Vol. I. p. 263) will be corrected, and the account of Princess Keelikolani, tall and huge as a Hawaiian Princess should be, will be put in its right place, and not left where the incautious reader might understand it as describing the sylph-like twelve-year-old Helen Severance.

The question of expurgated editions is occupying the minds of schoolmasters as well as of parents. Expurgation, however, is far more needed in Italian than in classical literature. Boccaccio's "Decameron" could scarcely by any amount of rewriting be made fit for boys and girls; and in "Paladin and Saracen" (Macmillan), as Mr. Holloway Calthrop calls his stories from Ariosto, a great many changes had (as he explains in his preface) to be made before the book was presentable. Changes of another class he has been led to make from the conviction that "Ariosto was a man of keen self-consciousness, writing for people of like temper of mind, and designedly playing with his fantasies in a way hopelessly unsuited for children." We think he has thoroughly mastered this difficulty. His book is sure to attract those young folks who like Mallory's "King Arthur" and Lamb's "Tales;" and Mrs. A. Lemon's woodcuts are no slight help to its attractiveness. People talk of the revival of Italian among us; this is just one of the books likely to hasten it on.

"The self-torturing sophist" Rousseau is a somewhat more pleasing person as Mr. A. G. Graham sets him forth in the latest volume of "Foreign Classics" (Blackwood) than he has been in most English biographies. One cannot wholly dislike the clownish young Savoyard who, when he first dined out in Paris, set the whole company giggling by modestly sticking his fork into the smallest piece of the helping that was handed to him instead of keeping the whole; and whom the wise-acres of the St. Lazare Seminary pronounced "a good enough lad, but unfit to become even a village priest." His strange devotion to the utterly unworthy Thérèse—strange in a man who had no compunction in deserting his friend when he had fallen down in an epileptic fit, and whose treatment of his children Victor Hugo describes in an epigram:—"Thérèse les enfantait, Jean Jacques les enfantrouvait," is, we suppose, a point in his favour. Mr. Graham gives due prominence to his really healthy love of Nature, contrasting it a little unfairly with the self-consciousness which never allowed Byron to forget himself and his woes; he analyses his chief works, including that wildly impractical educational treatise, "Emile." Grimm's criticism has never been surpassed—that Rousseau was born to be the chief of a sect, a sort of French Wesley, and was out of place in an age of philosophers and cynics. Mr. Graham goes fully into the Hume-Rousseau quarrel, the letters respecting which the great Scotchman bequeathed to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Vols. XLIII. and XLIV. of "The International Scientific Series" (Kegan Paul and Co.), are on very different subjects. Ribot's "Diseases of Memory" is a psychological essay. The phenomena of recollection, the study of which was one of the strong points of the Scotch school, are not even noticed; the author's aim is to show "what light the new, i.e., physiological method in psychology throws on the nature of memory." That the basis of memory is nutrition; that loss of memory, despite its seemingly strange vagaries, works by strict law on a physical basis, and is due to atrophy of the nervous elements; that (paradoxical as it seems) "the extreme rapidity of nutritive changes in the brain is in reality the cause of the fixation of recollections"—these are some of M. Ribot's positions, and in illustrating them he gives us a host of old and new anecdotes, such as Rogers, in his ninetieth year, stopping his carriage to ask the lady who was driving with him: "Do I know Mr. So-and-so?" Hypernesia, too, he thinks, follows the same "law of regression," as he calls it, by which memory decays. But fascinating as these biological studies are to a certain class of minds, M. Ribot will not be so widely read as M. Joly's "Man Before Metals." The antiquity of man is just now the question of questions; much has been brought forward to invalidate conclusions to which Kent's Hole and other bone-caves led earlier investigators; M. Joly is unshaken in his belief that man lived certainly in the quaternary, probably in the tertiary age, and that these ages are separated from ours by vast periods of time. His book is an excellent summary of the arguments on this side, and the latter part, "Primitive Civilisation," gives the best account we have yet seen of what kind of a life was led by the cave-men and their successors.

Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole has a sort of hereditary right in "The Cities of Egypt" (Smith, Elder, and Co.), and this reprint of his articles on those mentioned in the Bible makes a delightful book, such as could only be written by one who loves the subject intelligently. He writes with the view of awakening such a popular interest as may lead to further exploration. Speaking of Hanes, he says: "The cost of a pack of hounds would in a few years clear all the monuments of Egypt. Sennacherib was a mighty hunter, but he found time for literary work." Judging from what Dr. Schliemann has done we rather think that individual enthusiasm is better than the work of a body. But then very few enthusiasts have Dr. Schliemann's means; so, if Mr. Poole can help to form a fund, there will be more scope for choosing the right man. Mariette Bey, Egypt's Schliemann, had (as Mr. Poole reminds us) small funds and the hard and thankless post of curator of antiquities to a family of selfish sensualists, the one talented member of which was only prevented by the expense from pulling down the Great Pyramid to make a dyke across the Nile. Mr. Poole finds time to discuss the place of the Exodus, and the change in theological terminology due to our sacred books being written in Greek, and similar subjects. At any time his little book would have been pleasant reading; now, when we are all asking ourselves so many rather painful questions about Egypt, it is the sort of book to which we look for aid in answering some of these questions.

Mr. C. E. Turner, English Lecturer in the University of St. Petersburg, has selected from representative men a number of "Studies in Russian Literature" (Sampson Low and Co.), with the view of making the English reader acquainted with the tendencies of that literature. From Lowmonosoff, the Russian Voltaire, to Lermontoff, killed in 1840 in a duel with Major Martineff, and Nekrasoff, who died in 1877, leaving unpublished his poem: "To Whom is Life Worth Living in Russia?" Mr. Turner introduces us to some fifteen writers, Gogol and Poushkin, of course, among them, who will henceforth cease to be mere names to those who read his book. We wish he had not thought fit to exclude living writers, such as Tourgenoff; but we are thankful for what he gives. His high estimate of Catherine II., who was both authoress and patron of letters, reminds us that in Russia, no more than in Egypt, is it fair to try rulers by Western standards. Mr. Turner's criticism is carefully done. He has gone to the best Russian authorities; and Russian literature is so much a thing apart that there is no one else to go to. The anecdotes are racy; Nekrasoff, who began life with threepence given him by a beggar woman, supplying some of the best of them.

Readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* must long ago have made acquaintance with M. Lefroy-Beaulieu's interesting and exhaustive papers on Russia, social and political. Of these, in their collected form, the second volume, "L'Empire des Tsars—Les Institutions" (Hachette), is before us. It begins with a lucid account of the *mir*, or rural commune, and the self-government of the peasants, or the

working of which we have had so many contradictory reports. This takes up four chapters, the careful reading of which will certainly be a help to understanding the land problem in our own islands. He answers the question: "Is the self-government of the *mir* a preparation for political liberty?" with a decided negative. The *mir* takes no account of the individual, it creates a hopeless gulf between classes, and in the worst days its self-government, including the choice of its own elders, judges, and priests, went on without being the slightest barrier against oppression. On administrative corruption, on the preponderance of merchants in the municipalities, on the Bar and the vexed question of the state of the prisons, M. Beaulieu throws much light, while his chapter on the influence of the Press and of literature in general links his work with that of Mr. Turner.

Miss Buckland's "Story of English Literature" (Cassell) deserves much more space than we can give it. The chapters on "Keltic and First English Literature" and on "Romances and Chronicles" are very good; the analyses (including almost every great work from the *Fiann* epic of the Gaels down to Wordsworth's "Excursion") are terse and yet complete. And, though the authoress purposely abstains from elaborate criticism, her remarks are full enough to be of great use to those preparing for competitive examinations. We wish she had been fuller in her notices of Thackeray, Dickens, &c. Specially valuable are her remarks on the influence of foreign writers upon English thought. What Sterne owed to Rousseau, for instance, has never been better or more briefly stated.

Miss Mary Hooper has won herself a name as an authority on cookery, and her newest book, "Good Plain Cookery" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), will not disappoint those who seek in it for guidance in everyday cookery. The recipes are many and good.—Of a like popular and practical character are the "Familiar Lectures on the Physiology of Food and Drink," by Dr. Robert J. Mann (Ward, Lock, and Co.). These lectures are simple without being superficial.—Games of cards are, we believe, much more readily learned from experienced friends than from books. Directions for playing games of skill are always bewildering to beginners, valuable as they may be in supplying rules for good play when the rudiments of the game are once acquired. From this point of view, "Whist: How to Play and How to Win," by Thomas Brittain (John Heywood), is likely to be of considerable value in forming the play of those who are endeavouring to learn the game scientifically. The rules in this booklet are pithily put, and they are the result of sixty years' experience.—Of a more elementary character is "Poker: How to Play It," by "One of Its Victims" (Griffith and Farran). The author of this amusing volume declares that "good luck, good cards, plenty of cheek, and good temper" are the four elements which command success in the dangerous American game. Pains are taken to explain the rules clearly, and anecdotes of famous games of Poker enliven the pages of this unconventional handbook.—Dr. C. A. Buchheim's new edition of the "Nathan der Weise" of Lessing (Oxford: The Clarendon Press), forming Volume VI. of the series of German classics, deserves high rank as a good scholarly edition of a great work. Though intended primarily as a school-book, it has qualities which, while they make it no less suited for students endeavouring to pass examinations, raise it above the ordinary run of school editions. Even those well acquainted with Lessing and his times may learn much from Dr. Buchheim's ample notes and introduction. The edition is worthy of the play, and more than that we need not say.—Four educational books reach us from Messrs. Hachette and Co. They are Molière's "L'Avare," edited by Gustave Masson; "Elements of French Composition," by V. Kastner, and the "Contes de Fées," edited by the same teacher; and "The French Newspaper Reading Book," compiled and edited by W. T. Jeffcott and G. J. Tossell. The plan of the last-mentioned book is, as far as we are aware, a new one; and it will doubtless be a considerable aid to pupils in the acquisition of colloquial French.

We have received also the following books:—The fourteenth edition of "Family Practice; or, Simple Directions in Homoeopathic Domestic Medicine" (E. Gould and Son, Moorgate Street); "Town Gardening for Amateurs," by B. C. Ravenscroft (George Routledge and Sons), an unpretending little work which aims at showing what plants and shrubs will grow best in smoke-polluted towns; "The History of a Lump of Coal," by Alexander Watt (A. Johnston, Paternoster Buildings); the tenth thousand of "The Englishman's Brief on Behalf of His National Church" and "Talks on Tithes: Why Pay Them," two lucid little works written to controvert the teachings of the Liberation Society, and both published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; "The Relative Mortality after Amputations of Large and Small Hospitals," by Henry C. Burdett (J. and A. Churchill); the thirty-fifth half yearly issue of "The London Banks and Kindred Companies and Firms," by Thomas Skinner (1, Royal Exchange Buildings); "The Papers of the Eclectic Discussion Society," edited by Henry Waldock (Elliot Stock); "Zoological Notes," by Arthur Nicols (L. Upcott Gill); the second edition of the "Euphrates Valley Route to India," by Sir William Andrew (W. H. Allen and Co.); and the second edition of Mr. J. E. Muddock's admirable "J. E. M. Guide to Davos-Platz" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).

From Messrs. Brown, Barnes, and Bell we have received some specimens of what is called "Photo-Filigrane Water-Marking." The inventors claim to have made a decided advance in photography, and they state that anything that can be photographed can be produced in water-mark designs for paper and cardboard.

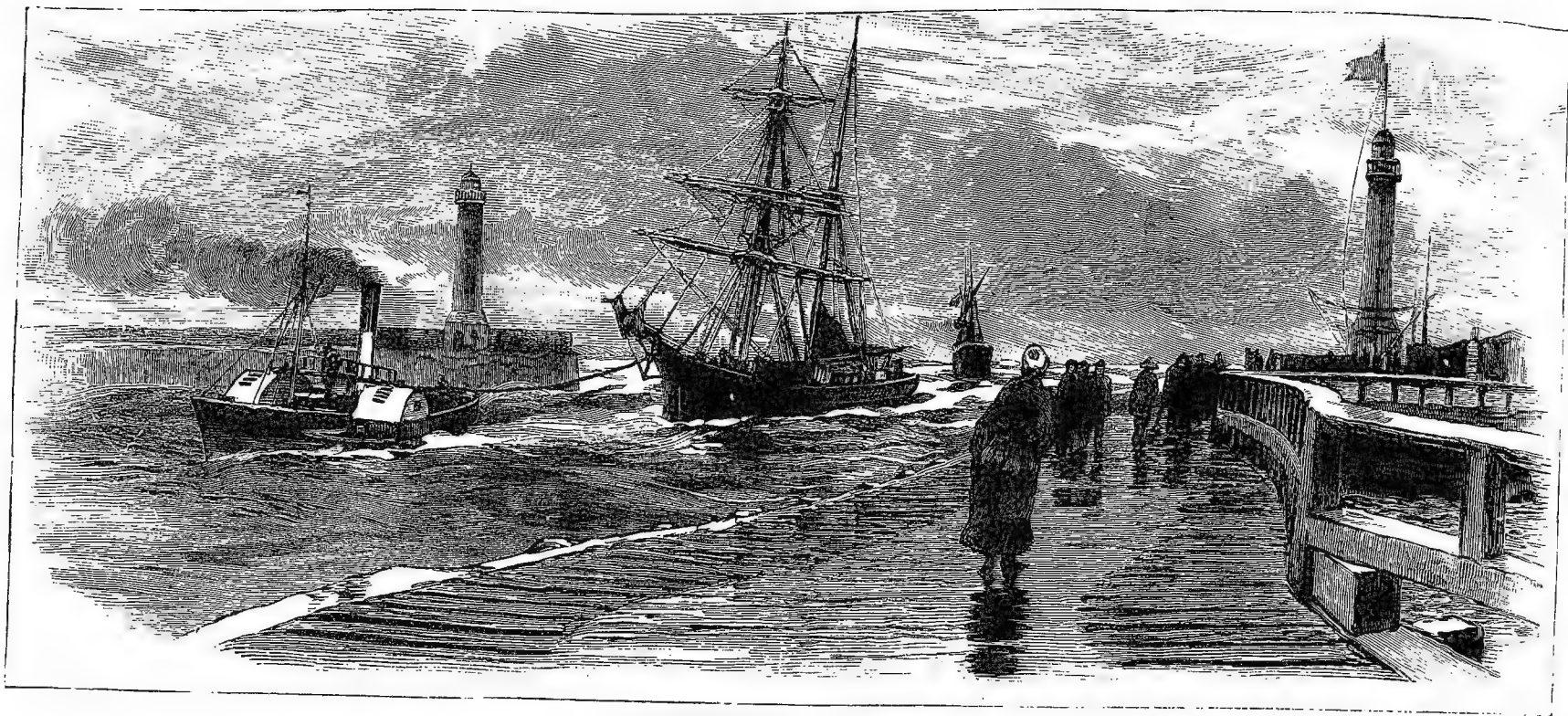
NOTE.—Mr. G. H. Jennings writes as follows:—"In your recent notice of the new edition of my 'Ancient History of Parliament,' it is mentioned that eight pages have been intercalated in the book, dealing with the new Rules of Closure, &c. The fact is that as many as forty new pages have been interspersed in the volume, at those portions where reference to the events of the last two or three years could conveniently be brought in."

A BURLESQUE ON MRS. LANGTRY is now being played at a New York Theatre—*Mrs. Langtry*; or, *The New Jersey Lily*.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS has even penetrated to the Buddhist religion, at least in Japan, where the Bonzes are beginning to think that the stern asceticism of their faith is rather out of date. Accordingly a grand meeting of the chief priests of the Empire is to be held in order to remove certain restrictions, and alter various rules, such as enforced celibacy and vegetarianism.

AS THE RED INDIAN FORMERLY DISPLAYED THE SCALPS of his enemies as proofs of valour, so the modern Transatlantic belle now collects the hair of her adorers to witness to her powers of fascination, and sticks the captured tresses in a "hair album." Here is a lock from each admirer's head carefully tied with blue ribbon; while all necessary details are further provided respecting the gentleman's age, colour of eyes, name, and general appearance and characteristics.

THE STATE OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA continues to arouse much indignation amongst Americans devoted to the picturesque; and as the American State Commission organised to inquire into the project of a public park has produced no greater result than a very lengthy report, private individuals are beginning to think what they can do in lieu of the Government. Accordingly a company is being organised to acquire the territory bordering the Falls on the Canadian side, to remove unsightly structures, and put the ground in order for a pleasure resort. If the company get the necessary authority and sufficient support, they will probably attempt to obtain the land on the American side, where they will erect the necessary buildings, and charge a small admission fee.



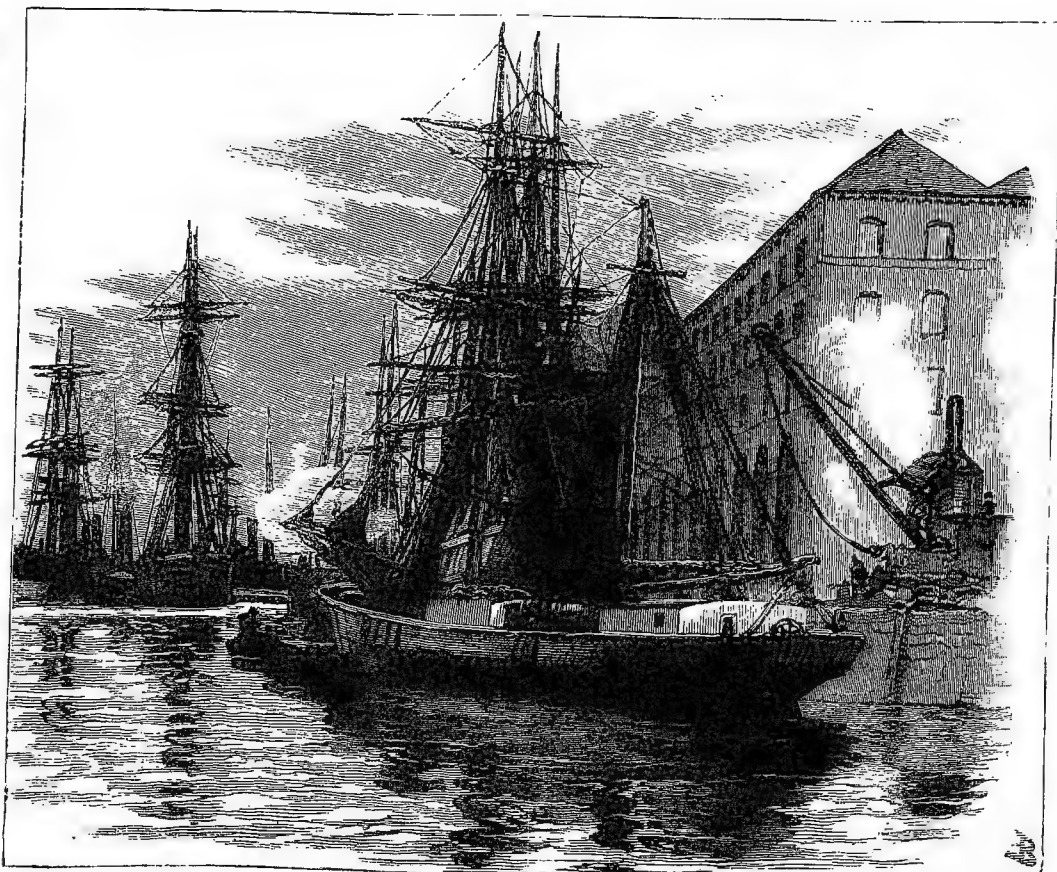
ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR



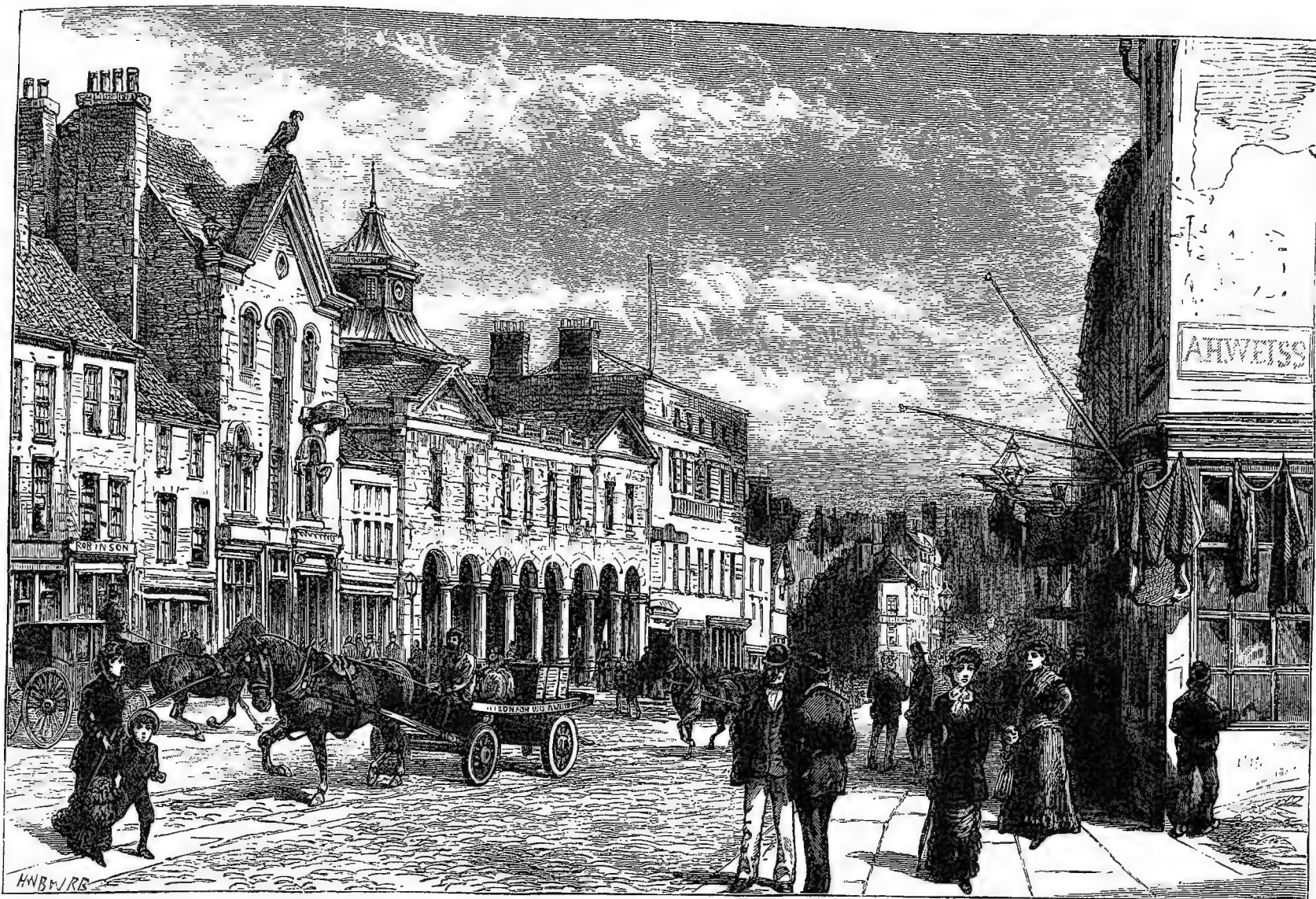
THE FERRY



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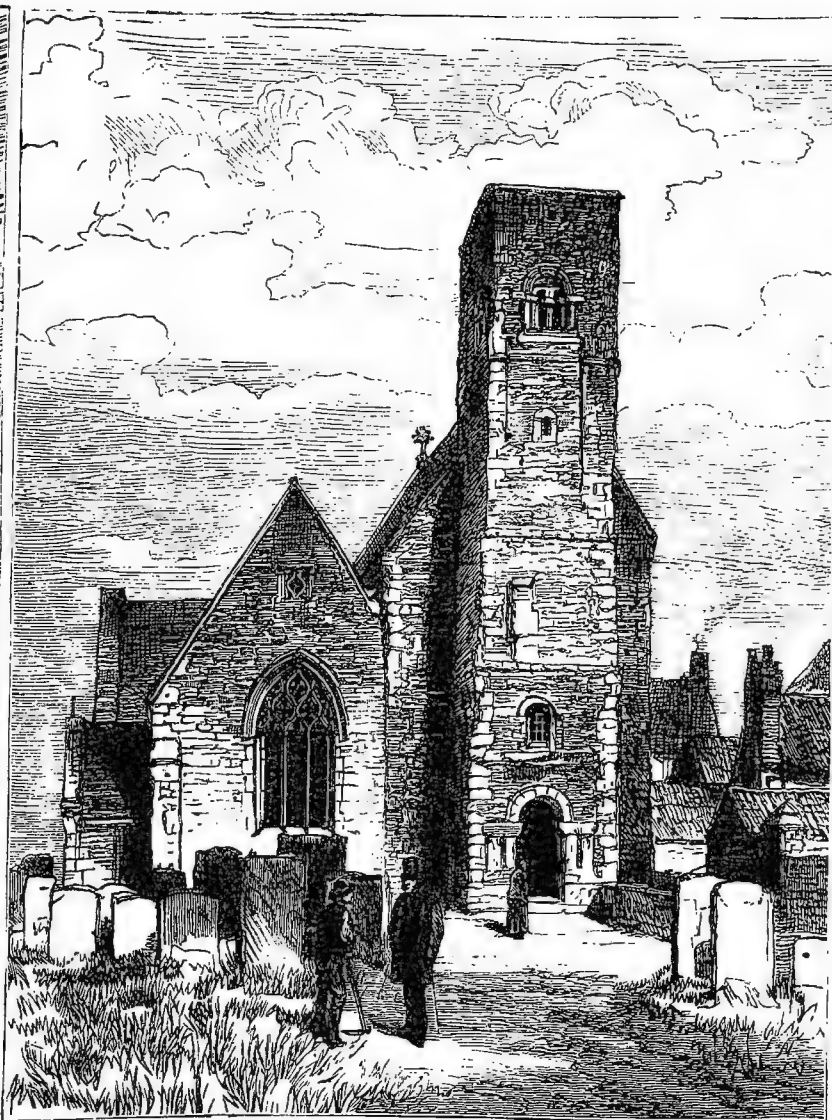
IN THE DOCKS



LOWER HIGH STREET



OLD HOUSES NEAR HIGH STREET



MONKWEARMOUTH CHURCH

CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN

SUCH a sumptuous book as "The Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, commonly called Christchurch, Dublin" (Sutton Sharpe and Co., Queen Victoria Street, London) it has very rarely been my privilege to inspect. It is bound most solidly in fine vellum enriched with a design by Mr. Street himself; its paper and type surpass the dreams of the most exacting of bibliophiles; while for the artistic excellence of the three copper-plate, seven steel, and fifty wood engravings, names like Guillaumot père, Jos. Brown, the Pannemakers, Dillon, &c., are sufficient warrant. The plates distributed among the letter-press are separately printed on China paper, and mounted on the pages to which they belong. In every respect the folio is worthy of the building it commemorates. The literary part of the work is threefold: a dedicatory preface by Sir Theodore Martin (with this may be coupled the portion of the appendix containing the documents that refer to the gift and to the way in which it was received); an historical sketch of the Cathedral by Mr. Seymour, its Precentor; and (most valuable of all) a minute account by Mr. Street himself of his work of restoration. This last (originally entrusted to the late Mr. R. J. King, the author of "Handbooks to the English and Welsh Cathedrals") was taken up by the architect, and only completed a few days before his death.

Such a book is no unfit record of one of the most remarkable of the restorations which have been carried out since the revival of Church Architecture; remarkable not only on account of the princely liberality of Mr. Henry Roe, and of the conscientious way in which the architect entered into the spirit of the original work, but also because Mr. Street had, besides almost rebuilding a Cathedral, to design and fit into harmonious grouping with it a whole set of dependent buildings, including the Synod House which the altered circumstances of the Irish Church made necessary.

For the restoration of Christchurch is later in date than the disestablishment of the Irish branch of the United Church of England and Ireland. Indeed, the fact of her being shorn of her wealth just at the moment when the need for restoring her older Cathedral had at last been brought home to her, weighed (says Mr. Street) "with an earnest and cultivated Churchman, distressed at the blow his Church had suffered, and looking round for some work which he might do in his spiritual mother's service."

It would be out of place here to enlarge on a liberality, the bare record of which is praise enough. "We shall best consult your wishes by saying no more" are the closing words of the brief but hearty address with which the Irish prelates welcomed Mr. Roeto the opening of the Synod Hall; for me it is enough to point out that having taken work in hand he determined to carry it through in every respect in the completest manner. He was singularly happy in his choice of an architect. I cannot help wishing there had been an Irishman as well qualified for the task as Mr. Street. But every one must feel that in a case of this kind the power of producing a noble design, or even of thoroughly sympathising with the old work, was not enough. Great experience and practised skill were needed; and it is no disparagement to Ireland to confess at once that no Irish architect came at all near Mr. Street in these most indispensable qualifications. The best man was to be chosen; and in choosing Mr. Street Mr. Roe was acting a truly patriotic part, indeed he was only carrying out the principle which years ago led to the employment of Mr. Pugin on that grand Roman Catholic Church at Ennisecorby, where by an impetus was given to native talent all the country through.

I say this the more freely, because no one can more regret than I do the need of seeking help outside the island itself. That could not be helped; but of the actual details of construction I cannot but think that more might have been carried out at home. The example of those mediæval workers, so dear to Mr. Street, would have warranted him in sacrificing time and energy to get work done on the spot, instead of importing it. It was a pity to lose any opportunity of making use of Irish brains and hands and Irish materials. One can fancy, for instance, with what delight Mr. Street, full as he was of the love of art, anxious to inspire therewith all who came near him, would have hailed a plan for making this tiling, which he well styles "the most gorgeous pavement of the sort ever laid," the occasion of starting an Irish school of encaustic tiles. There would then have been employment in these hand-drawn tile-designs for the scholars in those Irish schools of art, many of whom are now reduced to flower-painting for the Worcester and other English china manufacturers.

Ireland has the clay and the talent. And although Messrs. Craven and Dunnill of Ironbridge have done excellent work, worthy of the exceptional beauty and richness of the original floor, how much more glorious it would have been to have given the country one of those native manufactures which it so much needs. The same of the wood-carving; Mr. Kett, of Cambridge, is an admirable artist, and has a capital school of workers; I have watched them in Cornwall, and can testify to their conscientiousness, as well as to their skill and taste; but I think they might have been matched in Ireland. Of the glass, of which the Cathedral contains excellent specimens, both by Clayton and Bell and by Hardman, I speak with less confidence than I do of the iron and brass work. In St. Patrick's there is at least one very inferior window, which I fear was Dublin-made; of brass and iron work last year's Dublin Exhibition showed samples quite worthy to stand beside the London-made fittings of Christchurch.

Still, whence so ever obtained, all the fittings at Christchurch are of such a rare quality that their excellence greatly enhances the architect's design. Mr. Street was no doubt specially anxious to secure throughout the best kind of work, because of the flagrant way in which the thirteenth century structure failed in this respect. It was a beautiful design spoiled by "scamping." Not only did the steeple (usually the most lasting part of a church) come down in 1316—less than a century after it was built, but in 1562 the extra massive (but not solid) nave piers gave way, causing the North aisle wall to bulge out, wholly destroying the South aisle wall, and bringing down the groined stone roofs of nave and South aisle. This, I am glad to say, cannot be laid to the charge of the native workmen. They, Mr. Street is quite sure, did no portion of the structure which replaced that of the Danish bishop Donat, save the crypt; and that is as solid to this day as everybody hopes the new work of Messrs. Gilbert Cockburn and Co., of Dublin, Mr. Street's builders, will be after an equal lapse of centuries. Mr. Street's treatise throughout is so full of teaching and suggestion that for the sake of young architects who cannot afford the ten guineas which are not at all too much for Messrs. Sutton Sharpe's splendid folio, it ought to be reprinted in a cheap form. What he says about restoration will commend itself to all sensible people. There comes a time to a long-neglected church or cathedral when you must restore, or your building will become a ruin; and the idea of restoring features such as those which made Christchurch a byword and an offence even for the people who still frequented it for the sake of the music, would scarcely be seriously entertained by the greatest stickler for leaving old work unmeddled with. "There was nothing to respect" (the words are Mr. Street's) in the pavement which had been roughly laid over the debris of the roof and of the old tiles of the nave; in the galleries and pews; in the mass of masonry which buttressed up the North aisle, protecting while it hid the beautiful windows. Every age, indeed, stamps its impress on its work; but the stamp of the last three centuries was in Ireland in every way a mean one. Those alone who feel the need of a standing justification of disestablishment could have wished to perpetuate it. One great alteration Mr. Street carried out. He went back to the original short apsidal choir with subsidiary square-ended chapels in place of the long choir which very

early in the fourteenth century, when long choirs had become fashionable, had been clumsily grafted on to this.

I have left myself no space to do more than briefly refer to Mr. Seymour's historical notice. As the official Cathedral, Christchurch shared in all the political events that went on in Dublin. It was carefully watched during James II.'s war lest his party should (I can't possibly tell for what reason) destroy it. That Dublin has two cathedrals is a significant fact in the history of the island; for Christchurch and St. Patrick's are not as St. Paul's and Westminster. They were at first almost as distinct as the Lutheran and Greek Churches at Wiesbaden. Christchurch was first built in 1038 by the Danes who, even after Clontarf, remained lords of Dublin, and who went to Canterbury for their Bishops—would no more have sought them among the Gael than would those whom I, in spite of Mr. Freeman, prefer calling Saxons, have received them from the Wealas. In their letter to Radulphus, the English Primate, they tell him that the Irish and "ille Episcopus qui habitat Ardmachæ" are very angry because they will not be bishoped by the Comarb of St. Patrick. St. Patrick's is due to the English. There was from of old a church there and a holy well; but the first Anglo-Norman Bishop of Dublin made it into a cathedral as a counterpoise to the Danes, I fear on that principle, *divide et impera*, which has generally characterised English rule in Ireland. But I must conclude, sorry to part company with a book which to those fortunate enough to possess it will be a joy for ever, and which is a well-deserved memorial of an act of munificence on the part of one of her citizens, an Irishman, moreover, of the old stock, of which both Dublin city and the Irish race may well be proud.

HENRY STUART FAGAN

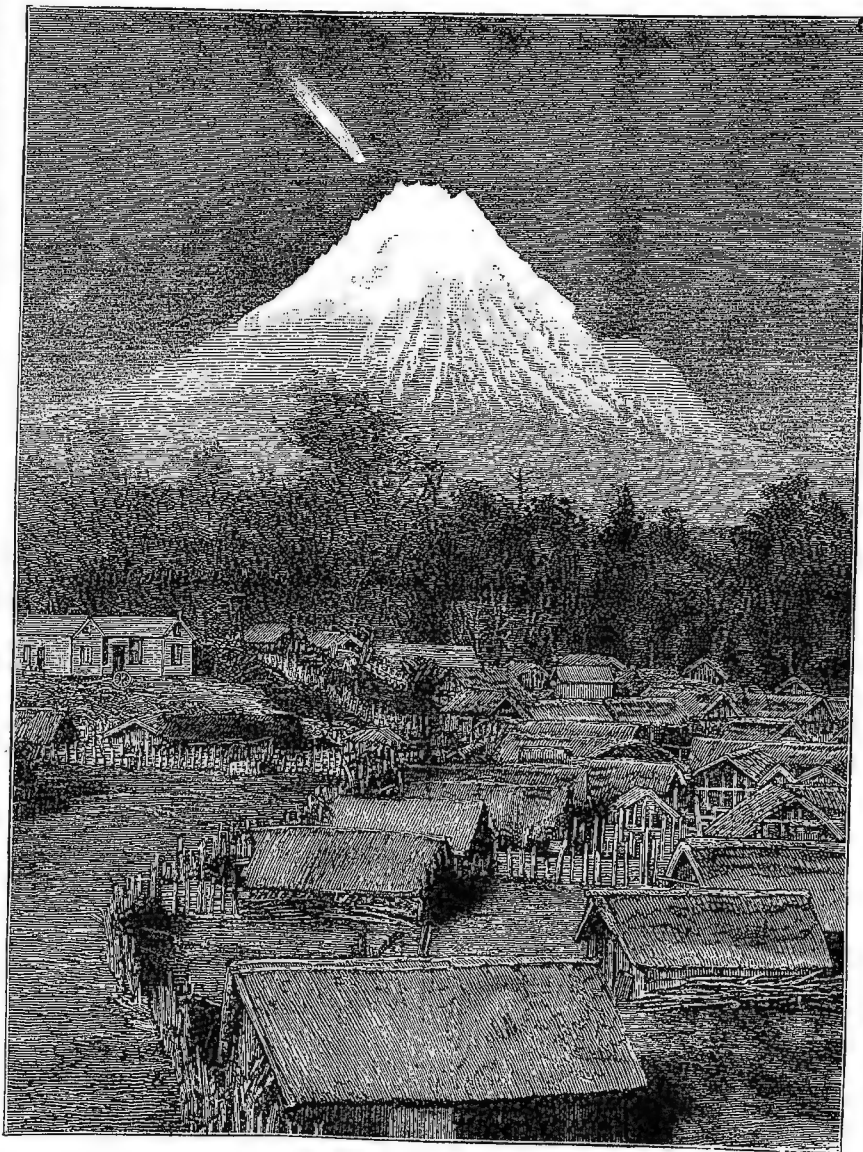
MY DREAM

I DREAMT that I lay as a beauty spot
On the warm soft bed of your damask cheek,
And methought no mortal might ever seek
In the haven of Dreamland a happier lot.
But my dream somehow changed (dreams do,
every one knows),
And I changed to the midget that loves the rose,
And the rose's nectar sips,
But my taste was much better, and that, I suppose,
Was why I climbed up to your lips.
But you brushed me away, and of crushed little flies
I, the wretchedest fell; yet in falling I caught
Just a glimpse of your beautiful bright brown eyes,
And I know that my dazzled fly-brain thought
'Twas a sunbeam straying from Paradise.
So sick of my life, and to Paradise flying,
Straight into your eye I unwittingly flew,
And I dreamt it was sweet to remember when dying
My death must elicit a teardrop from you.

G. S. EDWARDS

THE COMET SEEN OVER MOUNT EGMONT,
NEW ZEALAND

OUR late celestial visitor with a long tail appeared very brilliant in the transparent atmosphere of New Zealand. In that colony it was,



perhaps, nowhere seen to greater advantage than at the Constabulary Camp at Parihaka, which lies on the sea-coast, and has for a background the picturesque snow-covered Mount Egmont. The engraving is from a photograph by T. S. Muir, New Plymouth, New Zealand. It was taken at sunrise. Our informant considers that the late display was even finer than that of 1858.



By "The Blackest of Lies" (3 vols.: Remington and Co.) Mr. Albany de Fonblanque of course intends the lie which is half-truth, as condemned by Tennyson. The half truth of which he traces the history is certainly black beyond all question, as is clearly enough shown by the novel, being even expressed by the colour and fashion of the binding. But Mr. de Fonblanque's moral goes beyond an attack upon the impenetrable armour of slander. He contrasts two women, one of them grievously maligned, but angelically pure, the other, one of her principal persecutors, apparently above reproach, but being in reality very much what she first appeared to be. Such a subject is fairly certain to be effective, and the author has cleverly introduced a large-minded American lawyer to play the part of dramatic chorus with a considerable amount of force and humour. But the plot of the novel is a mere monstrosity. No lesson can be taught by displaying the behaviour of exceptional persons under incredible combinations of almost impossible circumstances. Of course with a conventional Jesuit like Father Florian to pull the strings, the experienced novel-reader will understand that not even so much as a half truth was needed as a foundation for the slander about Pearl Herbert—the only novelty in that matter is that Father Florian should have gone to work without any adequate motive, and in a bungling manner altogether unworthy of our old friend the Jesuit of fiction. Nor is it quite easy to account for the conduct of the English clergyman who plays the part of second villain, except on the ground of disease of the brain. Altogether it requires the qualities of a detective to unravel the plot, in its gradual rise to the heights of sensation. The general effect is that of wild exaggeration, persistently endeavouring to startle, but never quite succeeding, and not seldom resulting in downright absurdity. But the novel contains clever passages, and a scene or two that really startle by the sudden appearance of truth and simplicity in the midst of so much eluc and glare.

"Bell and the Doctor," a novel, by Thomas Shairp (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is distinguished by one peculiarity. The principal character poisons the clergyman, who comes to administer to him the last rites of the Church in the sacramental wine. The incident, we need hardly inform the reader, is so entirely original that it might very well have been left unmentioned. Of course Mr. Shairp has been driven to draw upon his ingenuity in order to lead up to a situation so far-fetched, but it cannot be said that his constructive powers have answered to the spur. The murderer has Indian blood in him, and possesses Oriental secrets of toxicology. Having a grievance against the Rev. Mr. Iddle, he takes service as a butler in the family of the clergyman's fiancée—the "Bell" of the novel—and carries out his scheme of revenge by doctoring the food of the young lady. Being detected by the doctor, a rival toxicologist, he finds himself in gaol, in company however with his poison, and there, feigning to be on his death bed, achieves the climax at which Mr. Shairp has been aiming. Nothing in accordance with probable character or possible motives is to be found from beginning to end of this exceptionally unnatural story. The principal interest depends upon the very exact catalogue of what Bell ate and drank, and how far it agreed with her or otherwise. On the whole, it would very much resemble the newspaper report of a sensational criminal case, were not such reports of necessity more humanly interesting than fiction which does not aim, at least, at being a great deal more. As for improbability of incident, fiction must never dare to compete with truth on truth's own ground.

"A Chelsea Householder" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is to a great extent what would in these days be called an Art Novel of the Period—that is to say, it deals with the fortunes of a young lady who lives in Cheyne Walk, studies in the Royal Academy, never stirs without her materials, looks on life from a lady student's point of view, and, so soon as the right man comes, throws all her artistic pretences to the winds. This is hardly, perhaps, how the anonymous authoress would describe her work; but, intentionally or not, she has succeeded in depicting an exceedingly characteristic type of the artistic amateur. For the rest, it is not easy to perceive the bearings of "A Chelsea Householder." Muriel has one or two offers of marriage, of a singularly uninteresting sort, and goes through a love affair with a clergyman in a manner which is simply a trial to the temper. Perverse lovers who are determined not to know their own minds are in fashion, but in the present case the imbecile art of unreasonable perversity could go no farther. A few disconnected characters ramble through the story in an aimless sort of way, and, since they have no bearing upon the story, probably represent, in a sketchy manner, people whom the authoress has known. There was no reason for inventing them, and they have a certain flavour of reality, which they share with appreciative "bits" of New Forest and Norfolk scenery. One qualification for success the authoress unquestionably possesses—she is thoroughly in sympathy with the most popular humours of her own day, without being carried away by them.

Alaric Carr has employed the pages of "Treherne's Temptation" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.) less for purposes of narrative than as a commonplace book for the entry of his remarks upon things in general. The remarks are upon all sorts of subjects—German officers in their social aspect, Sarah Bernhardt, and so forth—and, though mostly trite, are delivered with a smart air as if the author, at any rate, considered them novel or paradoxical. At any rate they have the evident merit of being founded on original observation. The "Temptation" in question is that which accidentally killed the man who is engaged to the girl he loves, so that he may remain untroubled by justice, and finally marry the young lady. Honour and conscience, however, lead him at last to make confession of what was really a mishap, and he marries the girl all the same. This slight story is rendered fairly amusing by the light and gossiping manner in which it is told.

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INDEPENDENT TESTIMONIAL

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 and found the longed-for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a
 colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE." The
 unsolicited correspondent of *Family Fair* bears testi-
 mony that three drops of the Specific, taken at intervals
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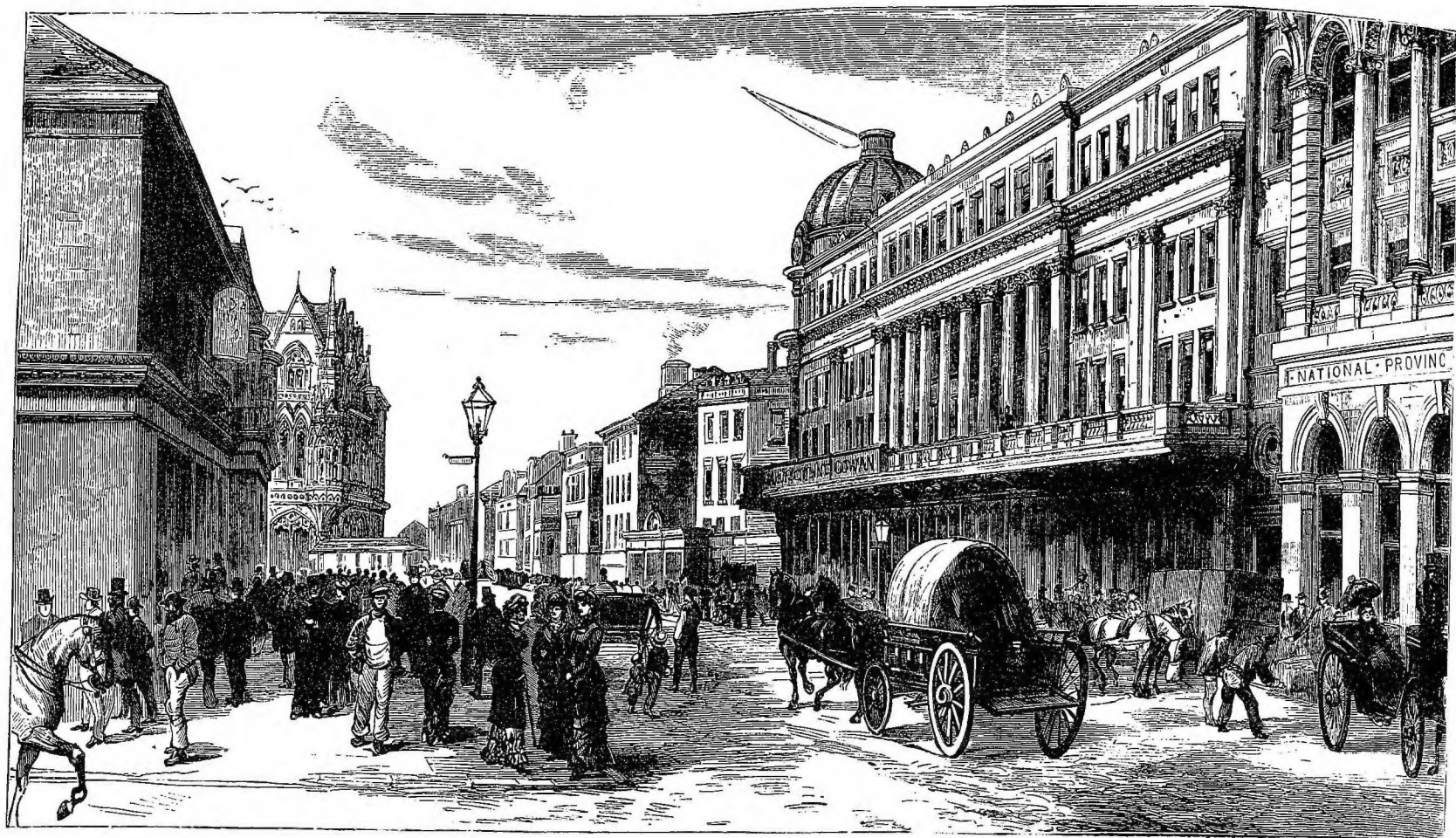
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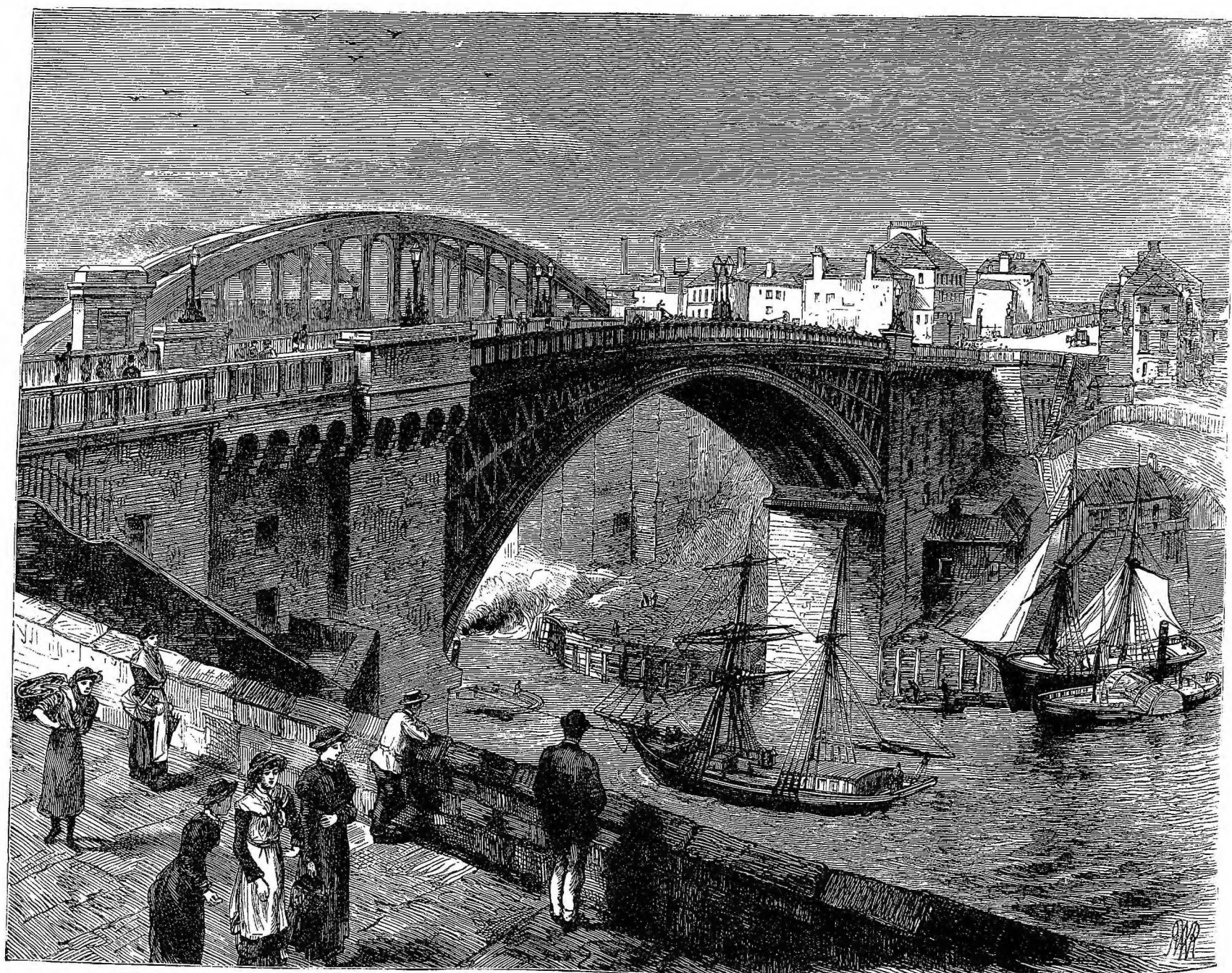
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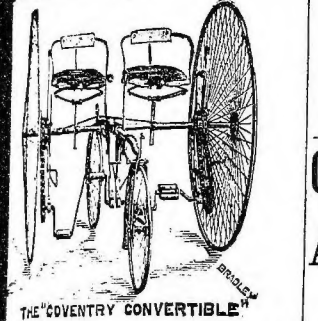
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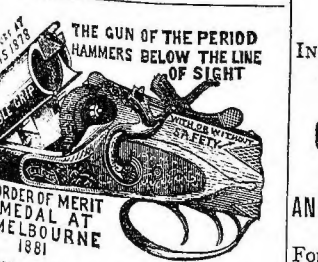


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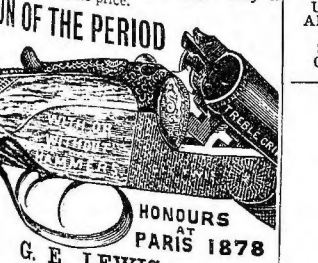
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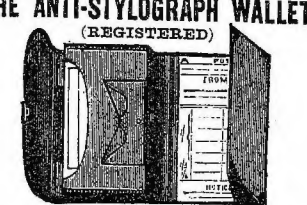
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 To be had in MANCHESTER.
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 They will then be able to judge for themselves whether
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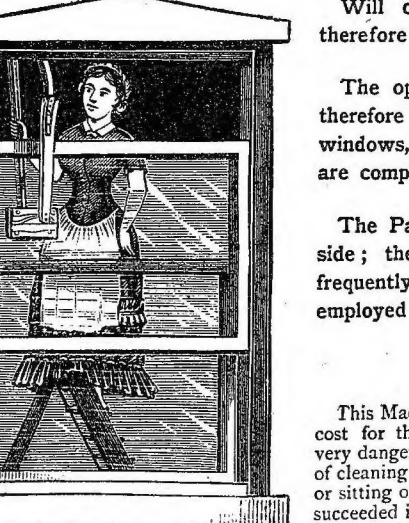
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 No. 1.



THIS CUT SHOWS HOW WINDOWS ARE
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Will clean both inside and outside at once;
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The operator remains always inside the room;
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 windows, of which we so often hear and read,
 are completely avoided.

The Pads press against the glass equally on each
 side; therefore the glass cannot be broken, as
 frequently happens, by too much pressure being
 employed on one side only.

This Machine has been designed and made at considerable
 cost for the purpose of endeavouring to put a stop to the
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 or sitting on the window sills. The inventor has not only
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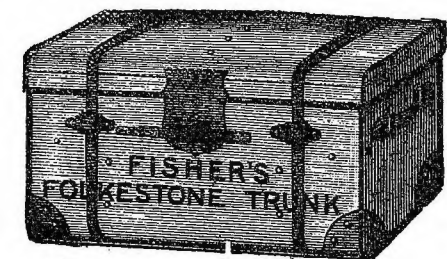
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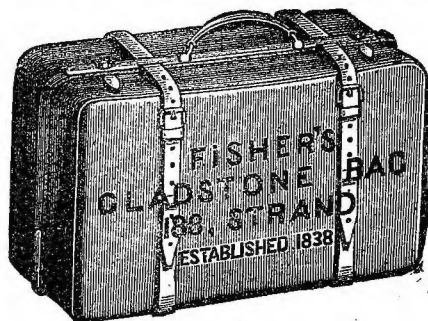
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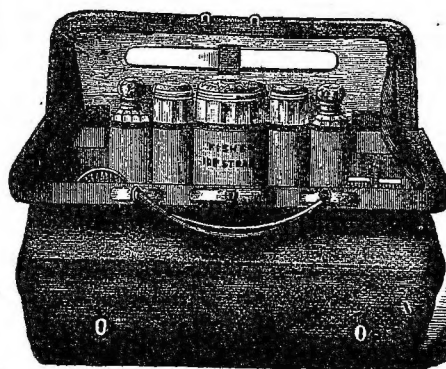


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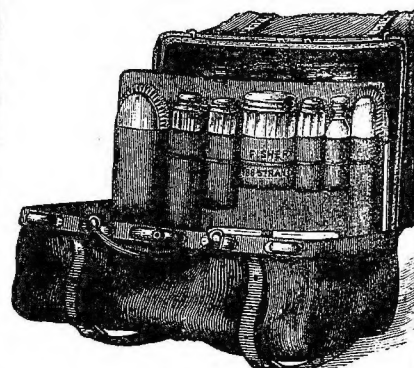
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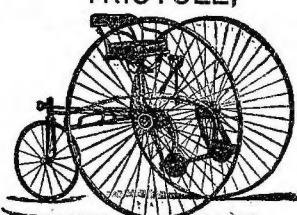
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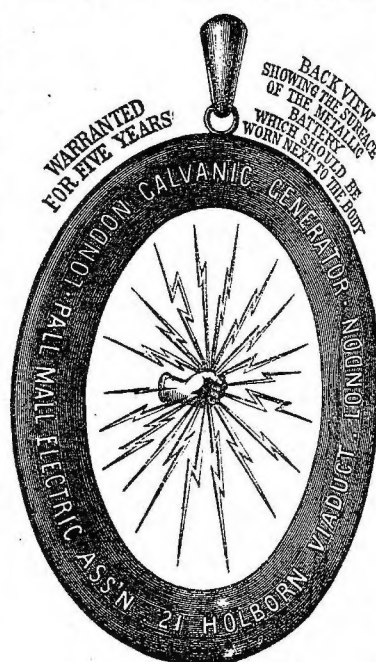
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